

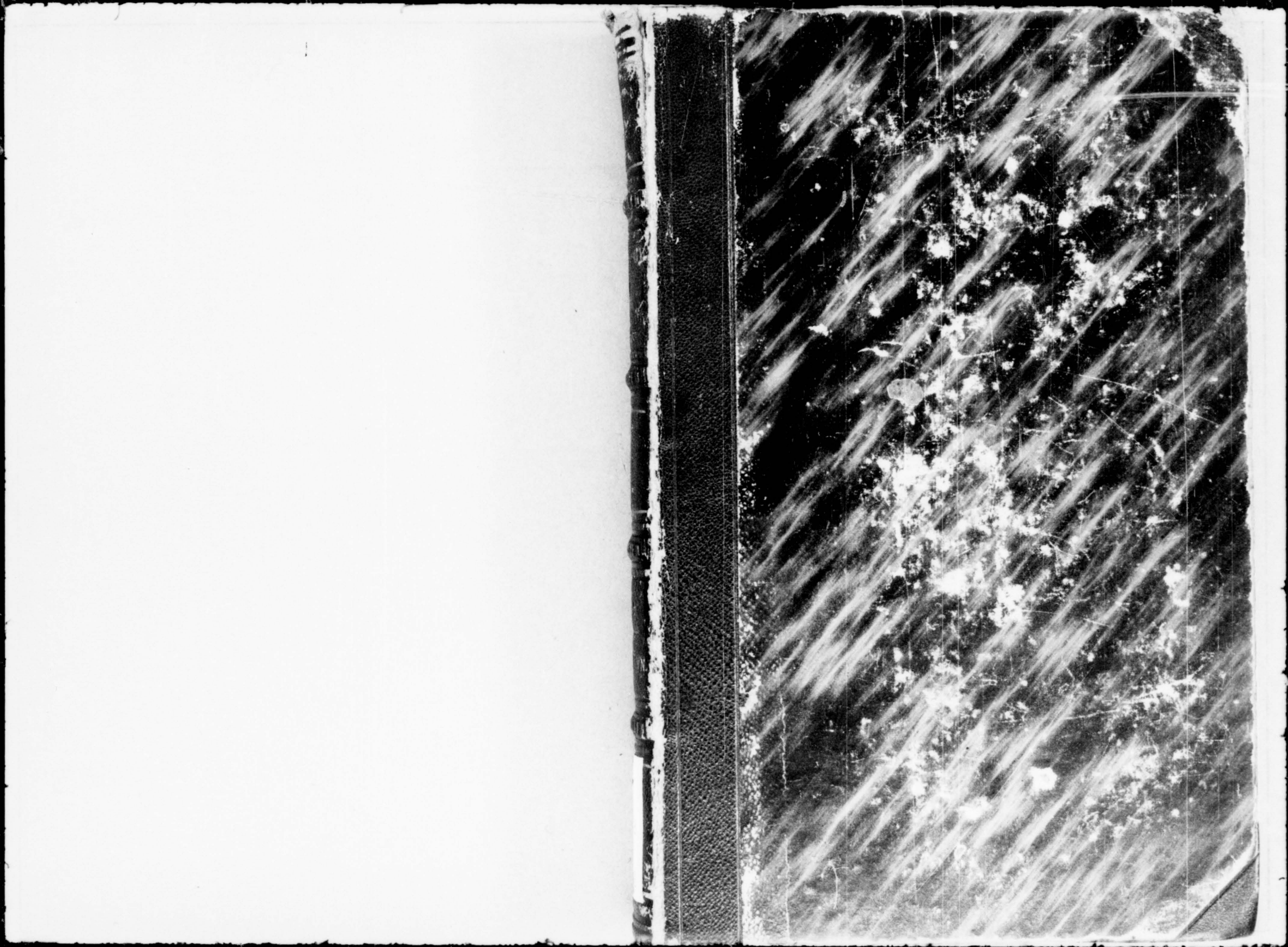
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REPOSITORY
OF
RELIGION AND LITERATURE
AND OF
SCIENCE AND ART

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Vol. 1.]

JULY, 1858.

[No. 2.]

REPOSITORY

OF

Religion and Literature

AND OF

SCIENCE AND ART,

EDITED BY

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REPOSITORY

OF

Religion and Literature.

VOL. I.]

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL, 1858.

[No. 1.

SALUTATORY.

BY J. M. B.

Repository:—We greet thee, for thou hast unfurled to the breeze thy banner. A career of prosperity or adversity awaits thee.

Thy incipient stages have been met with croakers, and those who would fault thy intended existence; and they have predicted a speedy exit into forgetfulness. We predict no such fate to thee, but assured are we that what others have done, so mayst thou—have a life of cheer and prosperity. True, from experience we have learned that thou dost cast thyself upon an uncertain *pecuniary* tide. Changeful, indeed, is that tide, and many relatives of thine have been swept from the memory of man by the ebbing and flowing of that self-same tide, but we hope for no such fate to thee, and we say cheer to thy wings, mayst thou ever soar above all that would impede thy progress, and mayst thou, oh infant of Repositories, find cheer

and prosperity. Thy pages, may they be filled with an inexhaustible fountain of letters, as well as thy wings borne aloft by that very essential ingredient, GOLD.

Thou hast said that thou wilt discuss Religion in its varied relations to Man, Divinity, Theology, didactic, as well as polemic, Medicine, Economy, and the varied Arts, useful to mankind alone. Then, thou wilt make thyself an intimate companion of all classes. Go thou, then, into every family, and soar not above the humble cabins of thy own native West; visit the frontier settler, and make his home the place of cheer, and make him forget those whom he has left behind—the polished society of the more favored city.

Cheer the matron burthened with care, and filled with anxiety to know how to rear the cherub which God hath given her. Speak in gentle tones to her dejected heart. Tell her, as did the flaming Angel to

Hannah of old, and say *consecrate* that sweet innocence to the Giver of all Good. Cheer, thou agent of religion and learning, that discouraged youth who struggles by the well-trimmed candle, late and early, to *cultivate latent intellect*, and to sustain a poverty-stricken life. Go, messenger, go, and with strong hand upon that youth, ready to be destroyed by some evil, hold him back by the strong doctrine of virtue inculcated on thy pages. Tell, oh! tell him, as was told to the Prodigal, from whose home he had wandered, to come to the path of virtue again.

Go, messenger, go into that chamber where death hath been, and a vacuum made by the loss of a loved husband; the widowed matron cheer, for once she was cheered by the smiles of him whom the strong arm of death hath stricken down. Fill that tenantless heart by words inspired from Heaven, look up, and bid her courage take by relying upon the arm of the widow's God. Be, as we hope to make thee, a constant friend and associate of our dear homeless itinerant brother, who, for his God, forsakes home and friends to build up high his Master's Kingdom; cheer him, and go aid him in the good work his Lord bids him do.

Messenger, we shall feel gratified to know that thou hast been the instrument of removing far from the center-table of some fair one, that trash which *damns the brain, and soul too*, and puts far away solidity, piety and manliness.

Go, *Repository*, go, and the Church

of the Living God, purchased by His own blood, defend. When aspersers would aim, by semi-infidelity, under the garb of humanity, or any form of religion, to sap the foundations of our holy cause—when that man who says there is no God, and other evils equally hideous arise—then, oh! then, may there be found upon thy pages arguments potent to crush out of existence all such monsters. Favor, oh! favor, no sin, but expose all thy God hates. We once more bid thee a long, long, and successful career.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BISHOP ALLEN AND HIS COADJUTORS.

NO. 1.

BY REV. JOHN M. BROWN.

Amid the desolations of sin and folly, we are ever happy to point to any man who has lived for the real purposes for which existence has been given to him. Richard Allen, the subject of this sketch, is one who has lived head and shoulders above a low and vulgar purpose, as the sequel, we think, will abundantly attest. He was born to no portentous position, nor was he one favored from birth, but the contrary. He was born a creature-commodity, subject to all the incidents of change peculiar to a peculiar life. He was born a slave to Mr. Benj. Rush, in the City of Philadelphia, Feb. 14th, 1760. When quite young, himself, parents, and three other children; were sold to a gentleman in the State of Delaware, of whom he says, "he was more like a father to his slaves than anything else," and with

whom he lived until he was upwards of twenty years of age.

HIS EDUCATION

Was limited in youth, and that which he did obtain, was obtained when manhood had grown upon him. He loved education. He improved himself and educated his children. We have had no Bishop that was more beloved than he, nor who had greater influence than he had over the Church and his ministers. He did what every colored man ought to do—he *educated his children*.

HIS CONVERSION.

When quite young he became a subject of loving grace. He says, "During which time I was awakened, and brought to see myself poor, wretched and undone, and without the mercy of God must be lost.—Shortly after, I obtained mercy through the blood of Christ, and was constrained to exhort my old companions to seek the Lord. I went rejoicing for several days, and was happy in the Lord in conversing with many old, experienced Christians. I was brought under doubt, and was tempted to believe I was deceived, and constrained to seek the Lord afresh. I went with my head bowed down for many days. I was tempted to believe that there was no mercy for me. One night I thought hell would be my portion. I cried unto Him who delighteth to hear the prayers of a poor sinner, and all of a sudden my dungeon shook, my chains flew off, and glory to God I cried. My soul was filled. I cried, enough for me—the

Saviour died. Now my confidence was strengthened that the Lord, for Christ's sake, had heard my prayers and pardoned all my sins. I was constrained to go from house to house, exhorting my old companions, and telling to all around what a dear Saviour I had found." There will be no question but this is the experience of many who have made an acquaintance with the Friend of Sinners. Doubts at first—then a clear sunshine. For purposes which none but our blessed Father understands, many are held in suspense; then light—glorious light—dashes upon their pathway.

HIS UNION WITH THE METHODIST CHURCH.

No date is fixed when this event occurred, and the first mention made of it is in the following words: "I joined the Methodist Society, and met in class at Benj. Wells, in the forest, Delaware State. John Gray was the class leader. I met in his class for several years." The union, now commenced, with the Methodist Church, was but an event casting its shadow before it. No one supposed that this sincere Christian, and poor, little slave boy, was to be the model man for generations unborn. At this crisis, and at the first developments of his Christian experience, he found his master, he says, "a very tender, and a humane man." He constantly labored for the conversion of his parents, brothers and sisters, as well as the household of his master. He says, "my mother sought and found

the Lord, and became a pious woman." "My eldest brother embraced religion, and my sister too."

THE FIRST BUDDINGS OF THE MINISTER OF GOD.

He devised constantly plans for the conversion of sinners. He now pitches a prayer meeting; then exhorts sinners; and, by permission, he makes the house of his owner, the Temple of God, and calls that very excellent servant of Christ, Rev. Freeborn Garrison, when he first visited Delaware, to unfurl the banner of Truth in his house. His first text was, "Thou art weighed in a balance, and art found wanting," pointing out and weighing different characters, and, among the rest, he weighed slaveholders. "My master believed himself to be one of that number, and after that he could not be satisfied to hold slaves, believing it to be wrong. After that, he proposed to me and my brother buying our time, to pay him sixty pounds of gold and silver, or two thousand dollars continental money, which we complied with in the year 17—."

"I had it," he says, "often impressed upon my mind that I should one day enjoy my freedom, for slavery is a bitter pill."

THE PREACHER.—HIS SUCCESS.

No mention is made of whom he obtained his license to preach, but we find him passing the usual gradations to that honored position,—leader of prayer meeting,—exhorter,—local preacher,—and then traveling preacher. At one time he is employed as

driver of a team in the time of the Continental War, in drawing salt from Rehobar, Surrey Co., Del. He says, "I had my *regular stops and preaching places on the road*." "After peace was proclaimed, I then traveled extensively, striving to preach the Gospel. My lot was cast into Wilmington, Del. Shortly after, I was taken sick of the fall fever, and then pleurisy. Sept. 3d, 1783, I left my native place. After leaving Wilmington I went in New Jersey, and then traveled and strove to preach the Gospel until the spring of 1784. I then became acquainted with Benj. Abbot, that great and good apostle. He was one of the greatest men that ever I was acquainted with. *He seldom preached but what there were souls added to his labor*. He was a man of as great faith as any that I ever saw. The Lord was with him, and blessed his labors abundantly. *He was a friend and father to me*."

During this period, not unlike the great Apostle to the Gentiles, he labored during the day and preached the Gospel at night and Sabbaths, and could say, as he did, "Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities," and was chargeable to no man. His example, in this particular, has been followed by many a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and they have not been disgraced by so doing. It is a happy reflection to remember that the servant of God can do something to aid himself, while doing others good. We are no advo-

cate of the Church not doing her duty to sustain her ministry honorably, but rather than that the establishment of the Kingdom of God should be hindered, better infinitely had the minister of God do as our venerable father in God did, labor all day to sustain himself and family, and preach at night and Sabbaths, or as the Apostle Paul did, "*Laboring night and day, because we would not be chargeable to any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel*."

"The year 1784 I left East Jersey, and labored in Pennsylvania. I walked until my feet became so *sore and blistered* the first day, that I could scarcely bear them touch the ground." In this new region, he found, as he had in New Jersey, humane and kind friends. Especial mention is made of Mr. Caesar Wosters, at Rodnor, twelve miles distant from Philadelphia, whose hospitality led him to take in this poor servant of God, and pour oil upon his wounds, and offer to him the comforts of life. His zeal allowed no cessation from the duties assigned him from Heaven; poverty nor affliction were no barriers to this man of God, but onward did he go. He says, "While at their house I preached the word of life, and I believe that many were cut to the heart, and were added to the ministry. We had a glorious meeting. They invited me to stay till the Sabbath day, and I preached on Sabbath day to a large congregation of different persuasions, and my dear Lord was with me, and I believe there were

many souls cut to the heart, and were added to the ministry." They urged him to stay longer,—he did so, and labored in Rodnor several weeks.—Many were awakened, and enquired what they should do to be saved. He says, "I pointed them to all manner of prayer, and to the invitation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 'Come unto me all ye that are heavily laden, and I will give you rest.'"
He visited Lancaster, Pa., and Little York, and put up with George Less, a saddler, and I believe him to be a man of God. From Little York he went to Maryland. Here, as elsewhere, he found many kind and pious friends. He preached and traveled upon Hartford Circuit, with Rev. Mr. Porter, who traveled that Circuit. "I found him very useful to me. I also traveled with Jonathan Forest and Levi Coal."

THE FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

"Dec. 1784, General Conference sat in Baltimore,—the first General Conference ever held in America. The English preachers had just arrived from Europe,—Rev. Dr. Coke, Richard Watcoat and Thomas Vassey. This was the beginning of the Episcopal Church amongst the Methodists.—Many of the Ministers were set apart in Holy Orders at this Conference, and were said to be entitled to the gown, and I have thought religion has been declining ever since. There was a pamphlet published by some person, which stated that *when the Methodists*

were no people, then they were a people; and now that they have become a people, they were no people, which had serious weight upon my mind."

In 1785, the Rev. Richard Watcoat was appointed on Baltimore Circuit, and he traveled with him, from whom he gathered much strength. He regarded him as a man of God.

His first regular appointment was to what was called Methodist Alley, in Baltimore City. While there, Bishop Asbury sent for him to meet him at Henry Gaffs. He says, "I did so. He told me he wished me to travel with him. He told me that in slave countries, Carolina and other places, *that I must not intermix with slaves*, and I would frequently have to sleep in his carriage, and he *would allow me my victuals and clothes*. I told him I would not travel with him on these conditions. He asked me my reason. I told him, in the event I was taken sick, who was to support me? and that I thought it the duty of all to lay up something, while they were able, to support themselves in time of sickness and old age. He said that was as much as he got, his victuals and clothes. I told him he would be taken care of, let his afflictions be what they may, or let him be taken sick where he would; but I doubted whether it would be the case with myself. He smiled, and gave me until his return from the East to make up my mind, which would be in three months. I made up my mind not to accept his proposals."

He left Hartford Circuit, and again

visited Lancaster Circuit, Pa. He traveled several months on this Circuit with the ministers in charge—Revs. Peter Moratte and Erie Mills. He says, "They were very kind and affectionate to me in building me up, for I had many trials to pass through, and I received nothing from the Methodist connexion."

He was invited by the Elder of Philadelphia, frequently, to visit that City. February, 1786, he visited that City. Preaching had been given out at 8 o'clock in the morning, in St. George's Church. He remarks that, "it was a great cross to me, but souls were awakened, and were earnestly seeking redemption in the blood of Christ."

We have reached within one year of the period when the subject of our sketch began to show proper portions. No man of whom we have read or heard, has given more positive evidence of a call to the work in which he, in after years, so distinguished himself. He was a child of providence. We have reached within one year of that eventful period when the incipient steps began to manifest themselves, which resulted in the separation of the African M. E. Church from the Methodist E. Church, and in our next we shall vindicate him from all blame, and show the true cause for the course he pursued.

MAN will conceive what God would not have them conceive, and they will not receive that which God would have them embrace.

RELIGION.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY, ITS MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

[Bishop Payne's discourse was written at the request of the Literary and Historical Society of the Missouri Conference, read before the Baltimore and Indiana, and the Missouri Conferences, and published by request of the Historical and Literary Societies of the two latter Conferences.]

"The things which thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou unto faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."—2 Tim ii. 1, 2

The teachers of mankind are manifold. There are the teachers of Law and of Medicine; of Mathematics and of Language; of Natural Philosophy, Intellectual Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy; of Chemistry and Botany; of Zoology, Mineralogy, and Geology; of History—Natural, Profane, and Ecclesiastical; of Music and of Painting.

All these are useful to mankind, and without them, the world might ultimately be reduced to barbarism. These are either self-constituted or appointed by men, and responsible to men alone for the manner in which they discharge their duties and obligations—they are called Professors.

But the teachers of religion, of its highest form, Christianity, are heaven-called, heaven-appointed, heaven-ordained. They are called *Ministers*, and responsible *first* to God; *secondarily* to Man.

It is our intention to consider the character of these latter, morally and intellectually.

I. As to their moral character, the statement of the text is this, they "must be" *faithful men*. Now faithfulness in a religious sense, and it is the only one in which the text is used, signifies not only *firmness* in our adherence to the truths of religion, but also *uprightness* and *integrity* in discharging those duties which religion enjoins upon us.

Let us analyze this *thought*, and see all the elements which enter into its composition. For if we understand the Apostle when he uses this word *faithful*, he is only putting a part for the whole; one of the most prominent traits, for all the elements of a generic term, including all the graces that constitute the Christian minister the man's character. He has also furnished the key to this analytic process, for which God be praised. Because in this, as in everything which man is permitted to touch, he has different standards of measurements, so that what is faithfulness in the estimation of one, is not faithfulness in the estimation of another.

Like temperance, one thinks he violates its precepts when he drinks a single glass of wine; another, not until he has drank a half dozen glasses; whilst a third declares that no one is drunk until he has swallowed so much liquor "that he can neither stand nor sit, lie down nor run, in a forty acre

field." So of ministerial faithfulness, men judge differently. Thus, a Roman Catholic measures a minister's faithfulness by his implicit obedience to the Popes and the Fathers. A Presbyterian by his scrupulous attachment to the "Confession of Faith;" a Baptist by his one-sided view of baptism; a Methodist by his rigid adherence to the discipline of that church, and an Episcopalian by his love for the formula of the "Book of Common Prayer" and the doctrine of the apostolic succession.

Then, again, the balance of the scale is affected by the amount of intelligence each of these possess, respecting his distinctive creed; added to the prejudice or candor by which his mind may be colored. Here, then, we see the necessity of perpetual recurrence to the infallible word of God, for illustration as well as explanation and confirmation of its own doctrines, laws and precepts.

Doing this we shall find that what is dark in one place, may be rendered luminous in another—what is mere statement in this, is explanation in that.

Well then, in the text before us, the statement is, the ministers of Christ must be faithful men. But where is the explanation? My answer is, that the elements of it are running like veins of gold throughout the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and are summed up in the special direction which are given Timothy for the formation of his own character, as a minister in the Church of the living God. These are contained in the 1st Epistle, 4th chap.,

12th verse, and expressed in the following words:

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

The moral character of the minister of Jesus, then, must be so elevated that he will be an example of the believers.

a. *In his words.* This has reference to his speech both in the pulpit and outside of it. No foolishness, no crank sayings, no ludicrous anecdotes, no filthy comparisons, no vulgarity, no obscene epithets, no blasphemous expressions, should ever come from his lips—darkening, confusing, disgracing the text which he undertakes to expound. The doctrine, the pure doctrine—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, should ever be his utterances, both inside and outside of the pulpit. In the sanctuary and in the parlor, the lips of the righteous *must* speak wisdom and his tongue talk of judgment, so that every word and all his words shall be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The moral character of the minister of Jesus must be elevated, that he will be an example of the believer.

b. *In conversation, i. e., in conduct.* O, how careful should he walk before God and man! Rudeness in behavior disgraces the character as it lowers the dignity of the Christian ministry—so also does buffoonery, especially pulpit buffoonery, in which some men seem to pride themselves. I have seen some such men, whom people fond of fun would just as soon pay twenty-five

cents to hear, as to see a clown perform in the circus.

Taking liberty with women should be also avoided, as one does a serpent, because a man can no more do this, and be sinless, than he can put his hands in the fire and escape burning.

Tippling, cigar-smoking, and tobacco-chewing, are all derogatory to the dignity of a Christian minister. As for drunkenness, what shall I say of the man who is guilty of this? The *hog pen suits* him much better than the *pulpit*! Like the adorable Saviour in all these respects, he should be a Nazerite. There is not an act which he performs in the presence of others, which will be considered apart from his ministerial character.

When a student, I was one day quite languid from excessive study, and therefore rose up to take some exercise, but as the weather was inclement, instead of going into the yard for exercise, I began to jump up and down, swinging my arms in a calisthenic manner. At this moment a little boy came into the room to supply me with fuel, and not understanding my movements, exclaimed, "Preacher dance! preacher dance! O, who ever see preacher dance!"

Let us, dear brethren, ever act at home and abroad, in private and in public, as men, conscious that the eyes of God are upon them, and that he will hold us responsible for every act, as well as every word; and who requires us to be as faithful in the former as in the latter. Because if a man's words may lead others into

error, so also his actions may lead them into hell. Moreover, a minister's moral character should *be so exalted*, that he will be an example of the believers.

c. *In charity, i. e., in love.*

In this respect his heart should be like a river, not only flowing, but widening and deepening in its onward movements—fertilizing all lands through which it passes—giving drink to every beast of the field—to all the birds of the air—conveying from shore to shore alike the heaviest and lightest burdens, and losing itself not in some quicksands or whirlpool, but in the deep ocean of Eternal Love!

To set aside figures and speak plainly, the minister of Christ should ever have his soul filled with the love of his Master, so that like him they may endure hunger and thirst, poverty and toils, reproaches and insults, persecution and death—in a word, he must have that love and that degree of it which never shrinks from the cross—giving to his soul the endurance of the ox—the meekness of the lamb—the courage of the lion—the innocence of the dove—the swiftness of the eagle—and the omnipotence of Him, whose victory was greatest when he suffered most! Yes, a minister's moral character *must be so exalted* that he will be an example of the believers.

d. *In spirit.* This idea indicates the sincerity and earnestness of his soul, as well as the meekness, gentleness and patience in which he performs all his pastoral work, and maintains the equilibrium of his character.

This gives consistency, strength, and stability to his whole being, subjectively and objectively considered. This makes him like a well-poised column in the sanctuary of the Lord, inclining neither backward nor forward—neither to the right nor the left.

Does he love his God? 'Tis not in tongue but in deed—from the depths of his heart. Does he profess love towards the brethren? He means just what he says. Does he engage in the labors of the Gospel? 'Tis not as a sluggard or an eye-servant; but as an earnest diligent laborer, who is conscious that although the toil and the pain be great, yet the reward shall be a thousand times greater. He struggles as though the glorious doctrines of the universe were dependant upon his efforts, and his *alone*. Neither censure nor praise of men can sever his heart from Christ. Pride and ambition—jealousy and malice—hatred and revenge—find no nestling place in his heart. And why? Because conscious of his own errors, infirmities and sins, he casts himself down in the dust, and cries, "Unclean! unclean!" And if at any time he be sensible of doing a virtuous action, his prayer is, "Lord, *save me from myself*;" and

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
Till my eyes are closed in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

And the moral character of the Christian minister *must be so elevated* that he will be an example of the believers.

e. *In faith*. In this, as in every other quality, he must excel—believing nothing in morals, religion, or doctrine, but what God has revealed, or what can be proven by his infallible word. Such a man does not turn aside to every *humbug* or *ism*, which Satan can invent and embrace. Nay, he holds on to the doctrines of the Great Teacher, with a strong and steady hand, as the only hope for himself and for all!

Such a man will listen to the doctrines and read the fathers—but he *obeys* Christ and Christ *alone*; giving reverence to human creeds only, so far as they breathe the spirit of the written word; respecting the fathers and the doctors only, so far as they are echoes of the voice of Christ. Knowing that he has been made one of the stewards of the unsearchable riches of Christ, he will be *faithful in faith itself*.

But above all, the moral character of the Christian minister *must be so exalted*, that he will be an example of the believers.

f. *In Purity*. This virtue includes more than the idea of bodily chastity—it signifies chastity of the spirit—chastity at the very fountain-head of our thoughts, feelings, actions—it means *holiness* of the head, heart and spirit. This must be in the minister a principle as well as a sentiment, a law as well as a purpose.

It is this which makes the Almighty what he really is, not a god—but *the God*. For without holiness, he would be nothing more nor less than the

greatest devil in the Universe. But covering himself with *this*, as with a garment, and constituting it the *beginning* and the *end* of his government, with all his other infinite attributes, he *is* the Great God of Moses, *glorious in holiness* as well as fearful in praises.

We repeat this idea: 'Tis not the magnitude of the sun that constitutes his glory—'tis his dazzling light; so also, 'tis not the omnipotence of God that constitutes his glory—'tis his *immaculate holiness*. And such must be the fact in the moral character of the Christian minister. Not his talents, though they be as superior to Newton's, as his were superior to the instincts of a brute—not his learning, though that include all which men and angels yet have known—but *it is his holiness*.

Drunkenness, fornication, seduction, adultery, together with bigamy and polygamy, must be driven from his heart, as foes alike to God and man—nor can he make friendship with the men who are guilty of these crimes—because he knows that no one can touch filth without having some of it sticking to his fingers' end!

What! an adulterer, a fornicator, a seducer, a bigamist, in the sanctuary of the Lord?—as the representative—the *minister* of the Lord Jesus Christ? O, tell me ye angels! tell me, has hell a punishment meet for such a wretch?

No! The minister of Jesus cannot be guilty of such wickedness. He remembers *now*, and he remembers *ever*, that the burden of souls is laid upon

his heart by the *hand* that was nailed to the cross—by the *hand* that burst asunder the bars of death and hell—by the *hand* that now wields the sceptre of the Universe—and therefore he cannot betray his trust. No! no! no! He can *never*! *He will be faithful even unto death*.

Like another Job, he eschews evil. Like another Paul, his conversion is in heaven. Like another Abraham, he walks before God and is perfect. O, thrice blessed is the estate of such a minister! Treading the earth, his head shall sweep the skies! Dwelling among men, he is ever now a citizen of heaven! Great, humble, earnest, holy, *faithful man*—thou art strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Mayhap, thine eyes shall not see, nor thine ear hear, the ten thousandth part of the good which thy faithfulness shall effect. Mayhap, the Great Redeemer will hide it from thee, lest thy heart be inflated with spiritual pride, and thou fall to rise no more.

Only in the morning of the resurrection shalt thou behold the works of thy hands—the results of thine *integrity*, and then only to fill thy soul with wonder, love and praise, causing thee to cast thy crown of glory at the Redeemer's feet—crying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honor and blessing." Verily, verily, thou *shalt walk upon* the high places of the earth—thou *shalt stand upon* Mount Zion!

II. We are now prepared to con-

This gives consistency, strength, and stability to his whole being, subjectively and objectively considered. This makes him like a well-poised column in the sanctuary of the Lord, inclining neither backward nor forward—neither to the right nor the left.

Does he love his God? 'Tis not in tongue but in deed—from the depths of his heart. Does he profess love towards the brethren? He means just what he says. Does he engage in the labors of the Gospel? 'Tis not as a sluggard or an eye-servant; but as an earnest diligent laborer, who is conscious that although the toil and the pain be great, yet the reward shall be a thousand times greater. He struggles as though the glorious doctrines of the universe were dependant upon his efforts, and his *alone*. Neither censure nor praise of men can sever his heart from Christ. Pride and ambition—jealousy and malice—hatred and revenge—find no nestling place in his heart. And why? Because conscious of his own errors, infirmities and sins, he casts himself down in the dust, and cries, "Unclean! unclean!" And if at any time he be sensible of doing a virtuous action, his prayer is, "Lord, *save me from myself*;" and

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
Till my eyes are closed in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

And the moral character of the Christian minister *must be so elevated* that he will be an example of the believers.

e. *In faith*. In this, as in every other quality, he must excel—believing nothing in morals, religion, or doctrine, but what God has revealed, or what can be proven by his infallible word. Such a man does not turn aside to every *humbug* or *ism*, which Satan can invent and embrace. Nay, he holds on to the doctrines of the Great Teacher, with a strong and steady hand, as the only hope for himself and for all!

Such a man will listen to the doctrines and read the fathers—but he *obeys* Christ and Christ *alone*; giving reverence to human creeds only, so far as they breathe the spirit of the written word; respecting the fathers and the doctors only, so far as they are echoes of the voice of Christ. Knowing that he has been made one of the stewards of the unsearchable riches of Christ, he will be *faithful in faith itself*.

But above all, the moral character of the Christian minister *must be so exalted*, that he will be an example of the believers.

f. *In Purity*. This virtue includes more than the idea of bodily chastity—it signifies chastity of the spirit—chastity at the very fountain-head of our thoughts, feelings, actions—it means *holiness* of the head, heart and spirit. This must be in the minister a principle as well as a sentiment, a law as well as a purpose.

It is this which makes the Almighty what he really is, not a god—but *the God*. For without holiness, he would be nothing more nor less than the

greatest devil in the Universe. But covering himself with *this*, as with a garment, and constituting it the *beginning* and the *end* of his government, with all his other infinite attributes, he *is* the Great God of Moses, *glorious in holiness* as well as fearful in praises.

We repeat this idea: 'Tis not the magnitude of the sun that constitutes his glory—'tis his dazzling light; so also, 'tis not the omnipotence of God that constitutes his glory—'tis his *immaculate holiness*. And such must be the fact in the moral character of the Christian minister. Not his talents, though they be as superior to Newton's, as his were superior to the instincts of a brute—not his learning, though that include all which men and angels yet have known—but *it is his holiness*.

Drunkenness, fornication, seduction, adultery, together with bigamy and polygamy, must be driven from his heart, as foes alike to God and man—nor can he make friendship with the men who are guilty of these crimes—because he knows that no one can touch filth without having some of it sticking to his fingers' end!

What! an adulterer, a fornicator, a seducer, a bigamist, in the sanctuary of the Lord?—as the representative—the *minister* of the Lord Jesus Christ? O, tell me ye angels! tell me, has hell a punishment meet for such a wretch?

No! The minister of Jesus cannot be guilty of such wickedness. He remembers *now*, and he remembers *ever*, that the burden of souls is laid upon

his heart by the *hand* that was nailed to the cross—by the *hand* that burst asunder the bars of death and hell—by the *hand* that now wields the sceptre of the Universe—and therefore he cannot betray his trust. No! no! no! He can *never*! *He will be faithful even unto death*.

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II. We are now prepared to con-

sider the intellectual character of the Christian minister.

The Apostle tells us they *shall be able to teach others*. But may not a man deceive himself on this point? He may—many have. There are those who mistake the *desire* to be useful for the *ability*. Now desire and ability are two distinct and independent things. A man may desire to be a king, but this does not qualify him to wield the sceptre of a king. So also a man may desire to swim, but if he jump into a river without the ability, he will soon find himself sinking like a stone, to the bottom.

Some men, through mere desire, rush into the ministry without any qualification. They remind me of some lunatics, who fancy themselves to be kings or angels, and try to act accordingly. I remember such a man, who imagined himself a sea captain, and did walk up and down the yard with all the air of a commander, ordering one to reef in the main topsails, and another to make the soundings.

In like manner some men imagine themselves called to the work of the ministry, and desirous to engage in it, obtain recommendation from the class, license from the quarterly, and authority from the annual conference, set out booted, spurred and mounted, to do what? I ask again, to do what? You say to preach the Gospel. What Gospel? The Gospel of Christ? Well, do they? No! They preach what is in no Bible under heaven. Not even in the Alcoran of Mahomet. Rant, obscene language, rude and vulgar ex-

pressions. Irreverent exclamations, empty sound nonsense, and the essence of superstition, constitute the gospel they preach. So that by this kind of teaching and this kind of preaching, it has come to pass that some bearing the name of ministers, can be tiplers and drunkards; others can have two living wives, while some laymen can have four, and yet maintain their standing in the pulpit and in the church. So if you dare to speak of expelling them, others will cry out, "*Don't! don't! lest you destroy the church.*"

O, Saviour, take care of thy flock! For this reason *I* "cry aloud and spare not;" *I* lift up my voice like a trumpet, showing my people their transgressions, and the *house of Levi* their sins.

For this purpose I say to you, my dear brethren, if the classes and quarterly conferences will let such men deceive them—don't you be deceived by them—let not the Annual Conferences be duped. Nay, let us examine the qualifications of every man who asks admission into the ranks of the ministry—let us try them by the discipline; yea, more: let us try them by the word of God. To this end let us see what the discipline does teach, and what the word of God commands. Hear the discipline: "Have they gifts as well as graces for the work? Have they, in some tolerable degree, a clear sound understanding, a right judgment in the things of God? A just conception of salvation by faith? And

has God given them any degree of utterance? Do they speak readily, justly, clearly?" Such is the distinct, unequivocal declaration of the Discipline.

Now hear the word: "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them: that thy profiting may appear unto all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them, for in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

Now can any one read this passage without being struck with the nervous language of the Apostle? Can any one hear it without being arrested by its earnestness? Can it be understood, without perceiving how the Holy Spirit *insists* upon a *proper and diligent exercise* of the intellect, for the purpose of improving it, by a daily, habitual, continuous contact with the *Truth*, just because *truth* is the great instrument by which God reveals himself to man, and man is made like unto God?

"Give attendance to reading. Neglect not the gift that is in thee. Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all."

All these expressions show alike the solicitude of the Eternal Spirit, and the deepness of the impression he desired to make upon the mind of Timothy; causing him to *feel* and

know that he was not to be a *mere drone* about the hive, a snail in the garden, or a lounge about the house of God—but that he had a mind, and that mind was made for *thinking, investigating, discriminating*—for *study*.

That, therefore, a neglect of its culture would lead to disastrous consequences; that the Christian minister has no more liberty to cease from the cultivation of his mind, than the ocean has to cease its motion. Think of the disastrous consequences of the latter opposite idea, and you will see the consequences of the former opposite idea.

Let the ocean cease to move, then its waters would become as stagnant as those of a rain-barrel. Every fish in it would perish, the whole atmosphere be pregnant with pestilence, and the green earth itself struck with universal palsy, would become a field of graves!

So also with the ministers of Jesus. Let them cease to cultivate their minds by the study of holy truth, then will they retrograde back to the darkness, the superstition, and errors of heathenism, religion becomes a mere cloak of hypocrisy, blasphemy the language of its teachers, and the Church itself, like the temple at Jerusalem, once more hear the awful words, "*Let us depart, let us depart.*"

What, then, is the just inference which enlightened reason draws from the text, when it commands not only Timothy, but all the presbyters, elders, and bishops, in all countries—throughout all ages? "The things which thou hast heard of me among

many witnesses, the same commit those unto faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." Why, that we are ever bound to entrust the unsearchable riches of Christ, only to men who have

a. *Improvable minds.* That is, minds capable of cultivation. This lies at the foundation of all ministerial usefulness. 'Tis like the gold in the crude and flinty quartz, which needs only to pass through the crucible, in order that its intrinsic excellence may be made manifest; or the rude marble in the quarry, to pass through the plastic hands of the sculptor, in order that it may be transformed into a beautiful statute of living, active, glorious manhood.

But it is not enough that a man possess an improvable mind, he must also have

b. *An unquenchable desire for useful knowledge.*

Without this latter, the former is like a locomotive without steam—nothing but useless machinery. But if this desire is so strong that the person is content as long as he is acquiring knowledge, then, this man has in his nature another element of ability to teach others.

c. *And he must also have application.* This is essential, for if he have it not, his reading will be as seldom as it will be desultory. He will be ever learning, yet never coming to the knowledge of the truth—ever swimming on the surface, but never descending through the clear, deep waters, to the gemmed bottom of the

Ocean of Science—nor rising through sublime heights of Christian philosophy to the luminous temple of revelation, and there make his dwelling-place among the angels of God.

Brother, *you* can know whether you possess this essential quality by looking at the manner in which *you* have pursued your studies. If *you* read to-day and neglect it to-morrow; if *you* study this month and omit it the next; then *you* are the very man who will never be able to teach others the deep things of the Spirit of Truth. Because *you*, yourself, will never reach them. And you know what a man has not, he can never give unto others.

Permit me to assure you, dear brother, that deep, clear, and solid learning is not, *cannot*, be attained by the reading of a few hours, a few months, nor a few years; but is the result of a life devoted to patient, diligent, and careful study of truth, in all its ramifications, and in all its relations.

The men to whom we commit the unsearchable riches of Christ, must also

d. Be men of *correct judgment.*

Those who teach immortal souls must have this great qualification. And inasmuch as it involves the power of comparison, it will enable him to discern the resemblance and dissimilarity between one doctrine and another—to discriminate between falsehood and truth—to scrutinize the opinions, conduct and character of men—and also trace the eternal dis-

tinctions which a wise, just, and good Creator has established between right and wrong, between good and evil, between virtue and vice.

It will also teach him how to adapt the different truths of Gospel to the varying condition and character of the children of men. For Paul does not preach at Athens, *all of the same class of truths* which he uttered at Jerusalem; and so also his Epistles to the Hebrews differ very much from that which he addressed to the Romans.

Moreover, a correct judgment will give him ability to hold the reins of ecclesiastical government with such a hand, and to execute it in such a spirit as will save him from his pusillanimity on the one hand, and rashness on the other. And therefore, in him human passions shall neither hush the voice of Justice, nor silence the pleadings of Mercy. But these godlike attributes shall cheerfully embrace and sweetly kiss each other; when the claims of the former shall have been met by the proffers and sacrifices of the latter.

Moreover, the unsearchable riches of the Gospel must be committed only to men

e. Who have a *natural aptness* to teach others.

This is a rare qualification, as great as it is rare, and imposes upon him who possess it, a tremendous, yet glorious, responsibility. 'Tis to him in whom it dwells, what light is to the sun, so that while he is himself covered with this glorious element, he is shedding the same blessing upon all around him.

'Tis his pleasure—his happiness—to teach others, and he cannot do otherwise. He can no more keep from teaching others than the sun can refuse to shine upon all; and, like the sun, he often does it when he is not conscious of it.

The *end* of all his studies and researches into religion, science, and philosophy, is to *teach immortal souls*, and lead them to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. He does not mistake sound for sense, any more than he could mistake stones for bread, giving the people the former, just because he has not the latter. He is more anxious to make God's people intelligent and wise, than to excite their animal feelings, and make them shout. He labors, not to make them admire and praise himself, but to make them angry with themselves, fall out with their sins, and fall in love with Christ. And this he does by all plainness of speech and fitness of simile; by arguments as strong as bars of iron; by illustrations as beautiful as the lily and the rose.

Having these five, there is one other qualification which he must not fail to possess.

f. *It is humility.* This is partly intellectual and partly moral. It is intellectual, inasmuch as its root is in a knowledge of one's self,—of one's ability,—of one's character. It is moral, inasmuch as it is a deep sense of one's own unworthiness, and comparative insignificance as a man, a scholar, and a Christian.

So that humility, instead of being incompatible with a knowledge of one's own self, is the result of that knowledge. This is the convincing or conservative principle among the graces. 'Tis to them what salt is to the meats. Without humility, talents and learning are but the accomplishments of a devil. Without humility, faith love and holiness are evanescent graces, which will quail and perish in the presence of the tempter.

This is the grace that keeps the soul down, down, down in the dust, at the very foot of the cross, causing the man to look upon himself as *nothing*, and upon Christ as *all*.

O! how sensitive is this man about his Master's honor! How solicitous for his Master's glory! How tremblingly alive to his own ignorance—his own weakness—his utter insufficiency! From the depths of his soul he is ever crying, Lord, thou knowest my weakness, be thou my strength. Thou knowest my ignorance, be thou my wisdom. Teach me, that I may not be a blind leader of the blind, but a scribe well instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven. O! let not the people see me; let them see thee in thy vesture dipped in blood. Let them not hear me; let them hear thee in thy voice of saving truth! Like the beloved John, this man's greatest ambition is to lean his head upon the bosom of Jesus, and catch the lessons of unerring wisdom, as they fall from his sacred lips, and, therefore, *he is able to teach others also*.

Like David, he is ever conversing

with nature; like Paul, he is the great student of revelation; therefore, like both, *he is able to teach others also*.

To sum all our ideas in a single sentence, *he must be holy, studious, instructive and wise*. Ever keeping his heart in contact with the Spirit of God; ever drinking from the pure fountains of truth. He teaches himself, that he may be able to teach others also.

To such a man, the Pauline injunction comes with heavenly emphasis and power, "Thou, therefore, my son, *be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus*."

The blacksmith must have strong muscles to wield the sledge hammer, and the soldier the broad sword; so, also, the minister of the Lord Jesus, who has to contend, not only with wicked men and women, but with principalities and powers, with spiritual wickedness in high places, he, above all men, should be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

Let the same principle of incorruptible holiness, of divine life, of self-sacrifice, which caused the Great Teacher to go about doing good, also be in thee. Let the principle be in thy soul, invigorating, and imparting to thee the strength of an angel, causing thee to fly about *doing good, and nothing but good*.

In conclusion, brethren, brethren, what now is our duty? To whom shall we commit the unsearchable riches of Christ? To drunkards, bigamists and polygamists? To drones and loungers? To men having "skulls

that will not learn and cannot teach? God forbid! Nay, rather let us die than commit such a crime against God and man. O! let that other command of the Apostle to Timothy be ever sounding in our ears, "Lay hands suddenly upon no man, neither be partaker of other men's sins; keep thyself pure." Yes, let each one of us *understand* this mandate, and *know and feel* that any man who enters the ministry without the proper qualifications, moral and intellectual, which are indicated by the text, sins against God; and he who helps such a man to get into the ministry, also sins against Him.

Whenever a young man comes forward, and tells us that he is called to the ministry, let us examine him rigidly, according to our excellent discipline and the requisitions of God's word. It is not enough that he tells us God has called him; let him show the evidences of his call. Some of us are too credulous. If a man tells us that he is called to this work, we believe without proof; without any qualification, we are ready to push him into the sacred office. His say so is not enough.

Do you not know that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." He who aids a man in committing murder is himself guilty of it. This is true in the State, 'tis no less so in the Church. This has been often done. Some men have no conscience, regard no vows, care for no responsibility which they assume, and dis-

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charge no obligation they take upon themselves.

They will *destroy* a sheep as soon as they will *save* one.

Let us consider our Lord and Master, that great Shepherd of the sheep, whom an inspired apostle calls the Chief Shepherd; let us study his character, examine his matter, his manner, and fashion ourselves according to his lofty model. As a man, he had all these qualifications and *more*. We do not say that all ministers can have them in the same degree. But this we do maintain, that he who has them in the largest possible degree, will be the most successful teacher, preacher, and shepherd.

Some men have gifts, but no graces. Others have graces, but no gifts. Neither of these are wanted in the Christian ministry. I charge you, brethren, before God and the Lord Jesus, and the elect angels, that ye *observe these things*, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality.

Labor diligently to purify your own hearts from sin, to enrich your own minds with every kind of useful knowledge, to be clothed with humility as with a garment, and thus be qualified to teach others also.

On the Committee of Examination, recommend no man who is not able to teach others. In your Quarterly Conferences, so far as you have power, suffer no man to obtain a license who is not able to teach others.

And will you dare vote for a man to obtain ordination, who is not able

to teach others? No, *never!* Let the whole ministry, let the whole Church pray, that the Lord Jesus may give us ministers, full of holiness, wisdom, faithfulness, "Who shall be able to teach others also." Amen, and Amen, so Lord Jesus let it be *now*, and let it be *forever*.

For the Repository.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

BY REV. A. W. WAYMAN.

When we awake at the breaking of this holy day, with sincere thankfulness to God, under the shadow of whose Almighty wings we had reposed, and who had refreshed us during the night past with comfortable rest, welcome the sacred day that commemorates the finishing of all his suffering in our behalf, and bore testimony to that glorious triumph with which he ascended from the tomb.

We should rejoice in the reflection that his grace is still with us and in the multitude of our thoughts within us. His comfort delight our soul.—After lifting our hearts in dissembled gratitude to him for his preserving mercy, and for that love which redeemed our souls from eternal death, we rose from our beds joyfully and refreshed for the performance of all the solemn duties of the day; as we walked abroad from our houses all nature seemed filled with the presence of the Deity—the sun is just rising upon the earth and every object is illuminated by his glorious beams—the trees drooping with the last night's dew are reflecting his beauty from

every leaf, while the whole surface of the earth, glittering with borrowed luster, seemed to smile a welcome to his appearance. A peculiar stillness and tranquillity pervades the scene.—The beasts of burden, rejoicing in the liberty from weekly servitude, appear to recognize the day of rest. No sound of mechanic hammers were heard to disturb the quiet of that hour, but every object which presented itself before us seemed to indicate the arrival of the Lord's day. So fresh and fragrant is the atmosphere—so harmonious and joyful are all animate works of God—so peaceful and undisturbed this sacred season that it called to mind that first morning of the world which the Creator's rest hallowed for the Sabbath, when all his creatures, fresh from his hands, rejoicing in the exercise of the new made power, united to praise him for his goodness, and to glorify that mercy which was over all his works—when at the contemplation of his wisdom and goodness "the morning stars sung and the sons of God shouted for joy," we then rejoiced in the recollection that the same being who first brought all his beauty and order out of nothing, who spoke the word and all was made, who commanded and everything stood fast.

In the enjoyment of reflections like these, the Sabbath morning passed away, till the chiming of the church-going bell is heard from the distant mountain calling us to the house of prayer. We rejoice to unite with the great congregation of his people in the sanctuary of our God. How amiable are thy courts, O Lord of Hosts.

NEW BIRTH, OR REGENERATION.

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

This is a subject that should call the strictest attention of every man and woman. Though much has been, and still is, the controversy as relates to it. Some believing that the death and resurrection of Christ has so far removed the guilt that all men will be saved from pain and death. And a second class believe, or hold, that there is no future punishment whatever, after death. And the third class believe in both the above named places, and as such require a change of the heart. We favor the latter, and maintain that no person can see the Kingdom of Heaven, unless they receive the new birth, or regeneration. For a proof of this, refer to John, 3d chap. and 3d v., where Christ tells Nicodemus that he must be born again. It is an evident fact, that all men are depraved, and that the heart is so contaminated with sin, that every thought and imagination is impure, imperfect and unqualified for the kingdom of grace and glory. Dying in this condition, we are assured by divine authority, that they will be hurled from the peaceful presence of a just and holy God. All we, like sheep, have gone astray.—Isaiah 53: 6. Thus, we learn that the Lord is angry with the wicked every day. He can not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. Poor man, awful is his condition while he lives in his sins; and still more so, if he dies without hope in Christ; but

God is on the given hand, and would that all men would be saved from their sins, for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

But, again, says Christ to Nicodemus, ye must be born again, which plainly shows that a man must have a radical change of the heart, whether he be rich or poor, bond or free, young or old. It is clear that our blessed Saviour, in order to convey to Nicodemus the idea that he must be born again, for it was not sufficient to be a Jew, or to acknowledge him to be a teacher sent from God, but was necessary, in addition to this, to experience in his own soul that great change called the new birth, (be born again, by means from above, and is so rendered in the margin.) It is very evident however, that Nicodemus understood not, as inferring from above, for if he had, he would not have asked the question in verse 4.

We are conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. The carnal mind is enmity against God, and by nature, we are dead in trespasses and sins.—Gen. 8 and 21; Psalms 14: 2-3; Rom. 1: 29-32. This sin exposes man to misery here, and hereafter. To escape from it, to be happy in the world to come, it is necessary that man should be changed in heart, in his principles, his feelings, and his manner of life. This is called the new birth, or regeneration; and, we might add, that it is so called, because, in many respects, it has a

striking analogy to the natural birth. Says the learned Mr. Barnes, that it is the beginning of spiritual life. It introduces us to the light of the Gospel, (in which I fully concur.)

2d. But except a man be born of water, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God, That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.

I notice in the third place, that, in order to receive this new birth, or regeneration in man, he must first be convinced that he is a sinner before God, and that he offends God by his sins; and, as such, he must feel a godly sorrow for the injustice done the One Living and True God.—Having turned his eyes within, he beholds within himself, as a man beholds himself in a glass. His crimes are all summed up in one bundle; he feels miserable. What is he to do? how is he to get rid of his burden of sin and guilt? He feels condemned, but there is a way by which he can get rid of his burden, and leave it at the foot of the hill. Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chiefest of sinners. Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: ask and it shall be given you. But he must ask with the whole heart, in faith, believing, for God is a prayer-hearing, and a prayer-answering God.

Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved. He is willing, he is waiting to forgive. Come unto me all ye that labor, and are

heavily laden, and I will give you rest.

But, further more, the soul must be perfectly resigned to the will of God in every respect, and when this is done, the work of regeneration, or the new birth, which is an instantaneous work, is instantly accomplished. The Holy Ghost, or the spirit, comes with, or like, a mighty rushing wind, and removes the burden, and the soul is lighted up with the divine grace of Almighty God. Now the soul breaks forth in ecstasy of joy, to the high praises of God and the lamb for his mercy and goodness bestowed upon him.

Though the same spirit operates differently upon the human soul, from the fact that men are mechanically constructed, and, hence, are of different frames, though made of the same materials. One man may have a strong, stable mind, and a conscience void of offence toward God and man, whom I shall call a moralist; he may be literate or illiterate. We contend that the Holy Spirit of God has not the same amount of work to do in a heart of this kind, as in one of a different character, whom we shall speak of.

1st. A man may be possessed of all the refined attainments that relate to literature, or in other words, a scholar, and yet he may not have a conscience void of offence toward God and man, because he abuses his privileges and his talents; his heart is seared as with a hot iron; he is a mischief maker; he loves a lie better than the truth; he opposes Christianity; his sins are many, and of an

aggravated character. I believe that when such an one begins seriously to consider that he has a soul to be saved, or lost, lost to all eternity, and he feels the want of the Holy Spirit of God, that it is harder for such an one to believe, than the before mentioned one, though he fall at the footstool of sovereign mercy. He sees his horrible condition; he groans, he mourns, he rolls to and fro, hard to believe, to give up all; but he must repent or be lost; and as soon as he becomes resigned to the will of the Lord, the Holy Spirit steps in, and takes the full possession of the heart, and the radical change is so powerful in its nature, that he feels so proud, and thankful to God that he had stooped so low as to raise him from the horrible pit, that, like the lame man that was healed, he could not be still and hold his peace, but cried aloud before saint and sinner, the high praises of Almighty God. And this is the difference, I conceive to be, of the same spirit upon two minds, who have had the very same advantages as relates to literature.

I remark, in the last place, that he, having now experienced the new birth, which has cost him so much labor, but which would not have to be done, were man what Adam was, what angels are, and what spirits of the just will be; but during the present state so much corruption works within that daily mortification of sin, so essential to growth in grace. The Scriptures contain many impressive admonitions respecting this duty.

Let us, therefore, lay aside every

weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, remembering the exhortation of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye, through the spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Abhor that which is evil; as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the flesh. That inbred corruption, which is the fruitful parent of all man's actual transgression, is described in the Bible as the old man. Freed by divine grace from the dominion of sin, the Christian is not freed from its more open assaults, or secret guile. It is an enemy defeated and broken under foot, yet not dead; still possessed of life, and only wanting an opportunity to rise again, and ready to act with renewed vigor.

THE HOLY BIBLE,

REASON'S FRIEND.

BY REV. T. L. HAMMOND.

The spirit of God, in leading us into all truth, does not in any way alter the faculties of the human mind. We need not, therefore, expect dreams, visions, phantasies, and impressions of which we give no rational account, or to be deprived of strength, reason and will, and cast motionless upon the ground, as the ancient Sybil in her silent prophetic illapses. The spirit of God is not to make us prophets, but to make us acquainted with them.

Now, how the spirit aids the mind in its researches after truth. We may boldly assert that it is suggestive in his nature. Jesus says it will lead us into all truth, and bring all things

to our remembrance; it prepares the heart to receive the truth; it solves the greatest difficulties for us to have the slate wiped clean.

Socrates said, he who would receive the pure must not himself be impure. It may dispose us to the proper use of our faculties, searching for the riches of the full assurance of understanding; it removes the hinderances to faith.

The heart influences the intellect, hence, it is difficult to feel an argument against an interest, or to see an evil in the things we love. The spirit of God allays passion, removes prejudice, and breathes into the soul the disposition to obey. Skepticism, when deeply rooted, is hard to be removed by the most tangible arguments.

The question may be asked, how did Solomon obtain wisdom. Now, the proper answer is, reason obeyed the voice of revelation. When she uttereth her glorious voice, saying, if any man lack wisdom let him ask and seek it of the Lord, with the use of the right means, he will be sure to obtain it. If we would receive the truth, we must invite it, as Abraham did the Angels. If we would have the Scriptures open to us, we must walk with God, as the disciples did with Christ on the way to Emmaus.

The spirit of God aids the mind in apprehending truth by leading it up from the region of understanding,—which is discursive,—which judges by sense,—to the region of reason, where all is fixed, reposing on the constitution of the human mind, that we obtain the maxims of the exact

sciences,—such ideas as eternity, infinity and power. Let the soul shake off her defiled garment of sense, bury her ideas, and go up to the Bethel of pure reason, where the truth rises unbidden, like the stars in the sky, and doctrines before unseen may shine like the belt of Orion at midnight.

May not the spirit more directly influence the soul, as is implied in such a promise as this,—when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you in all truth, without the communication of any new truth. The Bible may be made a new book to us. It would require but a little change in the eyeballs of a man to enable him to see the sun an orb of fire, filling the horizon; or the moon, full of flowery mountains or goodly forms; or the stars, floating and filled worlds of light. No change need be wrought on the universe, no change in the humors and lenses of the eye, only a little alteration of its form.

Can any one say that the Holy Spirit cannot so influence the soul, as, without changing its faculties, or altering the truth, to cause the soul to see its revelations magnified. Let the mind, then, touched by the Divine Spirit, approach the borders of religious mystery, and wrestle with the angel that guards them; and wrestle on, even though the thigh of reason be dislocated in the struggle; and wrestle on as if it had power with God, and it shall see day break, and it shall stand at Peniel; it may see God, and, as the sun rises, it may halt upon the very limb that seems

to be disjointed in the struggle.

Again, the Bible gives ample scope to the ablest minds. It compels us to examine ourselves, a duty which few discharge. Where is the man that considers what he is? To the most of people their own soul is a foreign country to them; the earth on which he looks is the terrestrial, and not the celestial sphere; the earth is first, and not the soul which is infinite. And wherefore? not because men do not know better, for reason, unguided by revelation, wrote "know thyself," upon Apollo's Delphic temple, and ever since she has boasted in the precept. Why, then, this neglect of it? Because, to observe it is so difficult; and herein I find a proof that it develops and strengthens the mind.

All plans of education may be judged by this principle. Now, let a man begin and end his education in his own soul, he will be sure to have a vigorous intellect and a deep knowledge. If he will pursue this course, he will become a philosopher in spite of himself; he will know his own powers, and will know how to apply them: he understands his revelations, and feels the obligations which spring out of them; he traces his habits, and knows how to correct them; he gets thoughts, and must clothe them. But, if this is all that is needful to make a strong intellect, may we not find it among the illiterate? Yes, we may often find amazing mental power, profound philosophy, sheltered by the plow boy, the cabin boy, and among the humbler

walks of life. Many a pious Christian has a philosopher's head, without a philosopher's library.

This blessed book—this heavenly light—introduces us into the spiritual world; there we become acquainted with God—its divine author,—angels, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers.

Again, by its reflected light the eternal world is explored; it gives sublimity to the most unimportant events of this life. But, if the soul of man is to be blown out as a candle, or pass into other bodies, like a viewless gas, why should we burn the midnight taper, or point a tube to heaven. Thanks to God, it is not so, for he has, by revelation, informed us that we shall live longer than this world, and as long as he himself shall live. Then, in view of this wonderful truth, let us make sure to live in raptures, and not in woe.

A VERY BRIEF

Biographical Sketch of the Right Reverend RICHARD ALLEN, First Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

ESSAY NO. I.

Deity is never wanting for instruments to subserve the ends of Providence. Is the Deluge to sweep from the virgin earth, sinful man? Deity instructs a righteous son of Adam's family how to save himself and his dear ones from the impending wrath.

Is it necessary that the promises of eternal life should have a channel through which to flow down through the generations of mankind, enriching and fertilizing the Church of God, in the ages to succeed? An Abraham, the father of the faithful, is selected from among the millions of earth, to whom is committed the holy promises. Are the chosen people of the Lord enslaved in a strange land, and groaning for redemption, amidst the hard tasks of Egyptian cruelty? A Moses is educated for the work of deliverance in the court of Pharaoh, and conducts the redeemed sons of Jacob from Egypt's dark land, to the foot of Pisgah, and on its high summit the angel of God buries him. Is Israel sunk in the lowest depths of idolatry—having built his altars upon every high place and worshipped in every grove, and paid homage to the hosts of heaven, and passed their sons and daughters through the fire to Moloch, to appease heaven's wrath; and is it necessary that Israel should be saved from his backslidings? A Hezekiah, a Jewish prince of excellent character and principles, is raised up by Providence to save his country and people from the maledictions of the Most High. The same was the case in the days of the renowned Josiah. Israel went after other god's—Josiah is the chosen instrument to restore him to the favor of his God.

Is the world—all nations—all generations, in bondage to sin and Satan? One adequate to the task of universal deliverance must be raised up by

Deity to carry out the ends of his Providence. Jesus of Nazareth appears upon the stage of human action, clothed with delegated authority from heaven, to do his father's will. So in all succeeding ages, whenever and wherever a deliverer has been needed, Deity has provided the instrument adequate to the work. A gentile world lies under the dominion of a thousand ages of idolatry, witchcraft, and superstition. A Saul of Tarsus is raised up to break the spell of ages and turn the world from the service of sin and Satan, to serve the living and true God. Is the Christian Church universally persecuted, and no one on earth to pity and save her? A Constantine, with regal authority, stays the hand of persecution and sends peace and joy throughout the regions of Christendom.

Have the dark curtains of priestly domination enfolded themselves around the Christian world for a thousand years, till the eyes of the Church of God had lost the power to see divine truth in the book of revelation? A Luther stands forth the champion for heaven to rend that curtain asunder, clear the vision of the people of God, that they might see the beauties of holiness in the oracles of heaven, and thus break the spell of the serpent.

Had the Protestant Church relapsed into spiritual wickedness in Great Britain, a Wesley and Whitfield are prepared, by Providence, to set up a counter influence of morality and holiness, and to prepare a people to serve their God in the simplicity of the Gospel.

And then, to come to the subject of our essay, the same truth holds good, that when the States of this Union were setting the colored people free in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c., &c., and they were becoming subjects of religion, and seeking membership in the Christian Churches in the land, and there finding the strong hand of prejudice against them, to demar greatly their Christian peace and comfort. In short, though they had been freed from physical bondage, yet they found themselves in the folds of spiritual oppression in the Christian Church, and heaven seeing their oppression and hearing their groans, raised up for their deliverance RICHARD ALLEN, the subject of our essay.

He was born at a juncture of time exactly to suit the ends of Divine Providence, and within the bounds of the Methodist Church. His father was a native of Africa, became a resident of the State of Delaware, Sussex county, where his son Richard was born. Of the piety of his father, nothing is known. Richard, at a very early age, became a subject of divine grace, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon after was called to preach the Gospel. He rode under Bishop Asbury, and was one of his most intimate associates in the itinerant work. His education was very limited, being instructed by Bishop Asbury, only in the mere rudiments of literary knowledge. But he was one of Nature's strongest sons. To a mind naturally sober and thought-

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ful, was added the deepest personal piety. He was keenly sensitive to the slightest personal injury or neglect, and would often ask the Bishop why Christians made distinctions when Christ made none. No man, in his day, was a greater lover of education than he. Wherever he could hear of a young man going to college or to any high school, he would send him a word of encouragement—if not some means to sustain him. He saw at a very early period two inevitable results—the one, that the oppression of his brethren in the white Methodist Churches would lead to their separation from them; and the other, that in the event of their separation their greatest need would be men of enlightened education to guide their ecclesiastical and governmental affairs. Hence, he never lost sight of the great importance of education among the rising generation, knowing, that upon them mainly would rest the responsibilities of sustaining church discipline among them—and that without liberally educated men it could be but poorly done. He lived to realize his early cherished expectations. He not only saw them separated from the white churches, but he was the leader in all the movements to effect it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lord Chancellor Northingham suffered much from the gout, and once, after some painful waddling between woosack and the bar, in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

LITERATURE.

OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER 1ST.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

On our arrival in Europe, in 1846, to attend the Evangelical Alliance which took place in London that year, our intention was to make close observations of men and things.

The first thing which attracted our observation was a circumstance that took place in the Custom House in Liverpool. The circumstance was so strongly contrasted with what we had been accustomed to in our own country, that we think it worth relating, to show how differently people act under different relations of circumstances. We had now just arrived in a foreign country where the manners, habits and customs were different from those of our own. That, of course, we had anticipated to some extent, but our mind was not prepared to receive such marks of distinction in one of the greatest custom-houses in the world, as we did on that occasion. Had we been a man of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, and of known character, the circumstance would have been one in a proper place, but to us, who being classed in our own country with a race unaccustomed to such works of distinction, it struck our observation with much force. The gallant ship, John R. Skiddy, from New York, which had made the passage from New York to Liverpool in seventeen days, rounded

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to in the dock at Liverpool, at eleven o'clock, A. M., on the 20th day of September, 1846, and at twelve o'clock that day, our baggage was placed in the care of the officers of the custom-house for examination. They commenced with the baggage of the passengers of the first cabin, to end with the steerage passengers. The train was to leave Liverpool that same afternoon at eight o'clock, P. M., and as many of the passengers, two hundred and ten in number, were very anxious to go in that train, therefore the officers were hurried on in the examination, but they seemed to heed no one, and went on at their usual speed, caring nothing for the anxieties of none, till five o'clock, P. M. At that hour the examination must cease for that day, by the laws of the custom-house, without, what they call, a permit from the Queen, to continue the examination of the baggage to the hour of seven o'clock. This permit is obtained of the President of the custom-house, and costs sixteen shillings—about four dollars—which those passengers whose baggage had not been examined, and who were anxious to go on the eight o'clock train, must raise among themselves and buy the permit to continue the examination till seven o'clock. Our baggage, with that of many others, had not been examined, and our faces began to assume the elongated appearance. The examination had ceased

and not to be resumed till nine o'clock next morning. What to do we did not know. The passengers turned with anxious look, one to another, but remained mute silence. At this moment an officer mounted upon a box of goods and said, "Gentlemen, the only alternative is for you to buy a permit from the Queen, by which the examination of your baggage can continue till seven o'clock, and by that time the examination will be completed; and as you will want to make a collection among yourselves of sixteen shillings, and you will want a treasurer to receive your money and go to the president of this custom-house and purchase the permit, I will take the liberty to nominate, as your treasurer, Mr. —," calling out our name, which he had learned, during the three or four hours we had been in the custom-house. No sooner was our name announced, than a shock, like peals of thunder, was heard from a hundred passengers, approbative of the nomination. A collection was instantly made and placed in our hand, and we were conducted into the chamber of the president, who very cordially received us. We purchased the permit, gave it to the examining officer, and commanded him—as we now began to swell with a little brief authority—to recommence the examination, which he did, and by seven o'clock, P. M., our baggage was marked and delivered to us, but not without a very curious circumstance which shall be related in the next No. of the Repository.

REFLECTIONS.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

How few of us remember that our position in society depends upon ourselves, and not upon our parents, or those who may have the care of us. Though they may be well thought of in society, and strive to make us attain the same position, if we do not, and think we can be respected, merely because we are connected with them, we shall be sadly mistaken. If it were really so, it would be of no use for those who are not in the same position as ourselves, to endeavor to attain to it, for they would have no encouragement to advance onward. We can, then, conscientiously say it depends upon ourselves, and no one else. All that our friends can, and should do, is to set us a good example, and see that we refrain from evil in their presence. The only things that can give us a great and good name are truth, integrity, morality and intelligence, and the man or woman who possesses these is truly good and great, no matter in what sphere of life he or she may have been born. The memory of such will never perish; it will be warmly cherished in the hearts of those who are trying to follow in their footsteps.

We are told that honor and shame from no condition rise. This we must certainly acknowledge to be true, for if honor was an attendant on condition, there would not be so many vile and degraded among the higher classes,

while, on the other hand, if shame arose from being born among the low in estate, we would not have so many noble and intellectual ones among them. Some of the noblest men and women the earth has ever seen have sprung from what are called the lower classes. How unjust would it be! for while one class was receiving all the honors that the world could afford, merely for riches' sake, the other would still remain in its depaved and unenlightened state.

We have thus tried to show, in a very brief manner, that honor and shame arise from no condition or estate. Now, let us try to make good the second part of the subject, namely, that all the honor lies in acting well our part. From youth up to manhood or womanhood, our chief thoughts are about dress, and how to court the admiration of others. Some even go so far as to think that it is the only thing we need to make us honorable and respectable members of society. But our young friends and associates should not forget the old and excellent maxim, "Dress does not make the man." Of course, we do not pretend to say they should not be neatly and genteely dressed, but we do say, that it should not occupy their whole thoughts. There are things of far more importance than the decoration of our persons; there is one that needs most decoration, that is the mind. It is that makes the noble, the powerful, the true-hearted man or woman. There is nothing can make us rise to honorable emi-

nence but a well cultivated mind—one that would prevent our stooping to ignoble things. We should all try to cultivate our minds, for we very well know that virtue, truth and intelligence are not handed down to the rich only, but to the poor also; and we have no excuse, for we can all gain knowledge and respectability. All that is needful for us to do is to hold ourselves correctly, and if we should ever be scorned by those who happen to be, or consider themselves, our superiors, let us remember, and be comforted by the excellent truth contained in our subject.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

MATTY.

FEMALE POETS AND WRITERS.

The following lines were composed by Miss PHILLIS, a colored girl, when fifteen years of age:

"While Homer paints, lo! circumsused in air,
Celestial gods in mortal forms appear—
Swift as they move, hear each recess rebound,
Heaven quakes, earth trembles, and the shores
resound.

Great Sire of verse, before my mortal eyes,
The lighting blaze across the vaulted skies;
And as the thunder shakes the heavenly plains,
A deep felt horror thrills through all my veins.
When gentle strains demand thy graceful song,
The length'ning line moves languishing along;
When great Patroclus courts Achilles' aid,
The grateful tribute of my tears is paid;
Prone on the shores he feels the pangs of love,
And stern Pelides' tend'rest passions move."

Miss Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus, upon whom Cicero and Quintilian bestowed great praise for her letters and elevated virtues, was a young African lady of great attain-

ments. Her sons became great orators.

Miss Hypatia, daughter of Theon, of Alexandria, in Africa, was a lady of great parts, and succeeded to the superintendency of the Platonic School on the death of her father. She therefore filled the seat of many a philosopher who had preceded her.

But why do we desire to bring into the strong light the departed genius of colored females? Why, no longer than three days ago we were told that they have no souls—that they were created alone for servile purposes—and yet it is said that magistrates and statesmen consulted Hypatia on important occasions, a colored lady at that. But she had no soul!—See *Light and Truth*, page 230.

THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

It is very probable that the Hebrew Language, or letters, were the first

known among mankind, and that the Hebrews originated them in the country of Syria. There lived at a very early period a small nation of Hebrews in Syria; and it is admitted by most of the learned, that the letters which Cadmus, about 1500 years before Christ, carried into Greece, were Hebraic letters, imported from Syria into Egypt, and there cultivated for a time; from thence Cadmus, an Egyptian, carried sixteen Hebraic letters into Greece. Sixteen letters were all that were known for about three hundred and sixty-six years after Cadmus had introduced them among the Greeks. At the siege of Troy, 1134 years B. C., Palamedes invented four. These were added to the sixteen, and from thence the number of letters was twenty, till 134 years later, when Simonides invented four more, swelling the number of alphabetic letters to what we now find it, in most of the ancient and modern languages.

SCIENCE.

HYGIENE.

BY REV. W. R. REVELS.

The term Hygiene is derived from a Greek word *hugienon*, which literally signifies health; but as used by medical writers it signifies the art or science of preserving health: or it is employed to express that department of Medical Science which treats of the

promotion and preservation in healthy action of the human organism; and of all the subjects within the entire range of human investigation, there is none, perhaps, of more practical and deeply interesting character than the one which we propose presenting in these articles. It is a subject which not only involves in a general way, but is

most intimately connected with all that may be regarded as worthy our exertions in life, and much of our hopes for a "future existence," for the purpose of increasing the stock of knowledge on this engrossing subject.

The good and wise of almost every age have devoted no small degree of time, and spent their most toilsome hours of research and intense reflection; and to this vastly important theme, still too much neglected, it is our wish now to call the attention of the readers of the Repository, being well assured that every reflecting mind will be ready to assert that too much cannot be known of a matter which manifestly involves all our temporal happiness, our prosperity, and our lives; and not only so, but even the lives and well being of our children, and of our children's children, to the third and fourth generation.

After proper reflection upon this subject, and a careful perusal of these articles, we trust our readers will be satisfied that we have not placed too high an estimate upon hygienic knowledge—the art of preserving health.

To prepare a man, or a woman either (for they are equally concerned in this subject), fully for life, and the cares and responsibilities of the parental relation, he should possess a good general knowledge of the human system, its construction, functions and general laws of health. It is not necessary, however, that every man should be so intimately acquainted with all the minutie of Anatomy and Physiology, as the educated physician,

but he should, nevertheless, possess such a general knowledge of these important subjects, as may serve to guide his judgment when thrown upon his own resources, and this not unfrequently occurs, especially with parents, in the course of human life, and this knowledge we regard as an important element, especially in the education of every Gospel minister, who not only sustains the relation of head over his own house, but as the instructor and *leader* of the flock of Christ; and who, as such, should be fully qualified, as well as *willing*, to go about "doing good" to the *bodies*, as well as the souls of his flock, over whose destinies the Great Head of the Church has made him overseer.

A short description of the human body and its construction, must of course precede any rules which may be given, to aid in the promotion or preservation of health. And this description will, for the sake of order and convenience, be arranged as follows:

1. Bones; 2. Muscles; 3. Nerves; 4. Blood Vessels; 5. Organs of Respiration; 6. The Skin; 7. The Digestion Apparatus.

1. *Bones—About 250 in Number.*

The bones are the most solid portions of the human body, and are composed of both animal and earthy matter. The earthy portion of the bony structure gives it solidity and strength, while the animal part endows it with vitality. This composition of bone may be readily demonstrated by the following experiments:

1. Burn a bone in a clear fire for about fifteen minutes and it becomes white and brittle, because the gelatin, or animal matter of the bone, has been destroyed.

2. Immerse a slender bone for a few days in a weak acid (one part of muriatic acid and six parts of water) and it can then be bent in any direction, or wrapped around your finger like a piece of leather. In this experiment the acid has removed the earthy matter, which is the carbonate and phosphate of lime, yet the form of the bone remains unchanged. The use of the bones is to support and protect the body, and assist as pulleys—fulcrums and levers—in the various motions to which they are adapted. These bones are joined together at different articulations by strong ligaments, which are either fibrous or fibre-cartilaginous, and which renders their attachment very strong, and at the same time very elastic, thus securing the free action essential to their functions and our happiness. In childhood and youth the animal constituent of bone predominates; but as age advances, the proportionate quantity of earthy matter increases, and the bones very brittle, and consequently easily fractured by falls and various accidents to which persons of advanced age are liable. And but for this wise arrangement of good Providence in providing a predominance of animal matter in the bones of children and youth, would not dare to indulge in those innocent sports and plays, which afford just that kind of

exercise so essential to the health of the young, and to the development of the entire organism. Were it otherwise, their little bones would be continually snapping and breaking at every romp and gambol in which their buoyant spirits might lead them to indulge.

The several bones of the spinal column are so formed that when in their natural position they form a canal through which the spinal cord passes, and by which it is protected from injury.

The centres of most other bones are filled with a soft oily substance, called marrow, in relation to the peculiar office or use of which a diversity of opinion exists amongst our best Physiologists. Some suppose that it serves the purpose of a reservoir of nourishment, while others contend that it keeps the bones from becoming brittle and dry. Nothing very certain is known, however, in regard to this matter.

It is well known that health most imperatively demands the proper exercise of the several parts of the body. The bones of the spinal column are not exempt from the laws of health in this particular; for if not properly exercised they are liable to become soft and yielding, and consequently unfit for the functions for which they are designed. Any long continued bent position will tend much to produce curvature of the spine—forward or to one side—in accordance with the curve of the position, and this curvature is sure, if long continued, to re-

sult in permanent deformity, or disease of a most painful and chronic character. We should be careful, then, to maintain such a position, as will best preserve the bones from any unnecessary curvature.

This is a matter of the very highest importance to the child in the school-room, to the young lady at the piano, the seamstress at her daily toil, and the young man at the desk. Indeed, too much importance cannot be attached, nor too much attention given, to this subject, by all parents, and by those to whom the mental training of our children and youth is committed.

It is a fact which we state upon the authority of eminent physicians, both in this country and in Europe, that a large proportion of females who have been fashionably educated, suffer from the deformities of the shoulder or spinal column, and this is owing entirely to a want of attention on the part of teachers and mothers, to the proper position of the child in performing the task allotted to it, whether in study or labor.

It is a remarkable fact, that those people who are in the habit of carrying heavy burdens upon their heads, seldom have crooked spines; this is, doubtless, owing to the perfect erect position of the head and spinal column, which it is necessary to maintain in securely carrying their load.

Dr. Cutter suggests that when a slight projection of the shoulder, with a curvature of the spine, exists, it can be improved by walking with a book, or something heavier, upon the

head, to balance which the spinal column must be nearly erect.

What we have to say in regard to the hygiene of the teeth might as well be said in this connection as any where else, notwithstanding they differ in some respects, in composition, nutrition and growth, from other bones of the body, as is well known they vary in number at different periods in life. The first set, which appears in childhood, are called *temporary*, or milk teeth; they are twenty in number. Between the ages of five and twelve years, as a general thing, the temporary teeth are removed to make way for the second or adult set, which are thirty-two in number, sixteen in each jaw. Unlike the other bones of the osseous system, they are constantly exposed to the immediate action of the atmosphere and of foreign substances, and but for their peculiar composition they would decay and wear out long before the expiration of the ordinary period allotted to human life, and in this peculiarity of their structure, we cannot fail to see very strongly marked the wisdom and beneficence of the great author of our being.

As a general thing, the bones of the system, when fractured, tend to a speedy union of the separated parts when brought in apposition; not so, however, with the teeth, when once broken they never again permanently unite. Hence, the great importance of preserving them in a sound and healthy condition; for without such a condition we would be unable to mas-

ticate our food. Imperfect mastication necessarily interferes with healthy digestion, and every one knows that indigestion interferes with the proper functions of the entire system. The liver will become torpid, the bowels constipated, the nervous system deranged, and the whole train of dyspeptic symptoms will supervene, which, in the expressive language of inspiration, will make the unfortunate victim feel himself to be miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

Proper attention to the hygiene of the teeth cannot fail to present itself to every one as of the highest importance, for, in addition to what we have said, it may be further remarked, that, with the exception of the hair, a good set of teeth may be justly regarded as the finest ornament of the human body.

The important enquiry then, which next presents itself, is, how shall the teeth be preserved in a sound and healthy condition, and to no class of persons is a proper answer to this question of more practical importance than to ministers of the Gospel, inasmuch as the teeth so essentially aid in the articulation with distinctness of certain letters, syllables and words.

To what follows in this article, we are chiefly indebted to the valuable little work of Dr. Cutter on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.

1. The preservation of the teeth requires that they should be kept perfectly clean. This is a most important hygiene rule, without a strict observation of which, all else that

may be done will prove ineffectual.

After each meal the mouth and teeth should be thoroughly cleansed with cold water, by means of a soft brush, or a piece of soft cloth, wrapped around the finger, or made in the form of a mop.

Toothpicks may be useful in removing from between the teeth any particles of food inaccessible to the brush or soft cloth. It is important to observe that metallic substances should never be used as toothpicks, as they are liable to injure the enamel of the teeth. The best material out of which to make them is bone, ivory, or the common goose quill, or simple hard wood, answers a very good purpose.

2. Sudden changes of temperature have a tendency to crack the enamel, and, consequently, produce decayed teeth; hence, drink or food should not be taken into the mouth when either very hot or very cold. A proper, medium temperature should always be observed.

Nothing is more common than to hear certain persons say that they use the pipe, or the cigar, for the purpose of removing or preventing the toothache. No greater mistake than this can possibly be made, because, by smoking tobacco the teeth are subjected to an alternate inhalation of both cold and warm air. Persons who are in the habit of smoking, therefore, should be able to assign some better reason than this for the habit, or give it up entirely.

3. As a general thing, when the

permanent are irregular, one or more should be removed, so that they may not press so hard upon each other as to injure the enamel. The space left by the removal of one or two teeth, where they are crowded too thickly together, will with proper care, in a few months, be entirely filled up, and the general appearance of the mouth will be greatly improved.

4. When a part of the enamel is removed from any cause whatever, and a portion of the body of the tooth has become carious, in many instances such teeth may be preserved from further decay by applying to a good dentist, and having them filled or "plugged" with good foil. All amalgams, however, pastes and cheap patent articles for filling, should be avoided by all means, if you would preserve both the teeth and the general health, and you will generally find that cheap dentistry, like patent medicines and cheap doctors, will, in the long run, cost you more than to be well attended to in the first place. Children, as well as some adults, are in the habit of cracking nuts and biting other hard substances with the teeth, and seamstresses are in the almost constant habit of biting thread, instead of using the scissors or a knife. These habits, if long indulged in, will be very likely, finally, to injure the enamel, and result in a diseased condition and loss of the teeth.

5. Some persons, young ladies especially, are in the habit daily of using *tooth powders*, for the purpose

of beautifying the teeth. All such powders, as a general thing, are useless, and those especially, which contain an acid or corrosive constituent, are not only useless, but highly pernicious, and should by all means be banished from the toilet, and, as a substitute, we would suggest a little finely pulverized charcoal, Castile soap suds, or the pure cold water, and a soft brush, and in using a brush it should always be applied up and down, and not across the teeth, as the usual custom is.

This article might be extended far beyond its present length, but we think what has now been said in regard to the hygiene of the bony structure is quite sufficient for all practical purposes.

ECONOMY.

BY ELISHA WEAVER.

In order to be a good teacher, a man should understand the science he or she undertakes to teach, and this rule will apply to all classes of teachers. For instance,—the alphabet, if you please,—to teach a child to learn those letters, it is necessary the teacher should know them thoroughly; and, hence, this rule may be adopted as a standard for any one to work by. But, my reader, under the caption of economy, I propose to tickle your ears by painting out to you the importance of a good financier. Therefore, we maintain that it is one of the first branches of science, and a man, to be without, or deficient in his financial skill, is like a man

who goes out gaming with his gun on his shoulder, without a hind sight prefixed, but the fore sight attached, expecting to shoot all the game he comes across, more or less—but every time he takes aim and fires, he misses his expectation; and here he's been all the day long faithfully engaged, but the poor man has accomplished nothing. Why? because the gun was without one of its essential qualifications, viz, without the hind sight. And so it is with a man that goes into business without a financial qualification, to some extent. He makes a contract with a man, and thinks he will, at the time he makes it, be able to pay it. The contract having been closed, he starts out, blustering along, and thinks but little about his creditor, and, bye-and-bye, pay day comes; his creditor calls upon him for settlement,—he's not prepared to pay it,—he has run through what he contracted for, more or less, and has no other source or clue which he has any control over, nor had he at the time he made his contract, and thus he leaves his creditor with unpleasant feelings towards him. Now, reader, if this man had been a good financier, after making such a contract as the one we have been speaking about, he would have made every end meet. 1st, by laying up every day a portion of his earnings, or at the end of every week, expressly to meet his obligations, and lived at the same time somewhat economical; he, in the second place, would have been able to

meet his creditor,—and if he could not have met it all, he could have met the best end of it. Yes, leaving his creditor to believe that he possessed a principle of honesty, and used every effort on his part to meet it.

Reader, are you a farmer, learn to financier, then you can manage your affairs with more ease and *system*. Are you a mechanic, study financial science, for without a pretty thorough knowledge of it you will be hindered more or less, in your business, in the course of your life, notwithstanding you may be ever so honest. But not so with the man who is a good financier. He knows how to lay out his means to an advantage,—what profit he will make; and he knows, should he fail in one effort, he has another source to which he can resort, notwithstanding the previous arrangement was a good one, and would probably work right in the future. And there, my reader, you see at once the need of economy. And so it is, he goes on in this way, though poor when he set out, until he grows to be a wealthy man, or so to speak.

Now, my readers, I hope you will study well what I have been talking about, as it will do you no harm in the long run, but I am inclined to think you will profit thereby. And as too much of anything, though ever so good, sometimes becomes irksome to the reader, therefore, our design in the essays that we propose giving to our readers, will be somewhat short but we hope interesting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTS AND SCIENCE.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

Science is derived from a Latin verb, *scio*, I know, and Art implies to do what Science teaches. An artisan or artificer is one who studies Science that he may possess the knowledge, the wisdom, requisite to do what Science instructs him to perform.

The house artificer studies the science of architecture that he may build houses, of all kinds and descriptions. If at any time he wants to build a particular kind of structure, and the idea of its peculiar architectural form is not in his mind, he has only to consult that science which teaches his art, and he possesses himself of the requisite knowledge. He falls back upon his science.

The Science of Agriculture, which is but little studied, but which, of all the sciences, should be, since it is the art which is founded upon it—is the most ancient, as well as the most important of all other arts—the art of tilling the soil. This embraces a knowledge of the nature of our mother earth, as to its adaption to agriculture. It teaches what quality of soil suits this or that kind of seed; when it should be planted; how cultivated; when harvested, &c. This science teaches the growth and cultivation of stock. How to cross-breed, so as to improve it. It teaches the improvements in implements of agriculture. It is an art that was first learned by man, and it will be the last he will perform. For let the agricul-

turist cease his trade, and there is an end to the race.

SCIENCE OF MECHANICS.—This teaches the ten thousand little mechanical arts in which men engage for a livelihood, such as manufacturing, ship-building, engineering, making camps, bridges, &c., &c. The Physical Sciences embrace a knowledge of Geology, Botany, Geography, Astronomy, Geometry, &c. There is the Science of Physic, upon which the healing art is based. The Science of Law and Government, which is the basis of the trade or art of lawyers and statesmen.

MENTAL SCIENCE.—This teaches the laws and operations of the human mind; its powers, &c.

MORAL SCIENCE.—This instructs us in the laws of morality, its contrast to vice, its worth, its value, &c.

SCIENCE OF THEOLOGY.—This is the art or trade of the minister of religion. And this science has for its range more than all the others put together. It has for its field of vision all that the Bible brings in view; and what has it left out of view? The Deity and his eternity, his angels, his hell, the fallen spirits. And then it comes down to the objects of sense, and teaches from whence came the sun—its nature, its qualities, its use, its destination, &c.; and the same of the moon and the stars; the elements, the earth, the waters—the animals in air, earth and sea; heat and cold, hot and dry; seed-time and harvest; all nations and all generations—are subjects of theological science.

SCIENCE.

What is it? From the Latin *scientia*, knowledge, and that from *scio*, I know. It is the *systematic knowledge of things*, or, if you please, *knowledge reduced to system*. The object of Science is to apprehend nature, to investigate her laws, inquire into her secrets, draw out her hidden treasures, and unfold her strength, her grandeur, her sublimity.

In all her efforts to interrogate and understand Nature, Science should remember that she is in the Temple of the Universe, and that this vast, this beautiful edifice, is pervaded by the august presence of the Eternal, at whose feet she must always cast her crown, and at whose shrine she must always worship. Thus demeaning herself, she will receive new strength to prosecute her arduous labors—labors as sweet as arduous, and as beneficent as sweet. Thus demeaning herself, her expanding pinions shall sweep through the vast expanse of Nature with angelic swiftness and precision—for it is God who plumes the wings of Science. Thus demeaning herself, she will not only apprehend nature; she will also know its Great Author, imbibe his spirit, and from her sublime heights descend, like God, to bless mankind, with her new discoveries, her new inventions, and her progressive principles.

Thus will she soften the asperities of Society, and make the pathway of life smoother, easier, more delightful. The studio, the laboratory, the workshop are her provinces—over these

she presides as Deity over the Universe. Trough these, her enactments and principles are made known to humanity. He who hears her voice, understands her principles and obeys her teachings, shall be made wiser and better.

Some there are who foolishly think that Science is the foe of Religion. This may be true, and it may not be true—if by religion you mean *superstition, ignorance and nonsense*. She is the enemy, the uncompromising enemy, of all this, I confess. But if by Religion you mean *Christianity*, then we declare her to be the friend, as well as the obedient handmaid of Religion—who has done, is doing, and will always render her essential service.

God himself is the author of both; God himself has joined them together in holy wedlock—therefore let not any man attempt to part them asunder. God has not only joined them together, he has also appointed faithful men to act as sentinels—these are ever-watchful, ever valiant—and with the two-edged sword of truth, will strike down the impious wretch who attempts to sever them.

D. A. P.

A DESCRIPTIVE

Character of Scientific Men.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

- 1st. Poverty of birth.
- 2d. Opposition of parents.
- 3d. Struggles for existence.
- 4th. Seclusion from the world.
- 5th. Accumulation of knowledge.

6th. Great discoveries.

7th. Renown.

8th. Poverty.

9th. A neglected grave.

Such seems to be the fate of the world's benefactors, from the remotest periods of time, both sacred and profane. Surely their reward is on high. They are too wise to be loved, too poor to be respected.

THE TONGUE.

BY E. WEAVER.

Amongst all the members of the body, of the human species, I choose at this time, to speak of the tongue. This member is said to be the most unruly, though capable of doing more good than any of the rest. It can speak of the attributes of its Maker—of his wisdom—and all things pertaining to his happiness; yet, it is said to be the most insubordinate, by one of the inspired writers, and that even an animal possessing a large body, as the horse kind, can be turned about with a small bit, but the tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. And now, dear reader, as the sacred writer speaks of this member of the body being so unruly, I would warn you to watch it day and night, so as to keep it under subjection.

But again, this unruly member of the body is like the bite of an adder, which will run through every vein, and oft times so affect the object bit, as to baffle the skill of the physician so much that their medical aid will avail nothing.

Again, my reader, there is danger of this little member kindling a fire upon the character of a man, so as to injure his reputation, his business, his credit, and probably for life-time.

Again, an unruly tongue in a neighborhood, sometimes causes the best of friends to fall out, separate, and, probably, never be friendly again during the life time of the parties. We would say to such, whose habits are guilty of such wrongs, perpetrated upon an innocent man, cease to do so any more. O! that all would consider this question, and learn to cultivate good habits of their tongues.

But again, the tongue is capable of doing much good in any town, village, city, or neighborhood. It can instruct the ignorant and illiterate to chant the praise of the Most High; the same tongue is capable of making peace, and putting strife down between contending parties, and building charity up between them, which act may be the means of saving them in the Christian's Heaven.

According to sacred writers, it is very necessary that much pains should be taken to keep this member in its proper place. Train it up as it grows older, and when it shall have become old, it will not depart therefrom.

Again, this little member is between two crushers, and, in order to keep it from doing injury to its neighbors, and to preserve that peace and harmony, which is ever capable in its nature to build up a union which God himself approbates, keep it locked up rather than do harm. The crushers we allude to are the upper and lower

jaws, the lock is the teeth; and, therefore, whenever the crushers are locked together, be ye well assured that the little member is doing no harm.

Again, the man represented as having been after God's own heart, speaks of this unruly member, in the 34th Psalm, 13th verse,—hear ye him—"Keep thy tongue from evil, and lips from speaking guile."

KNOWLEDGE.

BY E. WEAVER.

Knowledge is power. Such was the remark of Lord Bacon. It has engrossed the attention of the whole enlightened world, but at this we need not wonder; for the mind of man is so constituted, that it is constantly grasping after more wisdom. We need not go to the volumes of history, the pages of philosophy, nor the sayings of good men, to illustrate the antiquity of a desire in the human mind for knowledge. It was apparent in the earliest ages, and it is not less now. In fact, this quality of the human mind seems to be more fully developed now, than at any previous time. In ancient times it was only a few, and they of course the most highly gifted, that need hope to attain to distinction; and it was through the greatest struggles, the severest trials, and most dreadful persecutions. For example, take Aristides, who was exiled, and finally died in the most abject poverty, and Socrates, who was imprisoned and poisoned: both were self-sacrificing persons, living only for others; and both

were remarkable instances of devotion to principles. But now most favorable inducements are offered to every one, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, have equal advantage. If there is any preference, it is in favor of the poor and lowly of our age; as a general thing they not only inherit the common, undying thirst for knowledge, but habits of industry and economy, with principles of honor and integrity; while the rich and those high in rank, grow up in habits of indolence and dependence, which render them mere machines acting only as they are acted upon. While the poor and unknown, relying upon their own efforts for success, and untrammelled by the deceitfulness of riches, and vanities of high life, ascend with alacrity and ease the hill of science, and mount the pinnacle of honor and distinction. The road to honor and usefulness lies open to all who will obtain this knowledge. Why should we desire to possess this knowledge; and by what means can it be acquired? It may be acquired by steady, persevering labors; not the labor of a few sunny days, but unflinching steadiness for weeks, and months, and years. And we should desire to obtain it, because it will better enable us to participate in the happiness and enjoy the beauty, order, and harmony of this beautiful creation, and open to us a wider sphere for usefulness; it will enable us to rend apart the darkening vail of bigotry and superstition; it will enable us to palliate the suffering and relieve the sorrows of our fellow-men. Let us arouse

ourselves to action. Let us press ourselves with the great key-stone to success. Let us not be content with this inert life. Especially would we desire to arouse the gifted ones of the colored race. Oh, that the noble faculties of their minds, which now lie dormant, might be fully awakened! Let them prepare themselves to bear a part in the great struggle for knowledge. Let them come armed with the mighty weapon of wisdom and knowledge. Let them cheerfully devote their time and talents to the most religious course, go on with a laudable ambition and unyielding perseverance in the path that leads to honor and renown, drink deep of the crystal fountain, then join in the march of fame; become learned and virtuous, that you may be great, love God and serve him, and you will be happy.

A STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

There is a moral in the following story, taken from the *Boston Ledger*. How rarely does it happen—does it ever happen—that any amount of wealth a man may have acquired might not be measured by the amount of virtuous effort that he expended in acquiring it? Was a sudden fortune ever a good fortune?

"In 1786, a youth, then residing in Maine, owned a jack-knife, which he, being of a somewhat trading disposition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. This he retailed, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, which was followed in due time with a large stock.

In a word, he got rich, and became the Squire of the district through the possession and sale of the jack-knife, and an indomitable trading industry. He died worth property in real estate and money valued for \$80,000. This was divided by testament among four children—three boys and a girl.—Luck, which seemed to have been the guardian angel of the father, deserted the children, for every folly and extravagance they could engage in seemed to occupy their exclusive attention and cultivation. The daughter married unfortunately, and her patrimony was soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate, and two of them died in dissipation, and in poverty. The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in the days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor-farm. A few days ago he died, suddenly and unattended, in a barn where he had laid himself down to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a small piece of string and a jack-knife! So that the fortune that began with the implement of that kind left its simple duplicate. We leave the moral to be drawn in whatever fashion it may suggest itself to the reader, simply stating that the story is a true one, and all the facts well known to many whom this relation will doubtless reach."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S LETTER TO THOMAS PAINE.

This interesting document is taken from Niles' Register, Vol. 30, page 397. It was written after B. F. had read the first part of T. P.'s "Age of Reason," and illustrates fully the sentiment of this distinguished man on the windy theories of T. P.

"DEAR SIR:—I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence, that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and favors particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiment of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great odium upon yourself, mischief to you, and no good to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good will be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion. You have a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possess strength of resolution suf-

ficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth, of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtues, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her, originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary as among the Hottentots, that a youth to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a great deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with* religion, what would they be *without* it? I intended this letter itself as a proof of my friendship, and therefore add no profession; but simply subscribe,

Yours, B. FRANKLIN."

FALSE HOPE.—To hope we shall be saved, though we continue unconverted, is to hope we shall prove God a liar. There is blasphemy in it

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY KIRWAN.

The gardener takes good care of the plants with which he fills up the beds of his garden. When young and tender they most need his care. After a given time they take care of themselves, if protected from weeds and injury. The beasts of the field, by the instinctive promptings of nature, with great tenderness and affection take care of their young.—Nothing to which nature prompts is left undone; and they will risk their own life to nourish and defend their offspring; and when undisturbed by man, they rear up their offspring to the proportions and perfection of which they are capable. And there are reasons to believe that, in the care of their young, there is less deviation from the promptings of instinct among the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air, than among the parents of our own race, created in the image of God! When men and women become brutes, they are the worst and the least excusable of all brutes. For the proof of this statement, you need not go to the South Sea cannibals, nor to the infant-killers of India, nor to the infant-deformers of China, nor to the infant neglectors of Italy or France for proof and illustration.

You need only go into the huts of ignorance and irreligion, even in our most highly favored communities. That infant in the cradle is the plant from which the man grows, and before it changes from the cradle to the

couch its mind and body may receive an impress which they may never lose. Those neglected children who are permitted to run in the street long after the hen has collected her chickens under her wings for the night, are liable to imbibe vicious tastes and habits which may never be corrected; and those children that are decked and jewelled in the cradle, that appear as dolls in the streets, that are marshaled at children's parties, where they play the gentleman and lady long after

"The sea fowl has gone to its nest,
And the beast has laid down in its lair."

are not very likely to be as sons grown up in their youth, nor as daughters polished after the similitude of a palace. The men who, like Moses, David, Paul, Luther, Washington, have given religion and liberty to the world,—the women who, like Sarah, Miriam, Cornelia, Monica, Mrs. Fry, Mary the mother of Washington, and Mary Lyon, have written their names on the rock forever, were not so trained in their youth. We once heard of a mother who boasted that the dress of the child in the arms of her nurse had cost seven thousand dollars; and the feeling excited was only one of sorrow that the Lord had committed an heir of immortality to the care of a woman so extravagantly foolish. There is but little choice as far as the children are concerned, between the nurse of Romulus and Remus, and the nursing of a giddy, senseless and fashionable mother.

The miserable fashions and follies that have been long destroying men

and women, are fast descending to our children, and unless the bad process are arrested, alas! alas! for the future of the Church and of State. The men and women whose names are indelibly written on the pages of the world's history were not in their infancy decked in diamonds nor cradled in crimson, nor in their youth were they dressed, and drilled by dancing masters for juvenile polkas at juvenile entertainments continued until the noon of night; they bore the yoke in their youth, and were thus prepared to bear, in mature years, the burdens and responsibilities of pillars in society. It is the trees that grow, not in hot-houses, but in the open air, that attain a strength that defies the tempest, and a hardness of texture which fits them for all great purposes of architecture. The right physical training of children has very much to do with the forming of a happy man.

A SAILOR'S STORY
OF HIS CONVERSION.

At one of the recent prayer-meetings in this city, a sailor rose and narrated to the congregation the circumstances of his conversion. He was a young man, a native of England, with an intelligent face and an impressive manner of speech; and his remarks were received with great attention. He said:

"I am a stranger here, and such a scene as this is one that until very recently, would have been altogether new to me. Nine weeks ago I was converted, and since then have become

in some degree familiar with prayer-meetings and church-services, though before that I knew very little of either. I have been a very wicked man. For one so young, I have gone into almost incredible dissipation, and have committed almost every known sin. I can hardly imagine a person to have gone a greater round of wickedness than I. I am the youngest of a large family of children. My father is dead, but my mother is living. She is an old woman, now more than 75 years of age. She is a devoted Christian, and has always tried to bring up her children to be like her, and some of them have followed her example. Several of my brothers and sisters are earnest and sincere Christians, who, with her, have oftentimes at home prayed for my salvation. But I could never endure a single thought of religion. Whenever the subject was mentioned to me, I immediately repelled it, and repelled it often with a horrid oath. The thought that the members of the family prayed for me always made me angry. I was warned against my dissipation, but went more into it the more I was warned. I grew more and more wicked every day, out of spite, and *tried* to be a great sinner. At last I determined to leave home. I wanted to get away from the influence of a praying mother. I wanted to be free from all restraints, so that I might indulge myself in whatever I chose, to my own satisfaction. My mother implored me not to go. I told her I was going to sea, and *would* go. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could say nothing more.

With whatever sins I had, I had some love for my mother, and I gave way before her tears. She asked me to promise her that I would never go to sea until I could first obtain her consent. I assented, and remained a while at home. A young man, who was my companion in dissipation, left England and came to this country, and after he had been here a short time, returned in the same ship. He told me I could enjoy myself grandly if I would go away from home as he had done, and that there was all manner of pleasure in New York. I again determined to go to sea in company with him. My mother, seeing that I was bent on going, could not bear the thought that I should leave without her consent, and so she gave it. I accordingly made preparations to ship at Liverpool. Just before I started, which was about the first of last December, my mother gave me a sealed letter and a small Bible to put in my trunk, and told me not to open the letter until the 21st of December. That was her birth-day, when she would be 75 years old. She gave me her blessing, which I shrank from receiving, and I went off. As soon as I got clear of home I felt at liberty. I said to myself, 'Now there will be no one to pray for me, and I sha'n't be annoyed with Bibles and texts.' I left home without any sadness, but rather with a kind of wicked pleasure; and when I got on board ship, I soon forgot all about mother, and brothers, and sisters. After we had set sail, and were well on with the voyage, a storm arose that was very

violent. Just about this time I was taken very sick—not with sea-sickness, but a dangerous fever. I lay in my bunk, tossing about with the ship, as wretched and miserable as man could be. The doctor told me that I was at the point of death, and that if I had any preparation to make for eternity I had better make it, for I had not long to live. This he repeated also in the cabin among the passengers, one of whom, an aged man, came to see me. I remember his face; it was all kindness; but I hated the sight of him. He came with a book in his hand, and said to me: 'Young man, you are almost gone; I have come to read to you something out of the Word of God.' I looked up at him a moment, and said in a rage: 'Hand me the book;' and when he offered it to me I took it and put it to my lips, and made a solemn *oath* that I would have nothing to do with God or with religion. I told him that if he read to me I would not listen, and bid him with an oath, to leave me alone. He then went away, and I lay stark alone in my bunk. It seemed to me that I was at that moment more miserable than I had ever been before in all my life; I do not refer to my bodily sickness, but to my distress of mind. It was evening, and there was no light near me, but all was as dark as midnight. Suddenly the thought came over my mind that it was the 21st of December, and I remembered my mother's letter. I could not rise and get it, for I was not able, and my first impulse was to call one of my mess-

mates to get it for me. But I remembered that it was between the lids of my Bible. I was ashamed to let any one know that I wanted the Bible; and I did not want *that*, but my mother's letter. I lay for some time, and at last determined to call some one. One of my messmates came at the call; I asked him to get a lantern, and to go to my trunk and get a Bible with a letter in it. 'Ah,' said he with a sneer, 'now you're sick, you begin to be a coward; what do you want with that book?' 'I don't want that book, but the letter in it,' I replied. In a few minutes he brought a lantern, opened my trunk, and handed me the Bible and letter. He then left the lantern on my bunk, and went away. I sat up a little in the bed, and opened the sealed package. The very first words that I caught brought tears to my eyes. They were my mother's words—'My dear Tom.' I read the letter carefully from beginning to end. It was a mother's prayer for the conversion of her son. I had been miserable before, but those words made me more wretched than ever. I then began for the first time to feel remorse for my sinfulness, and to have a fear and dread of judgment. I turned about in my bunk in agony which I cannot describe. I had been told that I could not live, and now I was afraid to die. What could I do? I began to pray! This was what I had always had a horror of before, but I was forced to come to it at last. I prayed to God to let me get well again, and made a solemn promise to him, on my

bed, that if he would only raise me up I would reform my life. The burden of my sins almost crushed me. Even if I had not been sick, it seemed as if I should have died of these. I continued to pray, and when it was expected that I would die, I was still alive, and I was kept alive; and, instead of growing worse, I grew better. The doctor told me then that I had had a narrow escape, and that I had been lying at death's door. As I got better, I got more and more comfort. The light gradually dawned in upon my dark soul, and its darkness was dispelled. At last, one day there came a sudden joy—a sweet peace—that wrapped me round like sunshine. My heart was happy, and while I was wondering what it was, the mercy of Christ was made known to me. I felt the consciousness that my sins were pardoned. I began to be stirred with a new life. Whereas before I hated my home, now my heart yearned toward it. My mother—oh, I wanted to see her, and put my arms around her neck. I wanted to tell her that I had read her letter, and what I had found in it.

And my brothers and sisters—I had no more desire to be separated from them, but with my whole soul I longed to see them, and to tell them that I had found the Savior. My joy continued, and I told my shipmates of it. Some of them laughed at me, but I didn't care for that; 'I knew in whom I believed.' At last we come into port; it was on a Saturday morning. On the next day I found the Mariners'

Church, and, my kind friends, I have been here ever since. I am happy to be here, and can only thank God that he has led me to himself, and has led me to you in so wonderful a way. I am waiting here to go home and see my aged mother. She is very near the grave, and I want to throw myself upon her neck before she dies, and thank her and thank God for her prayers for a wayward son."

YOUNG MEN.

A young man entering into life without the support and guidance of religion, is like a vessel with her sails spread and open to every breeze, committing itself to the ocean, without chart, rudder, or pilot, tossed to and fro in the darkness of midnight, conflicting with violent storms, and ready to be dashed on the rocks, or swallowed up in the abyss.—*De Witt.*

MEEKNESS.—To any degree of true love to Jesus, no soul can attain unless he be truly meek. For a proud soul seeks to have his own will, and so he shall never come to any degree of God's love. Even the lower that a soul sitteth in the valley of meekness, so many the more streams of grace and love come thereto. And if the soul be high in the hills of pride, the wind of the fiend bloweth away all manner of goodness therefrom.—*Wickliffe.*

Too BUSY.—I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business

of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more money. He is still drudging on, saying what Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that, "there may be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them."

FALSE PEACE.—Two sorts of peace are more to be dreaded than all the troubles in the world; peace with sin, and peace in sin.—*Alleine.*

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.

Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Philadelphia Conference, writes in January that the Union Church was in a happy condition—about a score at that time had been added to the Church. From Rev. Stephen Smith, through Rev. John A. Warren, we learn that the work of grace is spreading in all our churches in Philadelphia.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Rev. J. P. Campbell writes that Rev. Henry Waters, of Baltimore, Md., "has had an addition of nearly one hundred converts to Christianity and many reclaimed. The work goes on prosperously in the other charges, of which I have not the particulars.

OHIO CONFERENCE.

At Pittsburgh, Bro. Warren writes

that he is in the midst of a good work and the altar is crowded every evening, but that the young men appear uninfluenced by the Power of Truth. He asks the prayers of the Church for their conversion. Our hope is in the young—the fathers are passing away. May not Christians properly pray for their *salvation*.

At Zanesville, Ohio, the Lord has graciously poured out his spirit and many have been converted. Rev. David Smith, pastor.

Under Rev. Edward Epps, at Cleveland, O., we learn that the good Lord has heard the prayer of his people, and the *Church is revived*.

Columbus, O., Rev. James Shorter, pastor, is having a good work. At one time we learn over a score were added to the Church, and the work progressing.

At Xenia, O., Rev. M. T. Newsom, pastor. The Lord has visited his people and many converted to our holy religion.

At Wilberforce University, Bishop Payne writes that two members of his own family, as well as *nearly all the students*, had given their heart to Christ.

Cincinnati, Rev. Wm. Newman, pastor. There has been a very general revival in Allen Chapel. Many added to the fold of Christ.

INDIANA CONFERENCE.

Madison, Ind., has been blessed with a glorious work—upwards of thirty have united with our Church, under Bro. Trevan, and about twenty united with the colored M. E. Church.

New Albany has been blessed under the labors of Bro. and Sister Jackson—about thirty have been *converted, reclaimed and sanctified*. Bro. Jackson always leaves a happy state of things wherever he goes.

Charlestown, Ind., has had a good work going on.

Jeffersonville, Ind., is looking up for a revival, and God is in her midst.

Chicago, Ill., has been greatly blessed under the pastorate of Rev. M. M. Clark.

Indianapolis, Ind., has recently completed an excellent meeting-house, with a bell and pews. There is also a good work going on in that church. Rev. E. Weaver, pastor.

MISSOURI CONFERENCE.

Bro. Revels, of New Orleans, reports that he has had *some trouble* this year, but a degree of prosperity. His Sabbath-school is doing better than ever. More than one hundred pupils attend the school.

The Mission Work, under Rev. C. C. Doughty, he says, is not so prosperous as it will be when the Church is out of debt—for which our good Bro. Doughty is struggling.

St. Paul Chapel, St. Louis, is enjoying a glorious revival. Rev. John Turner, pastor.

Louisville Churches have had good meetings. Some conversions—they steadily increase. Revs. Willis and John M. Brown, pastors.

Bishop Quinn met with a serious affliction in Cincinnati, Ohio. Some robbers attacked him, robbed him of

nearly \$100, and most horribly cut and otherwise abused him. He is now better, May our blessed Lord preserve and keep him for the Church many years.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

Windsor, C. W., is being blessed with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Rev. A. R. Green, pastor.

Bro. Green has had his house, all his furniture, and nearly all his clothing, burned up. He appeals to the Church to help him. Bro. Green is a good and true man. *A dollar now will do him good.*

B.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

Mount Pleasant, Oct. 1857.

REV. M. M. CLARK:—Sir: Having looked over a copy of the Minutes of your last Annual Conference held at New Albany, Ind., I highly appreciate the doings of that body, and am glad to see the talent displayed by them. In viewing the condition of our people, both moral and intellectual, I am forced to say one thing—to keep pace with the improvements of the age, and our white churches, we must have a more enlightened and a better educated ministry; in order to do this, our young men should acquire a classical education before attempting to enter the ministry; society demands it, and we must have it, if we would keep pace in the march of improvement. In your studies laid down for young preachers, Etymology, English Grammar, and Geography, both ancient and modern, and Arith-

metic, Nat. Philosophy and Chemistry, should be mastered before attempting the ministry, and then the young man could devote all his time to ecclesiastical studies with profit to himself and congregation. Some of our preachers may think this rather sarcastic, nevertheless, I think a few plain and practical hints will do no harm. We must imitate those who are our superiors in point of education, if we advance as they do.

Allow this a place in the Repository, if you see fit. You will hear from me again, as I shall subscribe for the paper. Your friend,

B. BOWSER.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

With all who love Christ and the little ones that Christ loved, we know our members should feel a deep interest in Sabbath School instruction. We think a large part of our Sabbath Schools could be greatly improved in interest and efficiency, if the superintendents and teachers better knew how to conduct the Sabbath School. We are glad to say there has been placed in our hands a pamphlet of 71 pages, written and adapted to assist such. It gives directions very plainly how to organize, kind of books needed to carry on a Sabbath School, duties of the superintendent, teachers and other officers, and goes over the whole ground in a very simple manner. It can be had, without charge, by addressing J. W. McIntyre, Agent of the American Sunday School Union, Indianapolis, Ind.

REPOSITORY

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RELIGION.

RELIGION.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

According to Cicero, the word religion is derived from *relegere*, to reconsider; but Servius says it is from *religare*, to bind fast. Either definition is significant enough. To reconsider is the first motion of the mind, in the investigation of religious truth; and to bind fast is that impressive obligation under which we place ourselves when enlisting under the banner of the King of Kings. Religion may be considered under three general heads:

- I. Theoretic.
- II. Experimental; and
- III. Practical.

I. Theoretic. And, first, by theoretic religion is meant some knowledge of the scriptures. Without this,

there can be no rational knowledge of the Divine Being. It is from the teaching of the scriptures that we learn His attributes—His eternity, wisdom, power, self-existence, &c.: and a knowledge, or at least some degree of a clear apprehension of those attributes is essentially necessary to an experimental knowledge of religion. The more one knows of the doctrines which the scriptures teach in relation to the Deity, the fall of man, the way of his recovery by the cross, his duties to his Maker, his fellows, &c., the better he will be prepared to enjoy an experimental communion with Him, a knowledge of whom he has previously derived from a study of the scriptures. Something of this kind must have been in the mind of the Savior, when he enjoined upon his disciples to “search

the scriptures," which implied something more than a mere reading of them. There should be a searching of them, as one searching for hidden treasure. For, as in the bosom of the earth the precious metals are concealed, so are the great and precious promises hid away in the various books which compose the sacred volume.—They must be searched out, so that the mind may see their beauty and excellency, and in the light of them be guided to the foot of the cross, and there, by the power of their divine application to the heart, the soul may experience their saving efficacy.

II. Experimental religion.

Solomon, the wisest of all men, says, (Eccl. i, 16,) "My heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge." The teacher of the Gentiles, (Romans, v. 4,) says "patience worketh experience, and experience hope."

From these great and wise teachers, then, we learn that experience consists of wisdom and knowledge; wisdom to guide in the acquisition of divine truth, and in its classification in the mind: like arranging books in a library, so that one may know exactly where to lay his hand on any one he wants, so in experimental knowledge, when acquired and stowed away in the mind, it can be easily had on all occasions of need. Books, to be placed in a private library, may be had of the bookseller; religious knowledge, to be stored up in the mind, may be derived from nature and the Bible, heaven's book of revealed truth. Experimental religion comes by the working of patience—

patient and diligent seeking after God, through nature and revelation, as seeking for hidden treasures, till there is realized a sensible and experimental knowledge of sweet communion with the loveliest and most desirable Being in the universe. A sensible realization of pardoned sin, of justification by faith in Christ, of adoption, of sanctification, of holiness and complete redemption.

III. Practical religion has reference to all the social and religious duties which nature and revelation teach. Nature comes forward and dictates that kindness to children, support of parents, help to the weak, and charity to the indigent, is a law of man's nature, prompting him to these reasonable duties. Revelation, still more authoritative, sits upon her imperial throne, and commands obedience to heaven's mandates—supreme love to Him who is love, and to man, our neighbor. To love him, is to do faithfully all he has commanded towards himself, and to do to our neighbor what he has enjoined.

These things make up the sum of the religion taught in the Bible. How desirable is such a religion, even upon the score of mere earthly good? To possess a theoretic knowledge of the works of nature and revelation will make any mortal wise, if not good.—But the goodness of God, in the works of nature and revelation, lead men to an experimental knowledge of himself, and no sooner is an experimental acquaintance with him obtained than the practice of all relative duties commences.

IDEAL LIFE MADE REAL BY CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY G. A. M.

To a thoughtful mind, the most beautiful creations of nature and art bring not perfect joy, but a feeling of sadness. Although the earth may be rejoicing in the glory of her new birth, when the clustering leaves in the beauty of their green numbers, in their ever-whispering motion, seem instinct with joyous life; when spring flowers are shining like stars amid the grass, and the world rings with glad voices, how often does man look up to the clear, blue heavens above him, with mournfulness at heart; and so if some master harmony falls on his ear, or he gazes upon the grand creations of the painter or sculptor, he greets them oftener with tears than smiles.

It is in such moods as these that generous and noble youth, hearing with the poet "the still, sad music of humanity," earnestly desire to perform great deeds for the good of the race. Ascribing, and justly, the saddening influence of all beautiful things to man's want of harmony with those works of God which "continually do praise Him," they conceive the most glowing designs for the regeneration of the world.

Gifts of God, no doubt, are these glorious theories. Ever gracious in inspiring man with good desires, it is His will that each member of His great family should work out his ideal of life, according to the talents he has received.

Do, then, these emanations of Eter-

nal Truth grow into fair and shapely structures before the eyes of men?—Do we see daily men performing actions glorious enough to be the theme of the poet's song, and the subject of the painter's pencil? Or rather, are we not surrounded by those whose thoughts cling to the most trivial interests of the world, and in whose actions the true beauty of life is altogether wanting?

"Young man, keep true to the dream of thy youth," says the poet Schiller: but did the poet himself live a life of harmony with the lofty creations of his soul? Did Coleridge and Shelley, Burns and Southey, realize those dreams which made their youth so glorious? Alas! their history shows how two, wrecked amid the surges of passion, perished when their life should have been in its meridian splendor; how the others, after wasting their strength in vain struggles to establish the truth, as the life of some noble eagle ebbs out in beating his wings against his prison bars, found calm and quiet only when their sun was setting. Amid the infirmities of nature, the little bark of their ideal life was engulfed, as by sweeping waves of the sea. They could not be "true to the dream of their youth."

If man would but confess, as he looks in the face of nature and is saddened, that there is want of harmony in himself; if he would but believe that all had been accomplished for the redemption of the world that the infinite love of the Lord of heaven and earth could do, he would then feel that

nothing remained for him but to accept the gracious scheme for his own and the world's salvation. He would then have taken the first step towards the realization of his brightest designs.

The christian only can make his ideal of life *real*. The work which he ardently desires to accomplish is God's work, and therefore he knows it will be successful. In "living unto Him who died and rose again for him," he is constantly subduing each sinful deed, word, and thought, and therefore the beautiful structure of his ideal life goes bravely on, not hindered by the infirmities of his nature.

Obedience, in every degree, to christian faith, brings man correspondingly nearer to his true ideal. The purer the motives which actuate him in the beginning of his course, the nearer he keeps before him the great law of duty, the more perfectly will he carve out, like the sculptor, the embodiment of his thoughts. In the patience, the humility, the purity of faith, Sir Isaac Newton wrought out his immortal works, and is entitled to the honor the world has ever accorded him. And Milton—who shall worthily speak of the faith which was the guiding star of his most noble life? that inspired him as he wrote "Paradise Lost," kept him unshaken as a rock amid political tempests, and endued him with sublimest patience in the hour of darkness.

The higher the degree of faith, the greater will be the work achieved.—The intellectual labors of the good

have worthily influenced the minds, and in some degree the hearts of men. But as the greatest work ever accomplished was the redemption of the world by its Almighty Maker, so they who would excel in greatness of life must be of the number "that turn many to righteousness."

With, then, a heart reconciled to God—no longer gazing in sadness, but attuned to perfect harmony with all His works—looking to the Author and Finisher of the Great Work, the life of the true christian will be a realization of the most glorious of ideals; because in it will be accomplished that will of God which His Son first performed through the bitter agony of the cross, and which is now glorified by the continual praises of angels and archangels.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1858.

A LECTURE

On the Rise and Progress of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

BY A. W. WAYMAN.

Delivered by special request in Washington D. C., and Baltimore, Md.

MY RESPECTED AUDIENCE:—Antecedent to the year of our Lord 1816, there was very little space in this country for the development of the mental strength of our race. There were no openings before them to induce them to cultivate what Providence had been pleased to endow them with. However great their aspirations may have been, there was no point to which they could look with an expectation of realizing their hopes.

The long-looked-for period arrived when the fathers believed something could be done in order to secure that religious liberty which they knew was guaranteed to every man in the happy land of Columbia.

The question was frequently asked, where should the standard of such an enterprise as was contemplated be erected, or what point should be the center of operation. Considerable anxiety was manifested by those great minds, whether the Monumental or the City of Brotherly Love should be honored with that great and glorious event.

It was finally decided that the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware should meet, bearing upon their bosoms those great men, to lay the foundation of so great a superstructure as the A. M. E. Church of the United States of America.

The people waited anxiously to hear the result. Some conjectured that there would be confusion and discord, which would result in a final break-up; but such was not the case. The greatest amount of christian feeling was exhibited there. They resolved to form a connection, or church, to be known as the African M. E. Church; and it was the first, and is the only one proper in these United States.

At this General Conference, there were two of the fathers present that the brethren thought would render efficient service to the Church, if either of them were elected to the episcopal office. The lot, however, fell on Rev. Richard Allen, and he was elected to

the office; and from 1816 to 1831 he filled that office with great acceptability.

The news of the organization soon spread east, west, north, and south—as far south as Charleston, South Carolina, where a society was organized, of some fifteen hundred. They were headed by Morris Brown, who was subsequently elected Bishop. In 1817 the first Annual Conference was held for the Baltimore District. The same year the Annual Conference of Philadelphia was organized; soon after the New York; then the Ohio, Indiana, New England, and, last but not least, the Missouri.

In forty-two years she has spread over a majority of the States of this Union. From the waters of the Atlantic west to the gold regions of California, her proud flag is floating in triumph to the breeze, and under her banners some forty thousand members are gathered, led on by about four hundred traveling preachers, and a larger number of local preachers. As she scaled the cloud-capped summit of the towering Alleghany mountains, and spread among the wilds of the far west, she called forth the admiration of many; and amidst all the disadvantages under which she has labored, she exerts an influence in this country such as no other does.

If there never had been an A. M. E. Church in this country, there would have been no place where we could have exercised to any extent the talent which God has given us.

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If there never had been an A. M. E. Church in this country, there would have been no place where we could have exercised to any extent the talent which God has given us.

Previous to 1816 there never was

such a thing as a hierarchy of colored men in this country. The intellectual powers of our race were all slumbering. Once and a while a star would appear here and there; but because there was no sphere of action the light soon died away, and their glowing prospects went down as the blazing meteor. But when the A. M. E. Church was organized, they returned as the light of the morning; and as she (the Church) moves on to her zenith, she will tell to all around to mark well her bulwarks, consider her high places, that ye may tell to the generations following.

The African M. E. Church has done more for the elevation of the colored people than all other denominations in this country. After a man becomes a member of her, he sees an opening before him—a place where he can be useful—and knowing the qualifications that are requisite, he commences to prepare his mind for any position which Providence and the Church may assign him. Should he feel that he is moved on by the Holy Ghost to preach, he sees a still larger field of usefulness before him, where he can spend his time and talent in building up the cause of Christ among his own brethren.

In the legislative department of this Church men of intelligence are required, to enact laws for the better government thereof. Once in every four years, the General Conference assembles for the purpose of revising the Discipline of the Church.

Let us look to the mother, or M. E.

Church. There is not a colored man in this country that is a member proper of the Annual Conference, nor a delegate to the General Conference of that church. They have no say in making the discipline by which they are governed. What have they to induce them to be enterprising? Nothing at all. When a man is a member of a church, he should have some voice, directly or indirectly, in making the discipline by which he is governed.

In the A. M. E. Church every local preacher, after he has been licensed a certain time, and can pass a satisfactory examination, is admitted a member of the Annual Conference. Thus he enjoys the same privileges as the traveling preachers, which is not the case in any other Methodist Church in this country, white or colored. Local preachers are also delegates to the General Conference, where they help make their own Discipline. By this the laity is represented. From these arrangements the itinerant and local preachers become one in interest and feeling.

All the religious liberty that the colored people enjoy in this country is attributable to the organization of the A. M. E. Church. There were no efforts put forth for their religious elevation previous to the year 1816; but since then what a change has taken place? Some of the best educated minds that have been found among our people were reared up in the A. M. E. Church. Should the question be asked, in what church are to be found the largest number of classical schol-

ars among our race? we answer, in the A. M. E. Church. A majority of all the colored Presbyterian ministers in this country were reared up in the A. M. E. Church.

The A. M. E. Church holds seven Annual Conferences in every year in the United States. The Baltimore Annual Conference embraces eastern and western Maryland, all the State of Delaware, the District of Columbia, and all that part of Pennsylvania south of the Susquehanna river, to the base of the Alleghany mountains.—There are fourteen circuits, ten stations, and four missions—twenty-six traveling preachers, and seventy-nine churches or places of worship, with a membership of six thousand.

Philadelphia Conference comes next. She has about twenty-five traveling preachers, and a larger number of local preachers, with about six thousand members. The territory embraced in this Conference is not so large as the Baltimore Conference. She extends from the Atlantic Ocean, being the extreme part of New Jersey, to the base of the mountains, in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania. The Book Concern is located in Philadelphia.—All the books and religious periodicals are edited by a man born and raised in the African M. E. Church. Is there any other colored denomination in this country that has a book establishment of their own where a religious journal is published? No not one.

The Conference of New York was organized in the empire City in 1820; she embraces all the empire State from

the Sounds of Long Island to the Lake Ontario. The Ohio Conference is next in order, she has about thirty-five traveling preachers and a large number of local; she embraces all Pennsylvania west of the Alleghany Mountains, the whole of the States of Ohio and Michigan, with a large membership.

The General Conference which set in Baltimore, Maryland, in May, 1840, set off the Indiana Conference; she embraces the States of Indiana, Illinois, and the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa. Since her organization the greatest amount of prosperity has attended her. Some of the most talented sons of the west are to be found in her itinerant ranks. So rapid was the increase from 1840 to 1848, it became necessary at the General Conference meeting in Philadelphia, May 1848, to set off the Missouri Conference.

The Macedonian cry came over the Ohio river from Louisville, Kentucky, and St Louis, Missouri, saying, Come over and help us! There were several of the sons of thunder, accompanied by the sons of consolation, caught the sound and started for the scene of action. At first they met with great opposition. The clouds gathered and the enemy roared like a lion aroused from his lair. They were called in question by the officers of the law; then the contest commenced; it was finally decided in favor of the A. M. E. Church. The shouts of triumph had scarcely died away upon the hills of old Kentucky, before the waters of the Mississippi met the waters of Ohio bringing the cheering news that New Orleans

desired to hear from her own brethren and cast in their lots with the A. M. E. Church. This news was hailed with delight, and now there are three churches in that city, with a membership of one thousand four hundred.

Mobile in Alabama soon beheld the flag as it waved in triumph in New Orleans, and a voice was heard to say, I will go with you, for I have heard the Lord is with you. The day is not far distant when we hope to tread on the soil of Georgia, and light up Tennessee, and stand upon Arkansas and preach the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

While the A. M. E. Church has for her object the salvation of souls, and the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom she is ever mindful to submit reverently to the laws of the land under whose sanction she has existed, to these two and forty years.

If the question should be asked, has the organization of the A. M. E. Church bettered the condition of the colored people in this country? We answer affirmatively, it has caused an expansion of their intellectual faculties. At the general and annual conferences men of the best talents are brought together from all the various parts of the country, a perfect acquaintance is formed, the feelings of the east are expressed to the west, and the talent of the south is exhibited to the north.

Taking into consideration these facts what is to prevent her onward march? Nothing, unless she becomes divided against herself. Within the few last years she has come into the public note. The papers of the several cities

note with interest the proceedings of her general and annual conferences. The inquiries have often been made by white men of intelligence, Why do not all colored Methodists belong to the A. M. E. Church?

A great many of the most intelligent ministers of the M. E. Church say it would be better for all the colored methodists to belong to the A. M. E. Church. No man of color can ever be a man in the M. E. Church; he can never be a member of their annual conferences, nor a delegate to the general conferences.

Judging from the past, we may contemplate the future which is in forty years to come, she will spread as far again as she has in the forty years past. Members and friends of her be encouraged; he that is for her is more than all that is against her. Whatever may be said to the contrary, she is the oldest African Methodist Church in this country; there is no other African Methodist Church that is Episcopal but her. Her Episcopacy is as genuine as any other in this country, and came from as pure a source as any other.

Previous to 1856 there was an annual conference held in Canada, known as the Canada Conference of the A. M. E. Church. The General conference which was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, May, 1856, granted the Canadians permission to withdraw and form a connection in Canada agreeably to the laws of her Britannic Majesty; they are known as the British M. E. Church. Rev. Willis Nagrey, who was elected

Bishop in 1852, having taken up his residence there, is the Superintendent of that branch of Zion. The most friendly feeling exists between the two branches of the Church.

We say to the young who are rather inclined to be Methodist, if you desire to be useful and answer the end for which you were made, the old Methodist Church is not the place for you. Come where you can be men of note, sitting under your own vine and fig tree, where your intellectual power can expand and where you can rise high in the scale of eminence. Wherever a man can be the most useful, there is the place for him.

Man is commanded by the infallible words of the Redeemer, not to put his

light under a bushel where it cannot be seen, but in some conspicuous place, so its light will be diffused abroad. You all can exert some influence in your circle of acquaintance, let that influence be exerted for the elevation of your own race. Concentrate your efforts together for the purpose of dispelling the mist of ignorance and superstition from the minds of your nation, then seek for that amount of intelligence which will raise you to an eminent point with the other nations of the earth. You who are fathers and mothers educate your children, give them proper religious instruction, then advise them to go where they can do the most good for the cause of Christ and the elevation of their own race.

LITERATURE.

WOMAN—HER TRUE SPHERE.

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

Delivered before the Ladies' Literary Society.

In all the visible universe, crowded as it is with an endless variety of objects, there reigns everywhere an unbroken harmony. An unseen law stretches its restless dominion throughout its boundless extent, and everything obeys it, the smallest and the greatest.—The flower, which, with fragile stem, lifts its head to greet the light, and the constellations which move their brilliant illimitable courses through the heavens. It is well said,

of divine authority, that there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another in glory. Thus we learn from astronomy, that the sun drives his chariot of flame up the steep of heaven, and down its western slope; the moon floats through the serene sky in tranquil majesty, and the splendid constellations rule the night; yet everywhere, from the northern to the southern pole, there is no sound of discord, but all things display a blended power and wisdom, which we see with wonder and adoration, and adding our voices to swell the mighty

anthem which nature utters, in tones which reach the throne of God, we exclaim all Thy works praise Thee.—All the works of God, so far as we can see them, display order and adaptation. If we could stand with Uriel in the sun, and look out upon the universe, we should see its order and its beauty, and the ear would catch the notes of the great hymn of praise, which, from all the spheres, floats upward to the Creator. Even in this world of ours all sights and all sounds are made to blend in harmony. When standing upon the mountains of Switzerland, the traveler sees spread out before him a wide landscape of wonderful beauty. Mountain peaks against the sky, the luminous clouds, the wild torrents, &c.—the awful form of Mont Blanc, covered with everlasting snow, and all the varied objects which come within the range of vision, are blended into one picture; while the sounds which greet the ear—the song of the Swiss girl, the wild call of the peasant as he shouts to his flocks, or sings that song so dear to every exile from his country, no matter where he hears it, “Ranz des Vaches”—all are blended in sweetness and captivate the soul. It is the beautiful assurance of revelation, that God created man in His own image. He invested him with the dominion over all terrestrial things. Having made him a little lower than the angels, He crowned him with glory and honor.

Peerless he stood and surveyed the young world, glowing in the freshness and verdure of the morning of crea-

tion. His dominion embraced the round world, and he was without a rival in his extended empire.

Then, because it was not good for man to be alone, woman was created, the elements of her being derived from him, and she was given to him as a companion. Up to that moment even Paradise was a solitude.

“In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there
At starry midnight, charmed the silent air;
In vain the wild bird caroled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure played—
The summer wind, that shook the spangle tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee:
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.”

Yet, although the world was sad, and even Paradise a wild, until woman appeared in its green depths and scented bowers, still, upon her coming, the same great law which the universe had hitherto displayed—the law of order and of harmony—was recognized in the relations which the two newly created beings bore to each other.—The whole structure of man, the qualities of his body and of his mind, differed from those displayed by woman. Nor was the dominion of man disputed by his new companion and friend.

She looked up to him for protection, and gently rested her head, clustering with curls, upon his broad, firm breast. Milton's description of Adam and Eve, as they walked in Paradise, is delightful:

“Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honor clad,

In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone—
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial wisdom placed—
Whence true authority in man; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed.
For contemplation he, and valor formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair, large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulder broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned tresses wore.”

The sphere of man is widely different from that of woman, and there can be no rivalry between two beings formed with faculties so diverse, and for objects so dissimilar. There have been women who have lost all the gentle and attractive grace of their sex, and pressing into the empire which belongs exclusively to man, have disputed the dominion of the world with him. We expect to see every man manly, and every woman womanly. Paris, when compared with Hector, sinks into contempt. Flying from the battle field to the arms of Helen, he rests ingloriously, while the helmet of Hector blazes in the serried ranks of war, and his dread spear drives back the invading Greeks. While Joan of Arc, with her splendid qualities and heroic virtues, leading the marshaled host of France from victory to victory, until she planted the drooping lilies of her country over fortresses and cities wrested from the English troops, is less lovely in our eyes than the gentle maiden who follows in the red path of battle, only to stanch the wounds of the dying soldier, to hold

the cup of water to his parched lips. We do not expect to find in woman the sublime qualities which belong to man—those qualities which entitle him to absolute rule; but her loveliness is none the less for the want of them.

In the splendid picture which is so vividly sketched in *Ivanhoe*, when Richard Cœur de Lion attacks the castle of Front de Bœuf, our admiration is divided between the Black Knight, who thunders with his ponderous battle-axe against the gates, heedless of the missiles showered upon his head from the defenders on the walls, and gentle Rebecca, who, looking through the lattice, with blanched cheek, describes the wavering fortunes of the battle to the wounded *Ivanhoe*, who is unable to rise from his couch. Thompson, in that poem which will live as long as the seasons which he describes continue to visit the earth with flowers, and fruits, and golden harvests in their train, says of the rising sun:

“But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east.”

Man is the sun, in his strength and splendor; woman the morning star, glittering in pure and tranquil beauty. Nor is this endless diversity, and this all-pervading harmony which we see in the universe, without design. It is a law of the universe.

Not only in the visible universe, but in the spiritual world does this law prevail, binding systems in unbroken order, and keeping all intelligent beings in subjection to the ordinances of the Most High. The hour when the

blessed virgin sang that sweet song of joyful and grateful adoration, the whole world of love and beauty has acknowledged her dominion. The true estimate of a woman was unknown before. Up to that time, the homage paid by man to the other sex was the wild passion which reveled in voluptuous delights, and which was symbolized in the form of Venus rising from the placid waters, to rule the realm of love.

From the hour when the christian system began to gild the world with its rising light, and to purify the heart by its refining influence, a true regard for woman—for her person and her character—has been manifested.

Woman is now regarded as an immortal being. She is to tread the path of life by the side of man, his truest friend in his earthly pilgrimage, cheering the darkest hours with her tender sympathy, and shedding a brighter luster over his happier ones by sharing his bliss. This, then, is woman's true empire. Her authority is maintained, not by sword and spear, but by all the sweet and attractive graces which constitute the art of pleasing. The person, the mind, and the heart must all receive attention, if she would make her rule lasting in her own dominion. Cleopatra captivated Julius Cæsar when she was but twenty years of age, and she held Mark Antony in inglorious bondage at twenty-five. But does any one imagine that Cæsar, the noblest Roman of them all, was attracted by the mere personal beauty of the youthful Queen of

Egypt? Cleopatra possessed far higher charms than mere grace of person. She is described in history as possessing an infinite variety of accomplishments—the rarest literary acquirements, a knowledge of languages only equaled in ancient times by that attributed to Mithridates, the marvelous king of Pontus, &c. Beauty is always attractive in ladies; but no woman who aspires to lasting dominion, either over the great world, or, which is better, over a single heart, ought to trust to personal charms.

The first great element which we desire to see in female character is virtuous principle; not a mere disposition to conform to conventional requirements, but a heart really pure and fond of goodness. Without this, no beauty, no intellectual cultivation, no accomplishments can make a woman really lovely. It is this property which

"Gives to woman every tender grace,
The smile of angels to a mortal face"

The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is essential to the perfection of female character; it is the only resource which the ills of life cannot exhaust. "Charity never faileth."—An infidel of our own sex is odious enough; a woman who rejects christianity is an object of unmixed and unmeasured aversion. It is her task to train her children, to fit them for this life and that which is to come, and to cheer her husband when cares press upon him; and this she cannot do unless, like Hope, she leans upon an anchor which never gives way. Ladies

of the Literary and Historical Society, be true to yourselves. And in conclusion let me say, may the world be right before you, and your steps as they should be, and instrumental in doing much good for your sex, as well as a blessing to the masculine race.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE.—No. 2.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

At four in the afternoon of the 20th of September, 1846, we took lodging in Liverpool, to wait the departure of the evening train for London, at eight o'clock, P. M.

Though we were anxious to see something of one of the finest commercial cities of the world, we had not the opportunity to do so. Having just come from on ship-board, and as the train was to leave at eight of the same day, we took up the time in changing our sea apparel, and putting ourself in trim to visit the metropolis of the world, and looking at the manners and habits of our hostess, who was a fine, hale, hearty, and true English woman, whose ruddy cheeks gave appearance not only of the highest perfection of health, but also that a lucifer match might easily ignite therefrom; and who, if put into one end of a scale, it might require about a two hundred and fifty pound weight to have poised the beam. She was all life, and seeing I was a stranger, took every opportunity and pains to show me, from the windows of her front and back parlors, everything within the range of our vision that was of any interest. At seven o'clock tea was

announced, and the hostess accompanied us into the teaistry, or drawing room, and introduced us to her boarders, as her guest from North America, delegated, as she said, to the Grand Evangelical Alliance, then in session in London. Every boarder stuck up his ears, and every eye was a fixed ball of intense glow upon us, as though we had just lighted among them from another world; and in one minute there were as many questions put to us as there were boarders at the table, and all waiting and expecting an answer at the same moment. Some of the questions related to North America, some to South America, some to Central America, some to the climate and some to the soil, some to animals, some to the manners, some to the habits, and some to nothing of any practical consequence whatever; and therefore, as eating the first English meal was at that time of more consequence to us than answering twenty questions at once, we dispatched all in the most summary manner possible, and continued the diminution of a good beef-steak. By the time we had stored away enough to satisfy any appetite from Liverpool to London, the hour of eight o'clock had nearly arrived, when we must pay our bill, which our hostess announced to be, as she said, in her perculiar way, "only ten shillings, sir," which in our money is about two dollars and a half. This announcement made us stick up our ears much more fiercely than the boarders at the table, for we had been in the house only four hours. However, we saw no

chance for altercation or remonstrance. We paid the bill without a word, supposing our hostess knew the customs of the country better than we did, and began to wonder whether we should find every bill equally unreasonable.

A cabman took us to the depot, and we proceeded to the ticket office, and purchased a ticket for two pounds ten shillings, or \$12 25, two hundred and ten miles. Well, said I, that is about in keeping with the former bill, and looking most earnestly at our rapidly diminishing funds, we took our seat in the cars, which were of the most superb kind we had ever seen at that time. No sooner had we taken a seat, than the whole train disappeared under ground, for the distance of two miles or more entirely under the streets and buildings of the city, and when it came again above ground it was going rapidly through the suburbs of the city. We arrived at Birmingham about ten or eleven o'clock at night, and there met the western train from London, and all took supper together, about fifteen hundred passengers. At the supper table we met some of the passengers who were with us, wrecked on the ship *Empire*, and who had returned with us to New York, and had taken the steamer at Boston, and arrived in Liverpool only three days before we did, and they were on the same train with us, going to London. After a short salutation with them, and partaking of a fine English supper, or refreshments, we took our seat in the car, and presently knew no more till the train arrived in the Eaton Depot, at London. A cabman

took us to a respectable boarding house, No. 175 Tottenham Court Road.

THE CAPABILITIES OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

Every human creature possesses a reasoning soul, and that soul is capable of endless progression in knowledge and understanding. It is capable of knowing much of nature and art.

I. Of nature. It may learn something of nature through the natural sciences, such as: 1. Geology, or a description of the various strata of the earth, rocks, fossilizations, &c.

2. Such as Botany, or a description of plants, flowers, &c., their qualities, classification, medical uses, and the like.

3. The soul may learn much of Mineralogy, or the study of the nature and beauties of the precious metals and gems.

4. Geography, or the study of the globe—respecting its political, civil, and natural divisions, &c.

5. Hydrostatics, or the nature, quality, and power of water.

6. The soul may learn much in the mathematical sciences: as Arithmetic, or the science of numbers; Algebra, a further or higher advance in numbers; Euclid's Elements, or a knowledge of lines and angles; Trigonometry and Mensuration, heights, depths, and distances; Geometry, or measuring lands, &c.; Astronomy, the study of the solar system.

The soul may acquire great knowl-

edge of the science of the ancient and modern languages—of history, both sacred and profane, music, poetry, logic, rhetoric, &c.

II. The soul may make progress in the arts, as well as in the sciences: as painting of the various kinds, and in sculpture, where the pencil makes the picture to assume the very lineaments of actual life, and the chisel the marble to speak.

The soul may master the learned professions—law, medicine, and theology—and then practise all these with great wisdom and admiration; and at the end of a long and useful life exchange worlds, to renew an endless career in whatever is to be learned during the rolling millions of ages beyond this limited sphere of action. But who would attempt to assign limits in progressive knowledge to a pure, intelligent spirit, when all hindrances and barriers to its improvement shall be removed, and when its instructions shall come immediately and directly from the pure and holy lips of intelligence itself?

Holy God, my spirit raise
From things of earth to Thee!
Then, at the fountain of Thy lips,
I'll draw my wisdom and my grace.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Before speaking of the many advantages we derive from this wonderful faculty, it may be profitable to take a brief glance at its situation.

The brain, which is regarded by learned physiologists and philosophers as the seat of the mind, is divided into two parts. To the cerebellum, or lit-

tle brain, is ascribed the seat of the animal or lower propensities; in the cerebrum, or large brain, are placed the intellectual faculties, among which we find the memory.

The office of memory is to receive into her store-house everything of which the mind takes cognizance, and whenever solicited, to open freely her portals, that the soul may partake of the bountiful provision which she has kept for its hour of need.

It has been said by an English writer, "There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the human mind."—Events and impressions may lie dormant; but they are as certainly in the mind as they were received into it, and sooner or later will re-appear.

Every man is endowed with this faculty, in a greater or less degree; and as the mental, as well as the physical powers are susceptible of improvement, the memory, by judicious exercise, may be greatly strengthened. Our pleasures then may become numberless. Not only may we enjoy for a brief hour the grand thoughts of Milton and Shakspeare, the sweet strains of Cowper, and the poets of the new world—Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant—the eloquent prose writings of Addison, Blair, Moore, De Stael, and hosts of the noble ones, "who being dead, yet speak," but we may, with the aid of the faithful guardian, Memory, retain these genial spirits as permanent guests, and "converse with them as friend to friend," continually.

But it is not only pleasure we de-

rive from the exercise of Memory.—Where would be the eloquent speeches which now charm us, even into a liking for the tedious transactions of the political world, if orators and statesmen had no power to bring before us the heroic deeds of olden times, nor to recall the noble thoughts of those who loved liberty hundreds of years ago? How many champions of freedom have been led to follow her standard, by meditating on the “lives of great men,” and determining from the memory of these to make their own “lives sublime?”

True it is, that the memory of good and noble things leads our minds to assume a loftier cast, and to press onward to perfection.

“Thus kindred subjects kindred thoughts inspire,

As summer clouds flash forth electric fire;
Hence home felt pleasures prompt the patriot's sigh—

This makes him wish to live and dare to die.”

How sweet it is, when we sit down to reflect on what has passed, to find that we have performed all our duties correctly, and to know that we have dealt justly with all mankind. With what pride and pleasure we recall to mind the many happy moments we have spent with those whose every word, thought, and action is congenial with our own; and even the near and dear departed ones, who have gone to inhabit brighter and holier realms, although we regret their loss from our social circle, which does at times create in us sad thoughts, how delightful it is for us to remember the pleasures we enjoyed with them, and to feel

that their spirits are hovering around us, and that they are guarding and watching our every movement in this wide world. It is with these thoughts that the memory becomes a pleasure to us.

It is impossible to conceive the condition of the world, if men were bereft of memory. The ancient poets spoke much of the Fount of Oblivion, but they tell us that all who drank of its waters would have given all they possessed to recall the fatal draught. Let us think for a moment what would be our mental condition, if the writings of the poets were but like the pictures of a magic lantern, seen and gone in an instant? what would be our spiritual, if the words which are Spirit and Life were snatched from the eager soul which had but tasted the bread from heaven? But thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the blessed boon of memory. He has given us the power to retain in the mind thoughts for pleasure and profit.

We may read and admire (when we can) the history of the so-called land of the free and home of the brave, and the biographies of noble men and women, the sublime writings of the poets, the spoken words which make “our hearts burn within us—all that has a tendency to elevate and refine us—may become our own, food for the mind in every state of life, and for all time.

Heartily, then, may we sympathize with the enthusiasm of the Poet of Memory, and exclaim with him:

“Hail, memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine.

Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway.
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone—
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.”

MATTY.

A VISIT DOWN EAST.

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

I left Indianapolis on the 10th of May, 1858, for Richmond, Indiana, on the cars; arrived at half-past 10 A. M., to accompany our venerable Bishop Quinn, who had been assailed some months before by some highway robbers, who had left him for dead, after having robbed him, &c. I found this venerable father awaiting my arrival, and whose inclinations beat high for the good Lord to prolong his life, and permit him to meet in the Philadelphia Conference—a district over which he presided, and where he first launched out, in an early day, to preach the blessed gospel to our poor, scattered, and afflicted people.

We left Richmond at half-past four, P. M., by the way of Cincinnati; arrived in the city at half-past nine P. M., and put up at the house of Bro. George Peterson, a wealthy huckster, and were received with great cordiality by him and his kind lady, whose house is always opened to the heralds of the cross of Christ.

As soon as the friends of the city

learned that I had arrived, with our senior Bishop, they came by swarms to behold his feeble look, caused by the blows received from the burglars; and to have the pleasure of shaking his friendly hand once more. Having spent two nights and a day with the friends, we left for Pittsburg, Wednesday morning, the 12th, at 7 o'clock; arrived in the Smoky City, at the house of Bro. Brown, at ten o'clock, P. M., and were kindly received. Notwithstanding Bro. Brown was from home, his kind lady did everything to make us happy. The Bishop was jaded, from his long ride.

The first thing which attracted my attention mostly, was the friendly appearance of an old friend, Sister Smith, whose husband is so well known to our people who travel up and down the western rivers, and have received such kind treatment from him. We had been but a short time there, before the news spread abroad that the Bishop, who was reported as being dead, had arrived. Of course all were anxious to see him. Having rested with the venerable sire some two days, I started with him, on the 14th, at 11 o'clock, P. M., and arrived in Philadelphia at one o'clock A. M., next day; stopped at the house of Sister Sarah Frames, the President of the Daughters' Conference.

The hackman drove us down to where the Conference was held, in Big Bethel. Conference was yet in session, it being Saturday. They held a little longer than usual. We did not get out of the hack, but the news went

in to the Conference that we were there. The whole Conference adjourned, and ran out with gleeful hearts to see the Bishop; and in the crowd I saw coming a very sharp, grave-looking man, with his spectacles on. That man was Bishop Payne, who presided over the Philadelphia Conference for Bishop Quinn. I also had the pleasure of shaking hands with a number of the itinerant and local brethren, whom I had met with in the General Conference twice. It was a happy meeting. Here is where the foundation of the A. M. E. Church first originated.

On Sunday morning Bishop Payne preached from Second Philippians, verse 5: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." It was a profound discourse. Yes, he held the audience spell-bound for an hour. This was my first sight of the inside of the sanctuary, which is said to hold some 3,700.

At three o'clock I was sent to preach at one of the Presbyterian Churches. They have a fine congregation, and organ with the choir. At night I had the pleasure of hearing Bro. Joseph Smith, in Big Bethel, to a crowded house.

(To be Continued.)

AN ADDRESS.

By Miss JULIA ANN ROY, a Slave Girl, of St. Louis, Mo.

MR. PRESIDENT: In arising to address you this evening, I am not insensible of my short comings—conscious, as I am, that I shall say noth-

ing new or interesting—I am, indeed, departing from my former resolution, never again to appear in public as a speaker; circumstances, however, sometimes renders our ideas of propriety and expediency *impolitic*.

Change is everywhere visible, and everywhere written upon the dial-plate of the human progress. And I can only offer this as an excuse that nothing but the deep interest that I feel in the success of this Society could have induced me to appear before you this evening as a speaker, with this exordium. Permit me, *Sir*, to offer a few thoughts on

ANGLO-SAXON DESTINY,

A sentence which may seem pompous, yet it is significant and full of meaning. It is not a word of foreign importation—nor do we find it in the classic *lore* of antique history—yet it is pregnant with ideas so full of poetic thought and dreamy speculation, that all it needs to give it the same enchantment that lives in the ideal creations of *Homer*, is to give it some creative genius, peopling at will each empire of fancy, and fixing to "airy nothing—a local habitation and a name." All nations have had their destiny—the Anglo-Saxon destiny, however, implies more than the mere destiny of the American people, or any particular *race*, for the Anglo and the Saxon have already had their destiny, they have lost their original identity in the heterogeneous elements of other nations, and here ends their "*Destiny*," as will be that of all others, so long as steam and

other scientific inventions continue to break down those geographical distinctions that once made enemies of nations.

The first universal Empire under Nimrod, four thousand years ago, had her destiny. She was not content with being the seat of Science and the emporium of Commerce, but thought that her destiny led her on to the subjugation of the Jews, which finally ended in the destruction of Babylon and the complete overthrow of the Assyrian Empire.

The Medes and Persians have had their destiny, and nothing now remains of them but the traditions of their laws, which "*alter not*" in keeping, as they are with omnipotent ideas—of Xerxes, who bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured his temple-wasting millions on the western world, who ordered old Ocean's wave be still by casting fetters upon its bosom.

Greece has also had her destiny, which, like her predecessors, after having ruled the world for a season by the heroism of her warriors and the eloquence of her statesmen, she too, was overrun by the hardy Romans—that proud and haughty race—who also believed that they were appointed by God to control the rest of the world, although her god Terminus was forced by the battle-axe of the barbarian, to seek shelter in the *Byzantium*. She still, however, adhered to her notions of universal dominion, until her imperial eagle, which had traversed the world unscathed, was struck down by the *slaves* of Italy.

With the downfall of the Roman Empire, the principles of a god-appointed destiny ceased. It never seemed to enter into the austere character of the English, for they have always fought not for conquest, but for commerce. This is characteristic of the English, nor *does* she ever hypocritically offer an excuse for her conduct—she has always followed the maxim that "*might makes right*." The justice or injustice of her *wars* she has always left to the speculation of others. Whenever she could conquer she has done so. Not so with the Anglo-Saxon destiny of this country, which claims the *right* to think for itself, untrammelled by foreign intervention, yet they do not hesitate to force their opinions upon others. They always pretend to be right, when, in reality, they *are always wrong*. They always profess a redundancy of sympathy for the political misgovernment of other nations, whilst their own imperfections are as gross as a *mountain*. They profess a great deal of love for the struggling nations of Europe—for fallen Hungary, sighing Italy and for bleeding Poland. Yet they pray to the god of battle to crown with *success* the armies of that very power that put out the beacon-lights in democratic Hungary, and struck down from the walls of Warsaw the last lone banner of Republican freedom in Europe.

The weakness of a nation makes Anglo-Saxon manifest destiny more apparent. We look upon the old tottering destiny of Spain with contempt,

and we are deeply affected at the deplorable condition of Cuba, and most willingly would we let our manifest destiny be felt, if England and France would let us. Thus, Sir, Anglo-Saxon destiny is only a new name that the American people have assumed, in order to steal the livery of Heaven to serve the *devil* in. We are, emphatically, a war-like people. The lust of Empire did not give up the ghost, amid the dying throes of Roman liberty, and in view of these facts, does not the world, Sir, present a sad picture.

Must the future history of our race be stained with the bloody gore of slaughtered nations, and must our monument in the future, as in the past, commemorate only the deeds of some victorious chieftains, who has been most expert in the butchery of *their* race. No, rather let our country become as in Grecian story, the *delos* of *peace*, surrounded by the temple of discord, so that it *never* again may be entered through the portals of *war*—let the bugle sound the truce of *God* to the whole *world* forever; and let the selfish boast of the Spartan woman become the grand choruses of mankind, "That they never have seen the smoke of an enemy's *camp*." Let the belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden letters, *Peace*, clothing all with celestial beauty.

THE call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself. Religion is relative to the individual.

AN ESSAY.

BY MRS. JULIA ANN BROWN.

Read before the Mental and Moral Improvement Society of New Albany, Ind., March 9th, 1858.

MR. PRESIDENT: Having been appointed by your honor, at our last meeting of this Society, to write an Essay upon the prevailing evils of intemperance, caused by the use of ardent spirits as a daily beverage, I have endeavored to do so, to the best of my ability, in a limited manner, knowing my inability to do justice to a subject of so great magnitude. But I appear before you to do the best I can, knowing, at the same time, the stigma which is frequently cast upon those of my sex, who appear in public as writers or speakers. And most generally we are stigmatized by those of our own sex. But what gives us consolation is, that it is not from the intelligent, but from the ignorant and vicious, that we may expect hisses, groans and laughing.

But to my subject.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Were I to attempt to portray all the evils arising from the intemperate use of ardent spirits, I should exhaust my store of knowledge, and my pen would fail me, long before I should be half through those evils. We read that man was created an upright being, after the image and likeness of his Creator, endowed with certain faculties or senses, viz.: seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling, all of which, he is instructed to take care of. But by the intemperate use

of ardent spirits, all of them may be, and are, often destroyed.

Added to the five senses we have just named, is man's reasoning faculties, which is the main spring of his nature. For without this, all the other senses would not make him what he was designed to be by his Creator. By the daily use of ardent spirits, men, by thousands, (and even women) have become intemperate, and by intemperance have destroyed their reasoning faculties, and become incapable of filling that sphere in life for which they were created. The intemperate use of ardent spirits as a daily drink, has destroyed the affections of sons for their mothers, of brothers for their sisters, of husbands for their wives, of fathers for their children, of neighbors for their neighbor. Yea, the mother's heart, has been caused to bleed, on seeing her son under the influence of ardent spirits. While her body has suffered, and, in some cases the life of the mother or father has been taken by the hand of a drunken son. The sister or brother may have been caused to suffer in the same way. Husbands, in many cases, have not only caused their wives to suffer from want and abuse, but have murdered their influence in society, by the use of ardent spirits. We see the man given to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, neglect the education of his children. Ask him why he does not send his children to school, and he will tell you he is too poor, the times are too hard, he can't raise the money to pay for their schooling. While at the same time he spends on

an average twenty-five cents a day for intoxicating liquors.

This will amount to the sum of ninety-one dollars and twenty-five cents in twelve months, which would pay the schooling of four children two hundred and sixty days each, at five cents per day, sending them to school five days in a week, the whole year round—leaving a surplus of thirty-nine dollars and twenty-five cents—a sum sufficient to buy all their books, and clothe them decently in the same time. Thus I have faintly portrayed some of the evils arising from the intemperate use of ardent spirits.

A SHORT SYNOPSIS

Of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences.

BY A. W. WATMAN.

The forty-second Annual Conference assembled in Israel Church, South Capitol street, Washington, on Thursday morning, April 29th, at 9 o'clock.

Rev. Bishop Payne called the house to order, and read a passage of Scripture, sung an anthem of praise, and then addressed a Throne of Grace.

The roll being called by the Secretary of the previous session, a majority of the members answered to their names.

In looking over the Conference we could see but two of the father's present, whose silvered locks bespoke the frost of many winters.

Rev. Samuel Watts was chosen Secretary.

A member of the Conference was

also appointed to report the proceedings for the daily papers.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., a large congregation assembled to hear the annual sermon of Bishop Payne.

Services were opened by singing
"Draw near, oh, Son of God, draw near."

A Throne of Grace was addressed by Bro. W. D. W. Schureman, of the Philadelphia Conference.

The Bishop then read the 5th chap., 22d v. of 1st Timothy. The theme of his discourse was the "Pastoral Office and its Safeguards." It will not soon be forgotten by the members of the Conference.

The Conference was favored with a visit from the following brethren of the Philadelphia Conference, viz.: Stephen Smith, J. D. Campbell, P. Gardner and W. D. W. Schureman.

Several young men of great promise were admitted on trial. If they are faithful to God and study such books as are recommended to them by Bishop Payne, they will be stars in the Baltimore Conference.

The anniversary of the literary society was a time of great interest. Old Israel was filled to her uttermost capacity. The singing of the choir was admirable. The essayists acquitted themselves with great credit. This may be regarded as a new era in the history of the Baltimore Conference. The cause of Missions received a new impetus at this session. This Conference is decidedly making gigantic steps in intellectual acquirements.

There was only one ordination, and that was a deacon.

On Monday afternoon, May 10th, the Conference adjourned.

Before the members separated, Bishop Payne charged them at some length—advising them to go to their work as willing soldiers, and be as wise as serpents, but as harmless as doves—it was an occasion of great interest. The fathers, as well as the younger members, felt more like going forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, with an expectation of returning, bringing their sheaves with them.

The work in this Conference was represented as being in a prosperous condition. One new Circuit was created in the State of Delaware, and also one new mission in Washington, D. C.

On Monday, May 18th, we visited the Philadelphia Conference, and arrived in time to hear Bishop Payne's Annual Sermon to the Conference. It was nearly the same as the one preached to the Baltimore Conference. We looked over the large congregation; here and there was a familiar face. Upon the platform and around the altar sat some of the aged fathers, whose whiten locks and furrowed cheeks bore the impress of more than three score and ten years; they are still engaged in the active service.

The most affecting sight was on Tuesday morning. Some time after Conference had opened, there came a tall, light complexioned man walking up the aisle, leaning upon the arm of a young brother, his steps were trembling, his countenance wore a sad aspect, that man was Bishop Quinn,

from the far West, where he had been assailed and desperately wounded by some midnight assassin. The eastern air has greatly improved his general health, and strong hopes are entertained that he will ultimately recover.

Rev. J. P. Campbell resigned his office as General Book Steward and Editor, and took an appointment.

The Book Concern was then placed in the hands of the three stationed ministers in Philadelphia, who will conduct it till the meeting of the next General Conference.

This Conference has lost by death two of their Elders. The Conference paid due respect to their memory by attending their funeral sermons. The Session then closed to meet next year in the new Church, in course of erection, under the charge of the assiduous city missionary, Rev. Stephen Smith, who is doing a great work in that Mission. May he live long to do good.

INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Intellectual philosophy, or the philosophy of the mind, includes an examination into all the phenomena of the mind. It is a science both difficult and important.

I. It is difficult, because the subjects of which it treats are surrounded with difficulty, such as reflection, memory, and judgment. They have no outward form, and therefore we cannot employ our bodily senses in investigating them; for we can neither see, nor hear, nor smell them. If we take for instance an apple, we can taste it, smell it, see its shape, and ascertain

its weight. We can extract its juice, and submit it to chemical tests, and thus ascertain its various qualities.—But the human mind is not thus to be studied. We cannot see its shape or color; or rather it is not a material substance, and has none of the qualities of matter. It therefore seems to elude our observation, and a person unaccustomed to reflection would say that it is impossible to find out anything with certainty about the mind. This, however, is a mistake, as the mind has the power of looking in upon itself, and we can tell much about our own minds. This power is called consciousness. We are conscious of certain qualities of our minds; for we know that we have memory, just as well as we know that we have eyes.—Thus the little child, when asked what her soul was, said it was her "think."

But the great danger arising from the study of the human mind is, not that we cannot know anything with certainty in regard to it, but that the pride of the human heart is so great that men seek to know too much.—They try to explain things which cannot be explained, and fall into very great errors. Humility and modesty are therefore necessary in studying ourselves.

II. In the second place, the importance of the study is very great, first, because a knowledge of the human mind is a knowledge of ourselves; for by this study we find out what we are capable of doing. Our own faculties are discovered, and we know how to improve them: such as the exercise and improvement of the memory.—

Second, the knowledge of others. This is very important, in two particulars.

1. The education of the young, to know the bent of their minds. In some children, one faculty is more developed than another.

2. In our dealings with mankind it is right and expedient to take any honorable advantage of our knowledge of character. You would prefer to trust your business to a man with a good memory, rather than a bad one.

III. We will speak lastly of the manner of studying mental philosophy. We must not expect to find out the nature of the human mind, except from its operation, for all we know of light and of electricity is from their operation.—So of mind. We must therefore study their qualities, as memory and judgment. The Bible is the safest on the subject; for God made the mind of man, and therefore has given him all the means necessary for improving it. S. L. HAMMOND.

The following articles should have been under the head of Religion, but were not received in time.

RELIGION AND PIETY.

Religion is derived from the Latin *religo*, to bind anew. Webster says, "this word seems originally to have signified an oath or vow to the Gods, or the obligation of such an oath or vow."

The word is of doubtful significance. In one man's mouth it means one thing, in another man's quite a different thing. It is therefore liable to great abuse. In the mouth of an enlightened man it is either purely

spiritual, or having reference to the purely spiritual. When purely spiritual it is equivalent to the term *piety*, and then it designates that state of the heart which makes the will of man *one* with the will of God.—Hence, the Apostolic definition is, "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

When it only has reference to the spiritual, it means nothing more than "a system of faith and worship;" of rites and ceremonies. This is the popular meaning, and, in this sense, religion is manifold. Hence, we have the Pagan religion, the Mohammedan religion, the Jewish religion, the Christian religion, and, according to the popular idea, many forms of the Christian.

The design of religion is to control the will of man—to regulate the affections—to govern the passions. To control his will by bringing it in contact with the divine law; to regulate his affections by infusing into his heart the love of Deity; to govern his passions by setting before his eyes the retributions of eternity.

All religions make this pretension; they do not all succeed.

But what is Piety?

Piety is also of Latin origin, from *pietus*, pity. This word is always, at all times, in all places, and in every tongue, spiritual in its meaning; *always* pointing to the inner man, to the hidden springs and depths of the human soul, indicating his moral com-

plexion, marking his mental attitude towards God and Man.

Piety looks over the rites and ceremonies, the system of faith and worship,—the mere outward forms of religion,—to the subject of them, contemplates him, interrogates him, examines him, conquers, takes possession of him.

Piety looks through the system of worship, these rites, these ceremonies,—the embodiment of the religious idea,—into the understanding and the affections of the individual; nor is she satisfied till the head and heart, the purposes and hopes of the individual are right with God, till the human soul is surrendered to God, and God sits enthroned in the human soul. Hence piety is simple, as simple as innocence itself.

THEIR DIFFERENCE AND RELATIONS.

Is there any difference between piety and religion? Is there any relation between them? According to the popular idea of religion, there is great difference between it and piety. Even among the majority of professing Christians the *form is everything; the spirit nothing*. Rites, ceremonies, creeds, systems, constitute their loftiest conceptions of religion. The essence is disregarded, and yet this *very essence* which escapes their thought, which has no place in their considerations, which is often *rejected*, I say, this slighted *essence* is Piety itself.

The Romanist contemns the Protestant; the Protestant the Romanist. The Anabaptist scorns the Pedobaptist, and treats him, at the Lord's table,

with the same repulsion he would use towards a heathen; the Pedobaptist, in his turn, ridicules the exclusive religion of the Baptist. The High Churchman despises the Presbyterian; and the latter regards the pretensions of the former as vain, if not sinful. At the same time, each one of these will admit that his antagonist *may be pious*.

Wherefore, we maintain that the difference between religion and piety is as great as that which exists between the shell and the kernel of a nut. The shell is only the envelope; the kernel the heart of the nut. The kernel is fit for food; the shell only for a covering. Friend, would you mistake the shell for the kernel. Then mistake not religion for piety.

Again, there is the same difference between religion and piety that exists between the body and the soul of a man. The body is merely the organized tent; the soul is really the essence of the man. The soul can live without the body; the body, without the soul, must perish. The body is but the casket; the soul the priceless gem. Would you mistake the body for the soul? The casket for the gem? O! then, do not mistake religion for piety.

We have seen their difference; now let us look at their relations.

Excepting the Siamese twins, there is the same difference, and yet the same relation, between religion and piety, that exists between any twin-brothers or sisters. The one may be mistaken for the other, and yet the one is not the other. They both may

dwell as one together, and yet either may live without the other. Did the same parents beget these twins? So, also, the same wants begot religion and piety. Man's need for time, and his need for eternity, gave origin both to religion and to piety. In life both are needful; in death they are seldom separated. Such is the difference, and such the relations existing between religion and piety. Let us see the other ties that bind them.

There may be much religion where there is no piety. But wherever there is piety, there is, also, of necessity, some religion, some rites, some ceremonies, some outward form, some embodiment, manifesting the existence of the religious idea, itself invisible.

This is in harmony with man's spiritual nature, as well as man's physical. Because he has body as well as soul, he must therefore see as well as feel. Like the Eternal, he is not only a sentient being, he is also a communicative one. It is not enough that he thinks and feels; he must make others know that he thinks and feels. Therefore, he employs signs, symbols, hieroglyphics, words, forms—if you please,—rites and ceremonies, that an outward expression might be given to the inward fire that burns upon the invisible altar of his heart? Do you call this human? 'Tis also divine.

Did the Eternal write the laws of obedience and love upon the heart of Adam? This is not enough, audible words must fall upon his ears—the forbidden fruit must be hung out before his eyes?

Does the Eternal resolve to make known himself to Israel? It is not enough that he descend upon Mount Sinai; smoke and fire, lightnings and thunderings—even the clangors of the archangel's trumpet—must manifest his awful majesty.

Is the Eternal himself to be incarnated? It is not enough that he purposed to choose the Virgin, and overshadow her with his power; an angel must be dispatched from Heaven to announce the fact, and at his advent, legions of angels must proclaim it to the world with songs of praises, as well as words of consolation. And Jesus himself ordained the baptism of water, with the bread and wine as *monumental rites* of his saving grace and dying love!

'Tis clear, then, that religion and piety are constant companions, though not inseparable. We repeat the thought, wherever there is piety there will be some outward forms to indicate it. These may be few or many, complex or simple, but still there *will*, there *must* be some.

Hence, we see why so many persons mistake the one for the other. It is simply this, because religion and piety are such constant companions, people of little reflection, and still less discrimination, *will* mistake the casket for the gem!

There is *too much* religion in the world; there is *too little* piety!

THEIR FREQUENT ANTAGONISM.

Have you never seen twin sisters disliking each other? Opposing each other? Repudiating each other?—We have seen all this. So also is

religion sometimes found antagonistic to piety. Devotees will sometimes tenaciously, yea, mulishly, cleave to the one while they reject the other. The voice of history confirms this statement, and exhibits the fact that religion has often regarded piety as her enemy, scorned her claims, and repudiated her precepts. Frequently has she persecuted piety, and not only driven her from the sanctuary of the Lord, but even from the habitations of men, and compelled her to find an asylum in the caves and dens of the earth. Sometimes her rage against piety has been so hellish as to chase her from the earth by stoning and crucifixion!

D. A. P.

THE AQUARIUM.

BY PROF. ROBERT CAMPBELL.

A few years since great inconvenience was experienced in the British Zoological Gardens, from the impracticability of supplying to aquatic animals the conditions necessary to the support of life. A consequence was the frequent loss of some of their most valued specimens. Thus situated, the managers of those institutions opened a correspondence with scientific men in various parts of the world, with a view, if possible, to remedy the evil. A plan was suggested by Richard Hill, Esq., of Jamaica, W. I., which, on trial, proved entirely successful. This was, to cause water plants to grow in the tanks in which the animals were kept.

It is well known that plants, besides the support which they derive

from the absorption of water from the soil, containing inorganic matter in solution, obtain also a large proportion of their substance from the carbonic acid* of the atmosphere, obtained from decaying animal and vegetable matter, combustion, and principally from respiration. This gas, if allowed to accumulate, would be destructive of all animal life in a short time; but this is not permitted, for it is in turn absorbed by plants, which, retaining its carbon, restores the oxygen to the air, again to be used in respiration. Animals living in water, like those on land, respire, and require also the presence of oxygen in their medium. But, however, much of this gas may exist at any time in the water, it would eventually be consumed and replaced by the life destroying carbonic acid. The growing plants found always in water, salt and fresh, entirely obviate, as on land, such a result. In short, by a wise provision of the God of Nature, there is kept up perpetually a sort of compensation, whereby two classes of beings reciprocally administer to the wants of each other.

The Aquarium, or Aquavivarium, as it should more appropriately be termed, consists of a tank with glass sides, over the bottom of which is first placed an inch of sand, then gravel, a few pebbles and rock work for ornament. The rock work, arranged so as to form a dark recess in which the fishes can hide themselves, is besides a very useful appendage.

* Chemical union of Carbon and Oxygen.

A few aquatic plants are rooted in the sand, and the vessel filled with water. After sufficient time is permitted to elapse to insure the vegetation of the plants (about a week) fishes are gradually introduced, great care being taken that there be no disproportion in the plants and vegetables. If these, however, constituted its entire stock, an inconvenience would soon arise in the appearance of slime and fungous, which would soon destroy the fishes; but a few snails and others of the mollusca tribe added, effectually prevent their accumulation by feasting on such matter.

It has been common to observe fishes kept in glass vessels, but the trouble of changing the water daily diminished much the pleasure of keeping them, and in spite of care the poor things would droop and die; but by taking advantage of the provision of nature above alluded to, there ceases to be any necessity for a change of water. An occasional removing of decayed leaves, &c., is almost all the care that is essential after the work is once fairly started. Some advise that about a pint of water be removed daily and as much gently added. This plan is pretty generally followed, and with advantage. The reason is in the difficulty of obtaining a due balance in the plants and vegetables.

Perhaps the most magnificent arrangement of the kind was constructed in Regent's Park, London, in 1853. The success attending the experiment there caused it soon to become very fashionable in England, where an ex-

tensive trade has been established by their preparation and stocking. In this country, too, within the last year, they are coming into common use. In New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities, they are frequently seen in parlors and the windows of stores, to which they serve as advertisements.

Though as such it is beautiful and interesting, this apparatus should not be regarded as simply a toy. It affords a ready means to the student of Natural History in studying the character and habits of creatures to which he had hitherto but limited access. He need not now descend the deep in cumbrous diving armors, with imminent danger of suffocation, but face to face he beholds the object of his search and study. Even to those who have given no attention to Natural History, the Aquavevarium brings more than the mere pleasure—it inspires a feeling of piety—it lifts him from the contemplation of the works to the author. None of the surrounding objects in nature, it is true, should do the same, but uncultivated minds do not find sermons in stones and books in the running brooks. To such, things to be attractive should also be novel. This advantage possesses the Aquavevarium; besides, when constructed with care and taste, it is very beautiful. In another article, circumstances permitting, the reader will be furnished with some details as to the construction and stocking of a tank, together with the experience of the writer in its management.

This article might be concluded by an extract which exhibits the kind of enjoyment which such an adjunct to a fireside may afford:

"No animal in a tank has behaved with more propriety, and been productive of more amusement, than the small species of hermit, or soldier crab. They are ever active, and constantly ready to change their shells for their own gratification or that of beholders. They seldom pass each other without disputing the right of way, and yet never injure each other at all. A little incident will show the pleasure that may be found in observing them. While watching my tank, I saw a hermit crab cogitating upon the expediency of vacating his shell for an empty one lying near him. After mature deliberation he concluded upon the exchange, and suddenly popping his tail into the vacant shell, he crowded out a cloud of particles, probably of decayed animal matter; this attracted the attention of a shoal of minnows, which immediately attacked the poor hermit, and endeavored to draw him from his shell. But a new claimant immediately appeared in the person of a common crab, which clasped the hermit in his claws, and attempted to carry him off by 'force of arms.' The minnows, unwilling to be thus defrauded, now beset the robber, while the hermit, taking advantage of this diversion, crept quickly away from the scene of strife, doubtless convinced that there is 'no place like home.'"

THE RECENT REVIVAL

In the Fifteenth street Presbyterian Church, (late Rev. J. F. Cook pastor,) in Washington, D. C.

BY REV. W. T. CATTO.

Among incidents occurring in the midst of communities deserving notice, and worthy of record, I know of none as much worthy of a place in history as those of a religious character.—This assumption at first sight might appear preposterous, but upon more mature reflection it will be admitted. Interests and incidents, outside of Christianity, may occur of vital importance to men and communities, in fact, to the world. But these, at most, affects and interests only the material man, the material world. Not so with religion, its design, influence, and scope in its effect, sweeps two worlds—the spiritual as well as material—with one hand she guides, controls, influences and interests the material: with the other she points to the spiritual and cries, "thither is thy home, thy portion fair;" let thy treasure and thy heart be there, 'for there's thy abiding home'."

From this stand-point I assume that revivals of religion should be observed carefully, and recorded faithfully, as calculated to form no mean place in the great world's history.

We record scientific researches, the explorations of travelers, improvements in the arts, histories of nations, the deeds and daring of men. We record the history of battles, though tales of blood and carnage, in their

horrifying aspects, appal the feelings, in short, a thousand other matters claim the historic ken, and become as so many memories for ages to come. Why then should revivals of religion find no place in the world's history or the treasuries of memory, for future generations to observe and study? I confess I see no reason.

Imprest with the necessity of recording so interesting a matter, I will presume upon the columns of the Repository to record a remarkable work of grace in this city, the capital of the United States.

In the month of September, several gentlemen from Washington visited Philadelphia, and being introduced to the present pastor of the church, invited him to Washington City, having for sometime an inclination to visit the capital, he consented to do so at some future time.

In the meantime circumstances occurred by which a call to become the pastor of the Church, was sent on to Philadelphia. Previous to accepting the call, arrangements were made for a visit, with the understanding that the Friday previous should be observed as a day of fasting and prayer to God, that a revival of religion may follow the visit and souls converted to God. Accordingly the visit was made and a series of meetings took place, every one of which was occupied by a short plain, pointed sermon, singing and praying. These meetings continued nine consecutive evenings without any positive declaration of a soul's conversion. There was one evident fact plainly seen, and that was the

deep interest manifested by the congregation in their attendance and attention. The serious and devotional deportment of the assembly told very plainly that there was an under-current operating—the sighs and tears of believers, and the union of hearts brought about through these meetings showed as clear as a sunbeam, that God was in Zion preparing the way for a pentecostal shower. By a sudden call to Philadelphia, our labors ceased for a time, not, however, before calling the attention of the brethren to the signs evident among them.

At this point the choir of the Church perceiving no disposition in the Elders to continue the meetings, decided they would hold prayer-meetings in any private house they could obtain. They did so, and the result that followed shows truly “God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform,” and that “He works by whom he will, and none dare say what doest thou.” In these choir prayer-meetings, as they were called, the Head of the Church came, and in them He unbound the captive sinners and set them free from the power of sin and Satan.

Hearing of the work, and again urged to come back, I did so, and O what a sight did my eyes behold, what sounds my ear heard, and what emotions felt, as nightly around the altar many young persons from the gay world knelt and implored for mercy. The aggregate number converted unto God from this choir prayer-meeting, and received into the

communion of the Church, was 27—all young persons. Among them, one boy, 10 years old; another 12, and a girl of 13 years, and I take this occasion to say that it is now near eight months since these children gave their hearts to God, and I can record them as up to this time they can be put down as among the most consistent and devoted members of the Church. Many of these converts, also, were scholars of our Sabbath school.

As an incident worthy of record, an anecdote in this place may be profitably regarded:

At the close of this protracted effort, which lasted about four weeks, an Elder in the Church arose and said, “That when the choir first got up these meetings he thought they were in fun! but as God had brought good out of it, he had no more to say.”—On this comment is unnecessary.

From this time forward the Church continued to flourish, the congregation increased, and Zion, from every appearance, looked as a bride adorned for her husband.

As in flood tides, the undulations of the under current may be seen from the surface of the water in its swellings and risings, so the external appearance of the congregation showed that God was still among the people, making and preparing a way for another great and yet more glorious revival in our midst. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel will show. In stating the observation to those whose duty it was more particularly to in-

terest themselves in the spiritual work of the Church, but one lent his assent and showed a willingness to help in the work. So help had to be found among the private members, male and female. A series of meetings were commenced. At first much opposition, or discouragement, or inconsistency, in fact all combined, met us at the commencement of our efforts.—The plea of the lateness of the hour, (9½ o'clock) was entered, when that failed. A brother was requested to sing the doxology, (unknown to the pastor) failing there, meetings were called in an adjoining room, (this would call off the principal singers and leading men of the Church,) other little and some greater things were resorted to, seemingly to crush the meetings, but all of no avail.—God's hand was in the work, and vain was the opposition of man—the cloud was in the heavens and ready to burst in blessings on our heads.

The meetings continued to grow in interest until the second week, when, O, my soul, never will the scenes that then took place ever be effaced from the memory of those who then beheld the sight that met their eyes, or sounds that fell upon their ear!

The Church, which is a large one, was packed each night to its utmost capacity, it was a common thing to see from fifty to sixty persons kneeling to be prayed for, and struggling at the altar. And what is remarkable in this is, that every one of them were young persons, except one lady, who had come on to attend Confer-

ence, and who, together with her four grand-children, were converted to God at one of our meetings, and who returned to Virginia, as she said, to tell the people what God did for her, and so anxious was she to bear the news home, that she said, "I can't wait here for Conference, I must go and tell them home I got Jesus in my heart, and glory in my soul." The power of God in these meetings was too evident to be denied. The oldest people in Washington, both white and colored, admitted the like was never seen in the city before.

It was no common thing for a man to enter the Church a servant of sin and Satan, and leave it a child of God.

On one particular occasion there was a young man notable for wildness, giving us no little trouble at times, who came to the Church and pressed his way near where the mourners were kneeling, regarding them as stoical, as such a countenance could well depict it; all of a sudden, as if struck by a bullet in the head, he fell prostrate on the floor, uttering the most fearful cries, and sending up the most piteous appeals for mercy, and so continued nightly, until I hope he has reason to believe he found pardon and peace in God, through the blood of Jesus.

An amusing incident also occurred, too rich, indeed, to be lost, should be recorded. One of our most respectable gentlemen in this city had an only daughter, tenderly beloved by him and universally admired, became deeply im-
 prest in the salvation of her soul;

for some time she hid her sorrow and smothered her feelings, but her Christian mother's keen eye soon saw something unusual in her daughter, and so did a few faithful friends, among the number, the pastor. She was made a special object of prayer. God answered our petitions, and this interesting young lady was brought to fall before God and cry for mercy. Her father hearing of it came into the Church, pressing through the mass of people that blocked up the aisles of the Church, demanding his child.—No one could restrain him until he reached his child, when taking hold of her, he called her by name and softly asked, "won't you go with me?" there was but one word uttered, one struggle made, with one heart-reaching cry of "O Father!" and her fond arms thrown around her father's neck. The stout heart of the father gave way, and only found relief when in gushing tears he turned away and wept. That evening salvation came unto his house in the conversion of his only child.

Many interesting matters took place in those meetings worthy of note, but I fear I am now encroaching too much upon your columns. I will just state one more and I am done. There was a large family connected with the Church as pew-holders, two of them were communion members. Of this number one of the daughters became a subject for prayer, and night after night could her complaint to God be heard asking pardon. The father sat and heard his daughter mourning, until his own strong heart was touched,

but when he saw two other daughters and his dear young son, a boy of about 13 years old, come forward, and amid the scores who were already down and joining their plaintive cries with theirs, his heart could no longer hold out, but rushing forward, he, too, fell down among the number, and like Jacob wrestling to be blest, that father, three daughters, and his son, were all hopefully converted, and are now a joyful happy family, rich in a Saviour's love. How cheering to his Christian and devoted wife and oldest daughter must this addition be to them, who, no doubt, have often asked of God the conversion of their household.

It is estimated that nothing short of 150 persons must have been soundly converted to God, 75 were received into the communion of this Church, and still evidences are seen that the work is still progressing.

In reviewing this revival one or two things should be noticed:

Among these 75 persons there are not more than four or five who have seen their 30th year of age; not more than six their 27th, and the rest of the entire members not over 24 years. There are nine boys, their ages varying from twelve to sixteen—two girls from twelve to fourteen years of age. Let no one suppose these children are ignorant of their profession, many of them were trained in our Sabbath school, and most all of the entire number were teachers and scholars of the school and connected with the choir. And others, from our sister Churches, who preferred staying with

us, being converted to God among us. Many others joined other Churches.

This work of God broke up the only fashionable ball circle in this city.—Every member, save two of them, have been born again, and joined this Church.

The gaming circle has lost many of its votaries, and they consider their craft gone.

It is no uncommon thing to see those who once figured gracefully in the dance, upon the light fantastic toe, now leading in prayer in the prayer-meeting, and by their earnest implorings show they have given the world their back, and set their faces heavenward.

This revival, commencing at this Church, has, like flames of fire is sometimes known to do, leaped from one point to another, or bursting out first in one place and then another—gone from Church to Church, white and colored, all have been made recipients of this good work, and eternity alone will develop the work wrought in our midst. It is common, each day in the week, morning and afternoon, to see large bodies of people wending their way to some Church; it reminds one of heaven, when at the conclusion of these various services we see living moving masses of people thronging in long processions our avenues and streets. May we not take courage from these tokens of grace and favor that God is still mindful of his people, and no good thing will he withhold if we but walk uprightly.

Washington, D. C., June 8th, 1858.

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Washington, D. C., June 8th, 1858.

SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

BY A. H. GIBSON.

It is art and science that has attracted nearly all nations of the earth, from the earliest period mentioned in history, until the present. There are two kinds of music, viz., sacred and secular, or as we say of history sometimes, sacred and profane. Sacred music is for divine service,—it is that sweet melody seasoned, as it were, with poetic language, such as emanate from a heart filled, or a mind contemplating upon the love and goodness of God. When worshipping in the sanctuary of the Most High, there kneeling before his presence, pouring out our souls to him in deep humiliating prayer, we have often felt like the criminal arraigned before the bar, crushed in feeling, absorbed in tears, waiting as it were to hear our sentence pronounced as guilty. But ere our imaginations are realized, one pleading in our behalf, pronounce we are forgiven! And on rising from our knees, the pealing hymn bursts forth aloud from the choir, joined by an hundred voices in sweet harmonious strains, O! it lifts one's thoughts to heaven! It causes imaginations the most sublime to enter the mind, and fancy all the glories that await the people of God transferred to earth.

The church music of the present day has furnished much argument and de-

bate in some directions, on the account of a supposed monopoly of choir singing, but we do think that this could be avoided by a strict adherence to the rule, (per discipline on singing,) for it should be remembered, that the science of music has its improvements, as do other sciences, and as we are a progressive people, improving in Theology, and in all the sciences necessary to furnish an educated ministry, it is natural to be supposed, that the congregations will endeavor to keep pace with their preachers and teachers. Among the number of our people in the west, music has not received that attention and culture that it has in the east, therefore more objections are urged against it. But we are having a different state of things in our midst. Our ministers are urging the propriety of educating our children. Institutions are opened for their benefit, and they are enjoying those benefits; they are being educated in the various sciences; and with them the science of music, when these children shall have finished their education, they will be refined in this science (music,) as well as in others. Shall they retrograde from the polished manner in which they have been taught by professors, or shall they use the most common and uncomely of that beautiful accomplishment. Music is taught in our common schools also, hence it is plain to see, that the pres-

ent and the future generations will have made considerable advancement in this study. Let us in view of these facts, encourage this science as taught by professors, by having our congregations to sing by note and system.

A knowledge of the science of music is attained by close application to its rudimental system, as laid down by various professors, and this knowledge practically carried out, puts one in possession of the art. Many benefits are derived from the use of this science to church members; it enables them to sing with accuracy, it brings about an order in our churches, that singing at random cannot produce.—Again, a knowledge of this science can be used to great advantage for beneficial purposes. These reasons we think are sufficient to show the utility of an educated congregation in this science.

It is often urged that only a portion of the congregations acquire this knowledge, "hence this monopoly of choir singing;" but this could be easily avoided if the congregations adhere to the discipline on this subject, and attend the singing classes that meet, generally once a week, but many will not attend, hence they complain of the advancement of others. Another advantage the study of sacred music affords to its lovers, it introduces them to the great authors, Handel, Hayden, Mozart, Bethoven, and a host of others whose works are as much sought for and appreciated as though they lived at the present age. Their work or compositions are

to the lovers of sacred music what Shakespear's works are to the lovers of the "Drama." Lastly, where there is good church music, you will invariable find a large congregation.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

Next to the study of revelation is the study of nature. It is also true that man cannot fully understand the Bible without a familiar knowledge of nature. And he who has made himself acquainted with the whole circle of natural sciences, sets down to the study of the bible with advantages, for its interpretation which one ignorant of natural science cannot enjoy.

All great interpreters of the Holy Scriptures have been more or less acquainted with natural science. The greatest of the inspired writers both in the Old and New Testament, seems to have been the greatest students of nature.

Several of the most beautiful of the Psalms, are nothing more or less than odes to nature, in which the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator are celebrated.

And sometimes David in the contemplation of these works seems to have been seized with a holy enthusiasm, that makes him exclaim: "O, Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom thou hast made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

It is also true, that the sublimest imagery of Moses, Job, and Isaiah, are drawn from the works of nature, or as I would say, the department of natural science.

Can anything be purer than this passage from the pen of Moses.—“My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.”

In the latter as well as the former, we see the pious student of nature.—The God of the bible is the God of nature—in constructing the former he employed human hands—in forming the latter, he used his own fingers.

Am I in duty bound to study the one, so, also am I to study the other. But why? Because God is revealed in both. Irrational nature is peculiarly adapted to manifest the physical power of God—revelation his spiritual—each has her own special mission to perform,—yet the mission of each is to proclaim an existing Deity. Nature proclaims him the divine Creator—revelation, the divine Saviour.

He who studies only revelation, will know God only in part—he who studies nature only, will know him only in part. He who knows him only as the Creator is in a bad condition—he who knows him only as the Saviour is in a better—but he who knows as both Creator and Redeemer, is in the best.

We have made the above running remarks as introductory to a series of articles which Professor Robert Campbell will write upon the Aquarium—the first article of which appears in this number of the Repository.

In this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.

WHAT CONSTITUTES INEQUALITY AMONG MEN.

1st. In speaking of inequality among men, we shall confine our remarks to their external condition as manifested by their own individual exertions. We begin with the agriculturalist, that art constituting the basis of all others. A. and B., we suppose are neighbors and engaged in the laudable art of cultivating the mother earth. A. is a scientific and practical agriculturalist. 1st, scientific; he has been liberally educated in the first and most important of all sciences, that of understanding the true nature of the different soils, how to cultivate each and to produce the greatest amount of food from the earth. He cultivates the different soils by the teachings of science, and extracts from the earth all it is capable of producing. His scientific knowledge of the various strata of the soil makes him a practical agriculturalist. He knows when to plant, how to plant, whether deep or shallow, early or late, at what phase of the moon, &c. And thus from the science of agriculture he derives all his practical knowledge of both the nature and quality of the different strata of soil—also the suitability of all seeds and plants to certain kinds of earth. He knows the nature and quality of a soil as soon as he sees it, as well as a banker the genuineness of his own notes, from all spurious ones. He is governed in all he does in husbandry, by the science of his trade, as much so as the merchant, the mechanic, the man-

ufacturer is in that science, appropriate to his vocation. From the light of his science, the agriculturalist makes improvements in instruments of husbandry, and in the improvement of his stock. In a word, his mind is active, quick, penetrating—all alive to whatever tends to enhance his line of business, in soil, seed, plants and animals.

B. we will reckon to be a tiller of the soil, but he is not a scientific man. He knows not from science, the nature and quality of the earth. He knows not how to plant in this soil and that—nor when—nor what kind of seed would best grow in this or that soil. Agricultural science has not yet taught him these important lessons. Hence he cannot be a practical agriculturalist. Therefore, in two important things he is not equal to A. 1st, in an enlightened knowledge of agricultural science, and 2d, in practical wisdom to adapt seed and plants to soil and seasons. B. is unequal to A. in improving agricultural implements, and in the cultivation of stock. He wants the light of science to open the eyes of his understanding on these great subjects. Hence one man is unequal to another in proportion as they differ in scientific and practical knowledge.

“LET ME SLEEP.”

BY ELLA.

“Let me sleep,” murmurs a weary child as its little head lays pillowed upon its mother’s breast. Soon its brown eyes are closed, the restless

little hands have ceased to play with its mother’s curls,—the little one sleeps only as the innocent can. Oh! “let me sleep,” petulently exclaimed the tired man of business, to his partner who would entertain him with a list of the gain of the day, as he throws his tired and jaded frame upon his couch. He sleeps, and awakes refreshed; so begins anew the toil and care of the preceding day. I am tired and want to sleep, says the boy weary of ramble through the wild wood. He slumbers, and bright are his dreams, for the pleasures and sports of the day are mingled with them. I want to sleep, sighs the invalid, restlessly tossing upon a bed of pain, the lamp is extinguished, the curtains closely drawn, and sleep is wood, oh! how vainly by the sufferer. The long hours drag wearily away, yet comes not “sleep, tired nature’s sweet restorer,” at the bidding. Now I shall sleep, said a dying one, slowly her eyes closed, the black lashes lay upon the cheek that was fast growing cold beneath the chilly kiss of death; gladly she went to sleep, for long had she sighed for its quiet. Hours passed away, she slept on to awaken in the arms of her Saviour.

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he not defrauded. So he who the God-given light of hope in his breast can help on many others in this world’s darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.

ART.

Humble as are the colored people of this land, there are some successful artists among them, and several artistic establishments of no mean appearance.

Of those with whom we have the honor to be acquainted are the Messrs. Ball, of Cincinnati. These are three brothers, the most noted of whom is Prestly Ball.

There is also Mr. Harlan, who was at one time the partner of Mr. Prestly Ball. These four gentlemen have made themselves famous for daguerreotypes, photographs and ambrotypes.

Then there is Mr. Duncanson, who has no superior in the West as a landscape painter. All these are of Cincinnati.

Mr. John Chaplin, is a resident of Huntington, Pa., and is a poet and historical painter.

Mr. Robert Douglas, of Philadelphia, is also a painter of historical subjects, as well as a daguerreotypist.

Mr. Wm. Dusey is a young student under an Italian master.

At some future period we shall attempt historical sketches of these gentlemen artists and their establishments.

D. A. P.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY ELLA.

Satisfied! How often do we hear that word! What does it mean? How many times have we felt and said, "Ourselves," could we only realize some cherished hope, that we

would be satisfied, be perfectly happy?

Time passes—the coveted position won. The longed for treasure is ours—the dream of years is realized. Yet the happiness, the satisfaction we expected, is as far off as ever. Again, and again, some bright vision lures us on, and hope will tell us only win this or that and we will be satisfied. And thus it ever is—wishing, yearning for the unattainable. How few of us in our hours of reflection and self-questioning, but have felt how little this world can satisfy us; wealth, pleasure, friendship may be ours, yet we are still unsatisfied, wishing for other joys, that if attained, would not bring content. Even

"Love's best boon to mortal's given,"

Fails to give entire satisfaction; for its joys are earthly, fleeting and fading. Yet if we are Christians, and have the love of God in our hearts, we can afford to be content, though the blessings of this world are meagre and insufficient—in a little while and all will be well with us, pure in the home above—prepared for the purified and redeemed of earth—all the soul-longing and pure aspirations after happiness, will be filled—endless will be our joys, deep and entire will be our happiness! "Then shall we wander through the green pastures, and by the still waters of the better land;" then shall we be satisfied, for we will "Awake in his likeness."

In this world, it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

ECONOMY.

(Continued.)

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

I can scarcely expect to offer anything new on this subject, but will offer a thought, or rules, that I am convinced, from experience and observation, must be obeyed in order to insure success in business of any kind through life. And the first thing I propose is the word "Honesty;" and upon this we shall predicate economy, honesty—its productive of justice, probity, truth, good faith, &c., &c. If a man possess these traits, he is, in my opinion, better, every way, to carry out practically, economy in its true sense.

Dear reader, always select the business that suits your natural inclinations and temperment best, for some men are, naturally, mechanics; others have a strong aversion for machinery, and so on—thus one man has a natural taste in life for one occupation, and another for another, and so it is, just as God intended, I believe, who is the author of every good and perfect gift.

Says a writer, whom we shall call Dick Homespun, "I am glad," said he, "we do not all see alike, for if we did, everybody would think that my gal, Suckey Snips, the sweetest creature in all creation, and they would all be trying to court her at once."

So, my reader, you see that it would not have done for all to have been of one mind. Therefore, let your pledge be sacred, never promise to do a thing without performing it with

promptness: nothing is a better safeguard to a man in business than the name of always doing as he agrees to do.

Dear reader, a strict adherence to this rule never fails to give a man a host of friends, whom he may depend upon in time of need. My dear reader, whatever you do, do with all your might. This, I believe, is according to Scripture injunction; and reader, never defer for a single hour, that which can just as well be done now. The old proverb is full of truth and meaning, and never should be forgotten, it is this, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," &c.

Now there is one other point just here I want to bring to bear, and that is this: If you want to succeed in business, allow me to say to you, use no intoxicating drinks of any description, as no man can possibly succeed in business, unless he has a clear brain, so as to lay his plans.

If it requires a business man to possess the fore-mentioned qualification, then it is clear that the same rule is applicable to every other sphere in which man may be called to act in through life.

Economy—oh, that this jewel, this precious characteristic in man, was better understood! If so, the poor widows, the orphan children, would be much better provided for in our country and elsewhere. The man that has no economy, bad living, a pastor of a flock, may be a fluent speaker, yea, he may have the tongue of an angel, and may have been the means of ad-

ding numbers to his flock—they come like swarms of bees, and yet if he is without this characteristic, it will be poor management and perplexity of mind among the members of his flock. And if I'm asked the reason why, I would answer, 1st. That in this enlightened day there is a certain amount of decent pride, (so-called) and as a general thing all denominations like a Church well fixed up—a love to see his Church looking just as well as B.'s, and if A.'s Church is shabby-looking, and involved in debt, there will be a confused state of things, and a number of A.'s members will be running from home to B.'s Church, notwithstanding A.'s great eloquence as a speaker, B. having an equal proportion of all those former qualifications, is the one whose influence will have its weight in the community in the long run.

2d. That no Church can move along without pecuniary aid, is evident to every enlightened mind, and if the pastor of a flock does not economize and teach them the same, and to give pecuniary aid, and that liberally too, as God has given each one of them, in this world's goods. He, when getting partly up the hill, will stick fast in the mud. Now, my readers, I think by this time you begin to see that A.'s flock must undoubtedly scatter, and wonder in by and forbidden paths, if A. and his flock are not to some degree financiers, and understand the art of economy.

But not so with B.'s. Why? Because B. himself is a very fair preach-

er, and a good financier, and a great economist, and having taught his flock the same, they move along smoothly, and have more or less unanimity of feeling. God blesses their labors, spiritually and temporally.

(To be Continued.)

MANY of our Churches defy Protestantism. Grand cathedrals are they, which make us shiver as we enter them. The windows are so constructed as to exclude the light and inspire a religious awe. The walls are of stone, making us think of our last home. The ceilings are sombre, and the pews coffin-colored. Then the services are composed to these circumstances, and hushed music goes trembling along the aisles, and men move softly, and would on no account put on their hats before they reach the door; but when they do, they take a long breath, and have such a sense of relief to be in the free air, and comfort themselves with the thought that they have been good Christians!

Now, this idea of worship is narrow and false. The house of God should be a joyous place for the right use of all our faculties.

I had rather see a congregation laugh, when it is a sign of life in them, than to see them asleep under, appropriately called, sound sermons.

THE superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

POETRY.

TO THE CHURCH IN AFFLICTION.

BY R. W. STOKES.

"Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O, Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck. O, captive daughter of Zion."

Church of the living God, awake, arise!
And plume thine eagle-pinions for the skies;
Shake from thy robes the dust of evil deeds,
That mars thy beauty and thy growth impedes.
Zion, awake thee from ignoble sleep—
See, pitying angels o'er thee prostrate, weep!

The splendor of thy once refulgent light,
Now gleams but faintly 'mid the shades of night.
Thy deep revoltings—lust of pride and power,
Have brought upon thee midnight's darkest hour!
Arm of the Lord! thy mighty power put on,
To save the purchase of thine only Son!

O, God, restore Jerusalem her peace,
And cause the foes that trouble her to cease,
The iron bands that clasp her neck, unloose,
And make her wisdom's peaceful paths to choose.
Let Zion, captive, rise in armed might,
And hurl confusion 'mid the sons of night!

The foes that hate her, Zion, now assail,
High heaven forbid their dark designs prevail;
Spirit of Truth! through all her ramparts search,
And purify thine own, thy blood-bought Church.
Savior, O let thy steppings, as of old,
Be heard amid thy candlesticks of gold!

Bid reconciliation's day approximate,
And Zion's children with new joy's elate;
Then mourning soul's to seek thy law shall come,
Like doves, to Noah's window, hastening home!
Thy saints shall hover 'round thine altar, Lord,
To meet with thee, at thy communion board!

Restore, O, Lord, for thine own mercy's sake,
Jerusalem's glory—and from Zion take
The stumbling stones—the rocks of sinful ways,
That shade the splendor of her glorious blaze.

O, let thine all-pervading light abound,
And make her precincts consecrated ground!

Fair as the Sun that gilds the early morn,
When Virtue's graces all thy ways adorn—
Clear as the Moon's unclouded aspect bright—
Nations shall own thy soul—subduing might!
Church of the triune God! thou then shall be,
Like army bannered—terrible to see!

Ye men of Israel! let you strivings cease,
That God may pour on captive Zion peace!
He ever will the righteous cause protect,
And his anointed save—his own elect!
Pour on them Lord, thy pure anointing oil,
To irrigate and fructify the soil.

Jerusalem's daughters! all thy harp's unstrung,
Are listless on the way-side willows hung!
May that great Muse your hearts with song inspire,
That touch'd Isaiah's hallowed harp with fire!
From angel hands your harps receive, and sing
Harmonious triumphs to Jerusalem's king!

O, Church of God, for thee the Saviour died,
To purchase to himself a spotless bride!
Rise thee, victorious, o'er thy wily foe,
Then conquering on to richer conquests go,
Till at the mandate by Emanuel given,
You rise to join the ransom'd Church in heaven!
Written Oct., 1848—copied by request, July 12th, 1857.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

On receiving a tiny bouquet of wild
flowers from the hills of our dear
New England.

Through all the warm, bright May-day,
My weary heart had sighed
For the green hills of the country,
For the river's cooling tide.

I was weary of the city,
Weary of the noisy throng,
That through the close and crowded streets
Went, hurrying along.

ding numbers to his flock—they come like swarms of bees, and yet if he is without this characteristic, it will be poor management and perplexity of mind among the members of his flock. And if I'm asked the reason why, I would answer, 1st. That in this enlightened day there is a certain amount of decent pride, (so-called) and as a general thing all denominations like a Church well fixed up—a love to see his Church looking just as well as B.'s, and if A.'s Church is shabby-looking, and involved in debt, there will be a confused state of things, and a number of A.'s members will be running from home to B.'s Church, notwithstanding A.'s great eloquence as a speaker, B. having an equal proportion of all those former qualifications, is the one whose influence will have its weight in the community in the long run.

2d. That no Church can move along without pecuniary aid, is evident to every enlightened mind, and if the pastor of a flock does not enonomize and teach them the same, and to give pecuniary aid, and that liberally too, as God has given each one of them, in this world's goods. He, when getting partly up the hill, will stick fast in the mud. Now, my readers, I think by this time you begin to see that A.'s flock must undoubtedly scatter, and wonder in by and forbidden paths, if A. and his flock are not to some degree financiers, and understand the art of economy.

But not so with B.'s. Why? Because B. himself is a very fair preach-

er, and a good financier, and a great economist, and having taught his flock the same, they move along smoothly, and have more or less unanimity of feeling. God blesses their labors, spiritually and temporally.

(To be Continued.)

MANY of our Churches defy Protestantism. Grand cathedrals are they, which make us shiver as we enter them. The windows are so constructed as to exclude the light and inspire a religious awe. The walls are of stone, making us think of our last home. The ceilings are sombre, and the pews coffin-colored. Then the services are composed to these circumstances, and hushed music goes trembling along the aisles, and men move softly, and would on no account put on their hats before they reach the door; but when they do, they take a long breath, and have such a sense of relief to be in the free air, and comfort themselves with the thought that they have been good Christians!

Now, this idea of worship is narrow and false. The house of God should be a joyous place for the right use of all our faculties.

I had rather see a congregation laugh, when it is a sign of life in them, than to see them asleep under, appropriately called, sound sermons.

THE superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

POETRY.

TO THE CHURCH IN AFFLICTION.

BY R. W. STOKES.

"Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O, Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O, captive daughter of Zion."

Church of the living God, awake, arise!
And plume thine eagle-pinions for the skies;
Shake from thy robes the dust of evil deeds,
That mars thy beauty and thy growth impedes.
Zion, awake thee from ignoble sleep—
See, pitying angels o'er thee prostrate, weep!

The splendor of thy once refulgent light,
Now gleams but faintly 'mid the shades of night.
Thy deep revoltings—lust of pride and power,
Have brought upon thee midnight's darkest hour!
Arm of the Lord! thy mighty power put on,
To save the purchase of thine only Son!

O, God, restore Jerusalem her peace,
And cause the foes that trouble her to cease,
The iron bands that clasp her neck, unloose,
And make her wisdom's peaceful paths to choose.
Let Zion, captive, rise in armed might,
And hurl confusion 'mid the sons of night!

The foes that hate her, Zion, now assail,
High heaven forbid their dark designs prevail;
Spirit of Truth! through all her ramparts search,
And purify thine own, thy blood-bought Church.
Savior, O let thy steppings, as of old,
Be heard amid thy candlesticks of gold!

Bid reconciliation's day approximate,
And Zion's children with new joy's elate;
Then mourning soul's to seek thy law shall come,
Like doves, to Noah's window, hastening home!
Thy saints shall hover 'round thine altar, Lord,
To meet with thee, at thy communion board!

Restore, O, Lord, for thine own mercy's sake,
Jerusalem's glory—and from Zion take
The stumbling stones—the rocks of sinful ways,
That shade the splendor of her glorious blaze.

O, let thine all-pervading light abound,
And make her precincts consecrated ground!

Fair as the Sun that gilds the early morn,
When Virtue's graces all thy ways adorn—
Clear as the Moon's unclouded aspect bright—
Nations shall own thy soul—subduing might!
Church of the triune God! thou then shall be,
Like army bannered—terrible to see!

Ye men of Israel! let you strivings cease,
That God may pour on captive Zion peace!
He ever will the righteous cause protect,
And his anointed save—his own elect!
Pour on them Lord, thy pure anointing oil,
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On receiving a tiny bouquet of wild
flowers from the hills of our dear
New England.

Through all the warm, bright May-day,
My weary heart had sighed
For the green hills of the country,
For the river's cooling tide.

I was weary of the city,
Weary of the noisy throng,
That through the close and crowded streets
Went hurrying along.

Weary of stony pavements,
Instead of Nature's green—
Of high, thick walls, with only
Glimpses of sky between.

And I longed to breathe again, love,
The pure, sweet, Northern air,
To gather on our hill-sides
The treasures nestling there ;

To feel the cooling breezes
Kiss my flushed and fevered cheek ;
To hear their soothing voices
To my troubled spirit speak.

But while, with earnest longings,
I thought of them and thee,
Came thy precious little offering—
Bringing joy and peace to me.

The modest little May-flower,
The blue-eyed violet,
The bright and graceful columbine,
In tents of scarlet set.

How thrilled my heart with leasure
At the welcome sight of these !
As the true heart of a lover,
When the loved one's face he sees.

Straightway sad thoughts departed,
And happy memories, then,

Of hill, and vale, and streamlet,
Came to my heart again.

Thoughts of our pleasant rambles
On rare and bright May-days ;
When blossoms smiled, and robins
Sang us their sweetest lays

When o'er the green hills roaming,
We cast aside all care,
And thought alone of Nature,
The beautiful and fair.

Or when beside Old Ocean
We stood in silent awe—
And gazed upon the wild waves,
As they dashed against the shore.

All forms and hues of beauty—
Of earth, and sea, and skies,
Since the coming of thy flowers,
Have passed before my eyes.

And I thank thee for these glimpses
Of my loved and distant home—
When thou and I no longer
O'er the dear old hills may roam.

I thank thee for these flowers—
More dear than richest gem ;
I shall think of thee, beloved one,
Whene'er I look on them.
Philadelphia, May, 1858.

LOTTIE.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONVERSATIONS

Between a Mother and her Children.

NO. 1.

Matilda—My dear mother why did you look so sad this morning when my brother Henry threw away his bread?

Mother—Because, my love, I was sorry to see Henry so naughty ; I

know that many little children, and men and women too, would be thankful for what he threw away. It brought to my mind an anecdote of a poor old slave man. I will tell it to you my daughter.

Matilda—Oh, do mother !

Mother—Come here my naughty little Harry and listen to what I am going to say.

Henry—I am not naughty now, mother !

Mother—A lady of my acquaintance went to Savannah to reside. Where is Savannah, children ?

Children—In Georgia.

Mother—Yes. Bring the map, Matilda, and point it out to me ?

Matilda—Here it is, mother, on the right bank of the river of the same name, about fifteen miles from its mouth. The streets are wide, sandy and unpaved, and are closely shaded, our Teacher told us, with the beautiful flowering tree, (*Melia Azedarach*) Pride of India. Mother, have you not a drawing of that beautiful tree in your Sylva ?

Mother—Yes, I have it here in my Cabinet, and will show it to you. Observe its delicate pink flowers, they are of the natural size. This tree is a native of Persia, and for the beauty of its flowers, and the elegance of its foliage has long been in request in Southern climates for embellishing towns and adorning the environs of dwellings. It is so easily propagated in the maritime Southern States as to be ranked among their native productions. The poisonous principle which is found in this tree is spoken of by Avicarna, an Arabian physician, who flourished about the year 980. They cure the itch in Persia with an ointment made by pounding its leaves with lard. It grows with great rapidity to the height of 40 or 50 feet.

Matilda—What are those little green balls ?

Mother—They are seeds of the natural size.

Matilda—O, mother, if the South were not a land of slavery, how I should love to go there on a botanical excursion !

Mother—Yes, daughter Matty, you might make large additions to your Herbal.

Harry—Please, mother, *do go on* with your story.

Mother—A short time after my friend arrived in Savannah she had occasion to do some washing and was preparing to bring the water herself, when she was thus accosted by a female slave, "Not going to bring water yourself? Get one of the 'turned off' negro's to bring it!" The lady asked her what she meant by a "turned off negro?" "Why," replied she, "when the slaves are too old to work, they are turned off to do for themselves. If they can get anything to eat it is well, if not, they starve." She then called to an old man and told him the lady wished him to bring water. After he had brought a sufficient quantity the lady told him she was obliged to him, and gave him sixpence. He thanked and blessed her for her goodness, and retired. A few moments after she saw him with a wheat loaf, which he alternately kissed and pressed to his bosom, while floods of tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks. He approached the lady and again thanked her. She was surprised at the old man's emotion, and asked the female slave why he wept? "Ah!"

said she, "he may well cry, he has not seen anything like it these six months." Now, my daughter, do you wonder why I looked sad when your brother threw away his bread?

Matilda—No, dear mother, no, methinks I can see the poor half-famished old man now, looking so grateful.

Henry—My dear mother, I am very sorry I have been so wicked as to throw away my bread. If you please, mother, I will save all the money which grandmother and uncle give me, and buy some bread to send to the poor old man.

Mother—I rejoice, my boy, that you are sorry for your fault, always remember, love, that to *acknowledge a fault*, is the first step to improvement. Your intended kindness to the old man will avail him nothing, as he has long since passed away from this troublesome world, and is now, I reverently trust and believe, joined to that innumerable company who are redeemed from all nations, kindreds, tongues and people. Save your money, little Harry, and when you get a good sum, we will buy some bread and take it to the poor hungry shivering boys and girls in the lower part of our city.

Henry—(Clapping his hands joyfully) I will mother, I will!

Mother—Now, dear Harry, repeat after me these pretty verses I found in one of our school books, and try to learn them by heart:

"I must not throw upon the floor,
The crust I cannot eat;
There's many a hungry little one
Would think it quite a treat.

My parents take the kindest care
To get me wholesome food;
And so I must not *waste a bit*,
That may do others good.
The corn from which my bread is made,
God causes it to grow;
How sad to waste what he has given—
He would both see and know.
'Tis wilful waste brings woful want—
And I may live to say,
'Oh, how I wish I had the bread
Which once I threw away!'

ALICE.

Philadelphia, 5th month, 24, 1858.

RELIGION AND GOOD SENSE, AGAINST FORTUNE-TELLING AND CON- JURATION.

BY W. A. GREENLY,
OF NEW ALBANY, IND.

Jonas—Well, brother Joel, what do you think about this fortune-telling and conjuration I hear so much to do about in the neighborhood?

Joel—Well, I have thought but little about it, more than I have been astonished at some of our members trifling with such nonsense. It is all the works of the devil, and I have thought, and I believe I will say it, that none but the devil's people, will have anything to do with it.

Jonas—Oh, Joel! Why do you say so. Didnt you say just now that some of our church members were engaged in it? You certainly wouldnt say they were the devil's people.

Joel—Well! There are but two classes of people. God's people, and the Devil's people. And as fortune-telling and conjuration are the works of the devil, and believing that the people of God have nothing to do with

the devil's works, where shall we place those who do trifle with those things?

Jonas—Well, there is truth about that, sure. But I hardly know what to think about it. For there's old sister Colter, sister Potts, sister Newton, and several others who do believe in it, for I was talking with sister Potts the other day about it, and she told me there was no use for any body to talk to her, for she believed that people could tell fortunes, and that there were others could tell if you were conjured, and could cure you—There's old Uncle Caleb, and Uncle Saul. Both of them say they are Doctors and can tell fortunes. They belong to the church, and say they're on their way to heaven.

Joel—They may be on their way to heaven, but they will find, perhaps when its too late, that their way don't lead to heaven.

Jonas—I find one great evil about it, and that is this: Just let one of these old devils come into the neighborhood, and say he can tell fortunes, and you will see a host of silly women spend the very last dime they have to get their fortune told. And then complain of hard times, scarcely can live, can't pay their class money or quarterage—I love the minister and he ought to have his salary, but I must mind number one. Go to their houses, and you will find their children ragged and dirty, no clothes fit to go to school, while the poor silly mother is in one corner of her own house, or in some body elses, with a dollar in their

hand, (that she has scraped up by some hook or crook,) ready to pay the old fortune-teller as soon as he is done telling her that which she already knows, or that which she neither knew anything about, nor never will know.

Joel—Well, I am aware there are such people in the church, but be you assured they are not christians. They are not the people of God. For God's people have his Holy Spirit to guide them. Besides his word teaches them to have nothing to do with those who are enchanterers, witches, charmers, consultants with familiar spirits, wizards, &c., &c. See *Deut.* 18: 10, 11, 12, and 13; *Micah* 3: 11; *2d Kings* 21: 6; *Isaiah* 2: 6. With many other passages you may find in the Bible.

Jonas—You ought to have heard old sister Todd the other day, trying to persuade sister Enlew to get Uncle Saul to tell her fortune. Oh, says sister Todd, he told me so many things the other day that was so true. How he knew it, I can't tell. For I never seen him in my life, in them days. And I don't suppose he knew there was such a person as me living at that time. But he told me things that happened in them days.

Sister Enlew—What did he charge you?

Sister T.—Well, you see he has five dollars. But he only charged me three. And then I gave him his supper and breakfast, and he gave me some medicine for the Rheumatism.—Or at least, I had always thought it was rheumatism, but he said I was

said she, "he may well cry, he has not seen anything like it these six months." Now, my daughter, do you wonder why I looked sad when your brother threw away his bread?

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conjured, and he could cure me.

Sister E.—So he's a conjurer too, is he?

Sister T.—Oh, no, just a doctor!

Sister E.—The same thing. For if he can cure conjuration, he can conjure too. Well, sister Todd, I am really astonished at you! For I thought if there were any real sensible, true hearted christians in our church, you were one of them. But my faith is getting weak in you. And why? In the first place you told me that old Saul had told you things that were so true. And that you knew them to be true; and that you paid him three dollars. Now, why would you pay him for telling you that which you already knew? Why, my dear sister, there's not even a spark of good sense in that, let alone religion.

Sister T.—Yes, but then he told me some things that are to come to pass, that I wanted to know!

Sister E.—He knows no more about that than you do. He can guess at it, and so can you. It may come to pass, and it may not. And if it does, you'll know it time enough. You had better save your money and clothe your children, and send them to school, for they need it bad enough.

Sister T.—Well, its my money, and I guess I can do as I please with my own.

Sister E.—Well, I know you can. But I think, as a professing christian, you ought to do right with it. You ought not to encourage the devil's works with your money. Besides, I guess you have'nt more than you

would need, if you would do as you ought. And you are not the only one foolish in this respect. There are so many of our members running after old Saul, getting their fortunes told, spending their money to support the old devil, while our poor minister gets but little for his support. Now, I heard your leader say the other day, that you, and several others, had'nt paid a cent of quarterage this year. I don't know what the rest have paid out for fortune-telling, but you say you paid out three dollars the other day. This, I think is wrong. As for my part, I have no money to spend for foolishness. And if it would not be considered foolish, I would rather take a dollar and buy a cowhide, to cowhide old Saul out of the community. I belive it would be an advantage to the church and people.

Sister T.—You ought'nt to say old Saul; he's a brother in the church!

Sister E.—I know he is, but he ought to be out of it, and so ought all his patronizers. But then that's always the way with these low trash.—They must be in the church to be respected, because the doctrine is preached up, that you must love your brethren. Well, for my part, I don't consider such my brethren, if they do belong to the church, and I'm not going to have anything to do with them.

Joel—Well I think sister Enlew talked mighty plain talk. The right kind of talk too. And old sister Todd did'nt do much with her in the way of persuading her to have her fortune told. Sister E. has sense and

religion too; she's the woman for me. And my sentiments are her's. If I had my way, I'd turn every one of them out of the church before to-morrow morning.

Jonas—Well, brother Joel, I suppose your'e getting tired by this time. But I want to tell you quite a funny circumstance I heard the other day. You know old sister How? Well, she's always been a hard working old soul, toiling late and early to get rich. And now she is all the time crippled up with rheumatism, so she can scarcely get about. Some one told her she was conjured, and told her where she could find a conjure doctress, about five miles off. So old sister sets out to hunt, and finds her. The doctress of course understood her business, she looked at her a few seconds, and told her she was conjured and no mistake. She told her how she might know she was conjured.—Go home, says she, to granny How, and to-night when you go to bed, tie a half dollar right tight around your ankle, and to-morrow morning if the print of the money is on the ankle, then you may know your'e conjured. And if so, bring me five dollars tied close to the heart, so it will be warm when I get it, I will give you some medicine to cure you. Sure enough the print of the half dollar was on the ankle in the morning. And the old lady not able to walk so far, sends the five dollars by her daughter. But she could'nt find the old hag, and came home without the medicine, and the conjured woman is not cured yet,

and I suppose never will be till she dies.

Joel—Poor simpleton! Did'nt she know, that to tie anything tight to the flesh, would leave the impression?

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I can never keep anything," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep, if you try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear, resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had employed your time in searching for your missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time, and you have accused somebody, and very unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear: when you have mislaid any article keep your temper and search for it."

THE POOR BOY.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one

profane or vulgar word escape your lips, or smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and, if you are poor, but honest, you will be respected—a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

TRIFLES.

A gentleman engaged an artist to execute a piece of sculpture for him. Visiting his study after an absence of several weeks, it seemed to him that the artist had made little progress.—“What have you been doing?” asked the gentleman of the artist. “Working on this figure.” “But I see nothing done since my last visit.” “Why,” answered the artist, “I have brought out this muscle; I have altered this part of the dress; I have slightly changed the expression of the lip.” “But these are trifles,” said the gentleman. “True, sir,” replied the artist, “but *perfection is made up of trifles.*”

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The members of our Church, and others friendly thereto, are reminded that on the first Saturday in September, 1858, our Annual Conference for the Indiana District will take place in Chicago, Illinois.

We have a fine city, a good loca-

tion, an excellent climate, a hospitable community, and whatever else strangers might desire. Come see us, all you that may have ten days or two weeks of leisure upon your hands at that time, and we will not forget to entertain strangers.

M. M. CLARK.

NOTICE

To all Contributors to the Repository.

As we think of issuing the next No. by the last of August, so as to have the fourth No. by the first of December, 1858, and then we will be able to commence the first of the year, January. Contributors will therefore please hand in their articles as soon as possible.

Several essays were laid over on account of coming too late to press.
E. W.

NOTICE.

A number of Essays came too late to be placed under the head designed for them. Bishop Payne's could not, without disarranging the whole matter and incurring a double expense. And would say to all who write on the subject of religion, and such articles as must go through the printers hands first, should be here at least four weeks before the work go to press. Mark, it's not like having a press of our own; and where so much printing is done, it's like going to mill, every one takes their turn, and we hope that all who write for the Repository will commence in time.

E. W.

REPOSITORY

OF

Religion and Literature.

VOL. I.]

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1858.

[No III.]

RELIGION.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BISHOP ALLEN AND HIS COADJUTORS.

NO. 2.

BY REV. JOHN M. BROWN.

“And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.”—Dan. xii., 3.

Once it was asked, and well, too, “Who hath despised the day of small things?” The most magnificent structure—the most polished and massive intellect—the most thronged city—the most populous nation, as well as the most wide-spread system of religion, had their origin in a “day of small things.” So with the A. M. E. Church, whose efforts have been blessed and whose influence has extended from Maine, in the North-East, to Louisi-

ana, in the South-West, and leaping over that little neck connecting North and South America, pausing long enough upon the Isthmus to cast up one beacon to guide the traveler, lone and weary, whose soul panteth after the water brooks, flowing from Emanuel's side—pursuing its course, until the golden regions of California are made to rejoice in the God of their salvation. Africa and the Isles of the Sea have not been unthought of and uncared for. The sequel will fully justify the remark, that the African M. E. Church had a day, when, as the minister said, she was not seen, and her influence was comparatively unfelt, and unknown. The most sanguine expectation of Richard Allen did not lead him to hope for such an event as has since taken place.

HIS LABORS AND SUCCESS IN PHILADELPHIA

After he, by invitation from the Elder of St. George's Church, had preached, the efforts were so ominous for good, that he concluded to remain in that city "a week or two," preaching and holding prayer-meetings "in the Commons, Southwark, Northern Liberties, and wherever I could find an opening." He said that "*it was not uncommon for me to preach from four to five times a day.*" *I established prayer-meetings; I raised a society in 1786 of forty-two members.*" The first religious society organized by a colored man in Philadelphia, was organized by Richard Allen. He said, "I saw the necessity of erecting a place of worship for COLORED PEOPLE." Had there been one, there would have been no "necessity" for "erecting one," and clearly evincing the fact already stated, that the first colored society organized for the colored people, was organized by Richard Allen. He says, "I proposed it to the most respectable people of color in this city, (Philadelphia) but here I met with opposition. I had but three colored brethren that united with me in erecting a place of worship—the Rev. Absalom Jones, William White, and Dorus Jennings—these united with me." Noble band, these! Who dared brook the ignorance and short-sightedness of their own brethren, on the one hand, and intolerance of their white brethren on the other. But, Nehemiah-like, they refused all improper suggestions by merely replying, "*We are doing a great work, so that we can not come down.*" The

firm position which the trio took, caused them no little trouble, but the result has fully demonstrated the correctness of their course.

THE OPPOSITION AND ITS SOURCE.

If it is true that the Devil is the opponent of all good, then, inferentially, it may not be improperly deduced that his Satanic Majesty had much to do with those who opposed those who attempted to plant the first African Methodist Episcopal Church. We will see. Bishop Allen says, "As soon as it became public and known by the Elder, who was stationed in the city, he opposed the plan. The Rev. C. B. opposed the plan, and would submit to no argument we could raise; but he was shortly removed from the charge, and the Rev. L. G. was much opposed to an African Church, and *used very degrading and insulting language* to us to try and prevent us from going on. We all belonged to St. George's Church—the Rev. Absalom Jones, Wm. White and Dorus Jennings. We felt ourselves much cramped; but our dear Lord was with us, and we believed, if it was his will, the work would go on, and that we would be able to succeed in building the house of the Lord. We established prayer-meetings and meetings of exhortation, and the Lord blessed our endeavors, and many souls were converted; but the Elder soon forbid us holding any such meetings; but we viewed the forlorn state of our colored brethren, and that they were destitute of a place of worship. They were considered as a nuisance." The last

sentence expressed much, "*They were considered as a nuisance.*" Yet the Elder, either influenced by the "Evil One," or an undue zeal, opposed every effort to remove that evil. Allen and his friends only aimed at that, when they proposed to build a place of religious resort for their color. Impelled by the most generous feeling, which has actuated the breast of man—the salvation of his race—he knew no law of sufficient binding force, to bind the generous impulses of his nature, he, as did those noble men of God, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and their coadjutors, found himself at the head of a number of true men and women, who thrust him in front of the battle, and compelled him, without any previous intention to assume the position which has since eventuated so happily to our race. He says, "A number of us usually attended St. George's Church in Fourth street, and when the colored people began to get numerous in attending the Church, they 'moved us from the seats we usually sat on, and placed us around the wall,' and the Sexton stood at the door, and told us to go in the gallery. He told us to go and we would see where to sit.—We expected to take the seats over the ones we formerly occupied below, not knowing any better. We took those seats. Meeting had begun, and they were nearly done singing, and just as we got to the seats, the Elder said 'let us pray.' We had not been long upon our knees before I heard considerable scuffling and low talk. I raised my head up and saw one of the trustees, H— M—, having hold of Rev.

Absalom Jones, pulling him from his knees, and saying 'You must get up—you must not kneel here.' Mr. Jones replied, 'Wait until prayer is over.' Mr. H— M— said, 'You must get up now, or I will call for aid and force you away.' Mr. Jones said, 'Wait until prayer is over, and I will get up and trouble you no more.' With that he beckoned to one of the other trustees, Mr. L— S—, to come to his assistance. He came, and went to William White, to pull him up. By this time prayer was over, and 'we all went out of the Church in a body, and they were no more plagued with us in the Church.' This raised a great excitement and inquiry among the citizens, insomuch that I believe they were ashamed of their conduct. But my dear Lord was with us, and we were filled with fresh vigor to get a house erected to worship God in. Seeing our forlorn and distressed situation, many of the hearts of our citizens were moved to urge us forward; notwithstanding we had subscribed largely towards finishing St. George's Church, in building the gallery, and laying new floors, and just as the house was made comfortable, we were turned out from enjoying the comforts of worshipping therein."

DUTY NO LONGER QUESTIONABLE—THEY ARE STILL PURSUED BY THEIR ENEMIES.

He says that "We then hired a store-room and held worship ourselves. Here we were pursued with threats of being disowned, and read publicly out of meeting, if we did continue to worship in the place we had hired; but we believed the Lord would be our friend."

THEY PERSEVERE—FRIENDS COME TO THEIR AID.

"We got subscription papers to raise money to build the house of the Lord. By this time we waited on Dr. Rush and Robt. Rolston, and told them of our distressing situation. We considered it a blessing that the Lord had put it into our hearts to wait upon those gentlemen. They pitied our situation and subscribed largely towards the Church, and were very friendly towards us, and advised us how to go. We appointed Mr. Rolston our Treasurer. Dr. Rush did much for us in public by his influence. I hope the names of Dr. Benjamin Rush and Robt. Rolston will never be forgotten among us—they were the two first gentlemen who espoused the cause of the oppressed, aided us in building the house of the Lord for the poor Africans to worship in. Here is the beginning and rise of the African Church in America. Whether this succinct view of the *incipiens* which led the founder of our wide-spread connections to found in the name of God and outraged humanity, be justifiable or not, we are inclined to leave an impartial reader to judge. Luther left the Catholic Church because the Church wished to prevent him from teaching important truths. Wesley became unpopular with the Church of England, because he preached that Christianity was not a dead formality, but had life in it. Allen wished a colored Church, because he saw that white men did not do their duty to his race. He asked that he might build a house in which *his people* could worship the God of their fathers. He had this privilege

refused him. He attended St. George's Church, and from the seats he had formerly occupied, he had been driven. To the wall he was driven, and thence to the gallery, which his money had assisted in erecting. He was pointed, but still there was another bitter cup for him to sip from. While upon his knees, in the act of prayer, he was told, "You must get up—you must not kneel here." Did Wickliffe or Huss, Luther or Erasmus, Melancthon or Wesley, have a reason so potent to drive them from their Church? Did they? Highest act of devotion from man to his God—disturbed by an officer of the Church of God. Why all this? Was Richard Allen, less then, a child of God than he was the bleak morn of February, 1786, when invited within the inclosures of that hallowed spot, to present the claims of his Divine Master? Certainly not. Then is it improper for us to press the question: Is his claim less than those servants of God who separated from their Church in the Old Country and sought an Asylum in New England, and who shouted their deliverance from religious intolerance, when first their feet were placed safely upon Plymouth Rock. Noble Allen, Jones, Jennings and White, we venerate the hour when God inspired your noble souls to leave the gallery of St. George's Church.

THE abettors of slavery are weaving the thread in the loom, but God is adjusting the pattern. They are asses harnessed to the chariot of Liberty, and, whether they will or no, must draw it on.

REVEALED THEOLOGY.

BY REV. M. M. CLARK.

To reveal is to lay open, to disclose a secret, to impart from heaven.

Revealed Theology is that which the Deity has been pleased to disclose or make known to man, of his character and his works.

My task is therefore to say something, 1st. Of his character as revealed to us.

Every rational being has a character, it may be good, bad or indifferent. The Deity possesses a character peculiar to himself, the leading trait of which is, that every attribute which makes up that character, is perfect in itself. Nothing can be added—nothing diminished. His wisdom, which contrived the universe, is perfect, being clearly manifested in the perfection of his works in nature. Perfect wisdom must have contrived and put in motion the solar system, and subjected it to the control of definite laws, so that, for ages, it has moved in sublime splendor, without the least hurtful accident or violation of any known law of nature. Every planet moving in its sublime orbit, and keeping its own appointed circle around the father of lights, like so many guards and sentinels upon heaven's walls—keeping watch at nearer and farther distances from the great source of day. Here is a display of wisdom which no creature in the Universe would lay claim to without showing the most manifest presumption. Yet it was a work easy enough for perfect wisdom to contrive and to execute.

2d. Another attribute of his personal character, is that of his power.

Wisdom to contrive, without the power to execute, shows imperfection in any character. But in the Deity, his power is equal to his wisdom. Whatever may have been the length of time, so to speak, in eternity, ere the world began, the Deity was contriving the plan of this world. Scripture history informs us that within the short compass of six days, or 144 hours, this world, with its glorious component parts, by a power which is perfect in itself, stood forth to the view of the shouting sons of God. Here was perfection of power, leaving all rational creatures without ability to conceive of power more perfect.

"For from nothing, by power divine,
This world, in the infant moments
Of time, was born; and in maturity
Stood fast, as to-day is seen,
With sky uplifted—canopy-like—
With stars decked—like a jeweled
Crown—and the air a mild
Element in which to breath—the
Verdant earth to bear the sons
Of men, in innocence and virtue—
A footstool for Deity—and the oceans
To cool the whole."

But this world of wonders, mysteries and sublimities, must have eternally remained a secret to the sons of men, unless the Deity, in condescension kind, had been pleased to reveal it or disclose it as a secret, is made known to his intelligent creatures, and man was made to live and see its glories and enjoy its beauties. Thus we have natural theology revealed to us in the works of nature.

3d. Divine Theology. The Deity who is not an object of our senses to

make himself known to his creatures, must adopt some mode of communication, or they would have remained in eternal ignorance of his character. Hence the Bible is a book containing the full and entire plan or mode of Divine Revelation. The commencement of this revelation was like the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day. The natural sun, in the dawn of day, throws his first ray of light beyond the horizon, and continues to increase his brightness and glory till the wide world is illuminated in the glory of mid-day, and sends his heat, animation, and power to creation's limit. So with the Divine Revelation. The first ray of revealed light that was seen upon the moral sky, was contained in the prediction that Mary's son should destroy the Church's enemy. From that moment till Calvary was convulsed under the weight of an incumbent God, moral light or Divine Revelation increased upon the world like the increase of day. A ray of revelation was made to Enoch, which was repeated and increased to Noah, and cast its radiant light across the mighty flood to the days of Abraham, and then widened out through the branches of his family till the moral sun or Divine Revelation was increased to the brightness of Sinai's effulgent glory. From thence forward the Deity was wont to reveal his mandates from under the wings of the overshadowing Cherubim, or from the overhanging cloud of glory, till the days of the Judges who sat in the gates of arbitration. Then the prophets were heaven's mediums for Di-

vine Revelation, and kings, who were the Lord's anointed, till the hour when the world's *High* twelve had come, and the King of Heaven held an audience with the sons of men, and taught them his own divine precepts, embodied in the New Testament.

In the foregoing reflections we see how Divine Revelation has been made, and in conclusion we will make a few remarks upon what it contains. It contains history—history of the Creation—of the longevity of man—of the deluge—of the peopling the New World. It contains the history of the origin of Astronomy—enters into the very philosophy of the heavens above us—when they were made—how made—who made them—what they were made for, and their final destination, and that their Maker calls them all by name. It contains Geography and Natural History—locates the Nations geographically, and tells their future history. Gives the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable kingdoms, and gives us the best philosophy on Hydrostatics or of the philosophy of water. It contains a history of the origin of Language and its adaptation to the organs of speech, serving as a medium through which God makes known his will to man, and answering as a means of social and genial happiness.

Finally, its influence upon the world of mind, intellect and morals.

Revealed Theology, ascertained in the Bible, clears away all Pagan mist and darkness hanging about the origin and final destiny of man, and leads us into the fair temple of his nobility

and eternal felicity. It explains the secret of man's accountability and of rewards and punishments—of the resurrection and final judgment, which Heathen Mythology could never disentangle from Mysticism and Superstition. By Revealed Theology, the pathway of man, from the cradle to his grave, and from his grave to his ultimate glory, is made as luminous as mid-day and rendered as stable as the pillars of heaven. It is to the moral world what the sun is to the natural. It purifies private and public manners—softens constitutions, laws, and modes of government—gives activity and stimulus to the great world of mind in the pursuit of useful discoveries—mechanical science, arts and trades. Gives animation to commerce and agriculture—enlightens the world of intellect—quickens in the path of science and useful learning—rears up temples of education, and plants the sanctuaries of the living God in the remotest regions of the globe—scatters tracts, Bibles and missionaries the world round—tears away the foundations of superstition and idolatry, and crumbles in the dust thrones and monuments of infidelity, and points a penitent world to bleeding Calvary. Such, briefly, is Revealed Theology, “and so mote it be.”

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

BY WM. H. TURNER.

It charms the ear of the listener as well as that of the performer. It was an ancient custom to praise God upon the instrument as well as with the

voice, and such a dear lover of art are we, that we rejoice that the custom has not been crushed out by those who have not heart and taste enough to appreciate it. It has been a general impression among our people that one cannot be truly pious and perform on an instrument; but with the better informed classes of the Christian community this impression is not so prevalent. Music is melody or harmony, formed by a single combination of sounds, consonant to the ear. The air, or leading part, cannot of itself form this combination. Hence it is formed by a number of voices (human) or by a combination of instrumental chords, and it appears that God in his wisdom endowed with this science, for the purpose of proclaiming his own glory, as well as for the enjoyment of his creatures, by inventing these assistants of sweet harmony. The instruments of olden time were the Harp, Lute, Lyre, Viol, &c. The instruments of modern times are the Piano, Harp, Melodeon, Organ, Guitar, with various wind instruments. Bass is termed by musical authors the foundation of music. Bass is to this science what the feet are to the body, or the strong foundation to the house, without them neither would be permanently sustained: a full accompaniment of bass voices cannot always be obtained, hence the necessity of an instrument to fill the accompaniment, or if any other part be deficient, the instrument, if an Organ, Melodeon or Piano, they will make up the deficiency. There is no more difficulty in a number of persons singing

with an instrumental accompaniment, than there would be with three or four, providing that they understand time in music, and this is acquired by steady practice. Another great and essential use of an instrument to the vocalist, is to assist the voice—it is like a brace to the mechanic, in supporting some structure that is likely to give way, the voice, at times, becomes weak and loose its pitch or key, hence the necessity of the instrument to brace it. Also it assists one in comprehending the chromatic or diatonic scales, which tone require the most acute ear to distinguish, whereas the instrument is an infallible guide. When the toils of the day are over, what is more entertaining than to sit down amidst our family circle, and enjoy their sweet melodies. The soprano by a loving wife, with a sweet voice cultivated in youth, assisted by a daughter whose secondo would arouse the drowsy, and to complete the trio, the Piano or Melodeon by the father, sustaining those parts. It is such a scene as that makes home pleasant. It was this feeling that caused Martin Luther to exclaim, "Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow, and the fascination of evil thoughts." There are many secular pieces that may be performed by one truly pious, without violating their religious feelings or the creed of their Church. Pieces that are strictly true in sentiment, sensible, and written in poetic language, for example, "Be

kind to the loved ones at home," "Sweet Home," and many others we could mention. We have among us some poets whose writings should be set to music, as much so as the poetry of Burns and Moore: we love to read them—why not sing them? Many of them are sublime—they are the written sentiments of the heart—the productions of the brain, caused by thinking. Our desire is, encourage them. In conclusion, a word to teachers. The teachers of music have been held somewhat in derision by the church-loving community, and I can only account for it in this way. They have, in former days, been given too much to licentiousness, which should not have been the case with them, for they have souls to be saved, or lost to all eternity, and if the study and knowledge of this art and science be the means of their destruction, I think that it should be immediately abandoned. We know that a good musician can no more do without an instrument (professionally) than can our Bishops and Elders without a knowledge of the Bible or Church discipline—either are essentials.

But I think that a reformation in this direction have been in progress for some time among the professors of this Art. Numbers can now be cited, who hold honorable stations in society, and they are strict members of our Churches. Music affords its varieties, as do our books. The man who will become the constant reader of every pernicious book that may be published, will be sure to have his

mind affected thereby. Well, as with books, so with music. Then let professors and students study and practice the higher order of the science.

Louisville, Ky.

THE WORLD'S CONVERSIONS.

The Means to be Used.

BY WM. H. HUNTER, of Georgetown, D. C.

Why should the Gospel be preached to the Heathen?

This question is one of the greatest importance, and in answer to it I will offer the following reasons:

First. Christ has declared that "the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in *all the world* for a witness unto all nations."

Secondly. Christ commands his disciples, saying unto them, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." And he said unto them, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and likewise we are told that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations beginning at Jerusalem."

When, if the Gospel is to be preached as Christ has asserted in all the world, and for a witness unto all nations; and if the command of Christ is to be regarded, when he says to his ministering servants, "Go ye, therefore, and teach *all nations*." If they are to discharge their duty, if they are to fulfill the commission given, and preach the Gospel to every creature, then the heathens are included, for they form a great portion of the world.

Again, the Gospel should be preached to the heathens, because it contains the riches of heavenly knowledge, which every man must have in order to reach heaven, the city of the living God. The light of nature was given to man in his original upright condition, it is therefore not adapted to his case as a sinner condemned by the violated law. It reveals God only as the God of power, wisdom, goodness and justice, but not as the God of pardoning mercy. "For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God; it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." Then the Gospel speaks and points to Christ as the mercy of God and the salvation of them that believe and obey his word; and the Gospel is the medium through which the glad tidings of peace are conveyed to all men. "And the spirit and the bride say come; and let him that heareth say come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Such are the invitations of the Eternal to all mankind, of every grade or nation under the canopy of heaven. Then the Gospel must be preached, that these invitations may be made known to the family of man.

Again, the Gospel shows to us the love of God in giving to us his only begotten Son to redeem us, and to open the living way to the Saint's everlasting rest, and if we are thus benefited, who with the light of civilization are blessed, what must be its effects upon the Heathen? The Gos-

pel of the Son of God causes the Heathen to burn his god of wood, to cast away his god of gold, to demolish his god of stone, and praise the only true and living God. For by the Gospel the Heathen are brought to know that Jesus, the son of God, has gone to prepare in the house of his Father, in the mansions thereof, a place for them, that where he is, there they may be also.

By the Gospel only, can the savage and the civilized learn this—therefore we should break forth into singing. We should shout for joy when we remember that by the Gospel this fact has been made known. "The Gospel must first be published among all nations." Yes, its promulgation is of so much importance that the angelic host are employed in telling it to all nations. For one of the inspired writers, who has described the work of redemption and the beauties of the city of the New Jerusalem, the one who heard the cries that proceeded from under the altar, the one who heard the voice of Him who declared himself to be the Alpha and Omega, says, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel, to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT CAN BE DONE

To Reach and Save the Erring?

BY T. STROTHER.

All, certainly, have been done on God's part that should necessarily

have been done, for God, acting as God, could never have stopped short of that, as it would have left him at fault in the matter. But it is as certain that much remains yet to be performed on the part of every Christian, as it is certain that God has performed his part of the work.

In view of the question propounded above, I think it a matter of all importance, that those who are Christians, who have started aright in the Christian career, should free themselves from all known errors and sin, for this, certainly, is now, and has ever been, the great hindering cause of success in the many ten thousand fruitless attempts which have been made for the accomplishment of good in reclaiming and reforming the erring.

I will here name some of the errors and sins which I think are but too prevalent with every Christian in the land, or nearly so. There is the sin of the love of the world, but is it true that a Christian can love the world? That is a question to be settled, and I know of no better way to settle it than by inspiration, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John ii. 15. Now, is it possible for a man to be a Christian without having the love of the Father? Reason and experience teach us that it is not, hence the matter stands thus, no man can be a Christian without the love of the Father. No man that loves the world has the love of the Father, therefore, no man that loves the world is a Christian. We think this settles the question fairly,

for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, (or, desire as epeithumea seems more literally to mean) the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world. If any man, therefore, is filled with these, how is it possible for him to be a Christian? The love of the world is perfectly impenetrable for the space that it takes up or fills, cannot possibly be taken up or filled by anything else at the same time, hence the impossibility for a man to be a Christian, while he is in love with the world.

Pride is another great hindrance also to success in religious operations, and therefore should be got rid of by every Christian, and must be, before they can expect success as Christians, for St. Peter says that God resisteth the proud. So then we see that there can be no co-operation between God and his people if they cherish pride in their hearts. Prejudice is another great hindrance, which is the offspring of pride. I was forcibly struck with the working of this thing in the case of a white lady in a certain community where I chanced to stop a short time once, having made my acquaintance. She undertook to give me a relation of her grievances. She had moved into a certain city, and after having become somewhat acquainted with the citizens, she selected her Church and began to visit it, but had not made many visits before she discovered that her room was better than her company, and seeing this, and feeling greatly trammelled, she ceased to visit that Church. This kind of treat-

ment she received merely because she proved to be a poor woman, but still she felt that to have the privilege of worshipping God was a great thing, hence she turned her attention to a colored Church in the place, but she says she had gone but a few times before they routed her there, not because she was poor only, but because she was both poor and white. They were too aristocratic to have white members in their Church, unless they were of the first class of whites in the city. The lady above mentioned is quite a nice one, the whole complaint was that of being a very poor woman.

Her husband told me he did not make any pretensions to religion, but that he thought it very strange the way they had treated his wife. I cannot hear now of that woman visiting Church at all.

I certainly would object to have to go to the bar of God as a preacher, from a congregation in which a matter of this kind had occurred, especially so when, knowing as I do, that I am to be judged by Him, whose love for the poor once brought Him from heaven to the earth, where he suffered all the calumny that the ingenuity of wicked men could invent, and then died a shameful death on the cross, that the poor might have the Gospel preached to them.

In answer then, to the question, What can be done to reach and save the erring? I would repeat, let every Christian put away his own known errors and sin, which come up before him in a thousand forms, and this has

to be done before the case of all the wicked can be properly reached, for I hold that it is God's intention to effect the salvation of the wicked, mainly through human instrumentality. How weighty then, is that responsibility that rests upon every Christian, and not only upon every Christian, but upon every professor of religion, for in this case the nominal Christian is not free from responsibility, for if a man puts himself in the place of a good man, he has to bear a good man's burden. Then, I repeat, that God has done all that should necessarily be done on his part for the salvation of men up to the present hour, all that he can consistently do.

Then how does the matter stand as it regards the number that is still found out of safety's ark? Why, there certainly are hundreds and thousands and multiplied thousands of men and women who are this day out of the ark of safety, and consequently are on their way to hell. Well, who is at fault in this? Some one or more of these parties are; God being the first party, we have seen that he is not at fault, the fault then lies against each one of the other two parties, against them that are in the ark of safety, and against them that are out of the ark of safety. I believe that every professor of religion in the land, or nearly so, is greatly at fault, for the number of those who are in the way ruin being as large as it is. God has ever intended to effect the salvation of men through the exercise of human agency, but if that agency has been inoperative and un-

faithful, we may expect the result to be just what we see it, hundreds and thousands on their way to death and hell.

The want of Christian union and Christian fellowship stands greatly in the way of the progress of religion throughout the land. Professors of religion, who are even of the same faith and order, are hostile to each other, as is found in a great many instances, by which their religious influence is destroyed as far as they are known, and it is also found to be true that professors of religion, who are of different persuasions, are hostile to each other throughout the whole number of each one of such different denominations, and in a great many of such instances, merely because they are of different denominations, and this not only shows a want of sincerity, but it also shows a want of vital religion, and where this is the case, there can never be much effected for God in the salvation of men.

If these hindrances, with many others too tedious to be mentioned, were all removed, as they should be, then might we expect to see something great effected in the way of reclaiming and reforming the erring.

Now to remove those impediments which stand in the way, as noticed above, would be but for professors of religion to place themselves in such a position before the Lord as would enable him to work wonders in the salvation of the deathless spirits of men, for God must work consistently when he does work.

I think God's word will bear me out in the position I take, for David said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Psalms lxvi. 18. God cannot hear our prayers if we regard sin in our hearts and cherish it there. David says he had to put his sins away before the Lord would hear him. If this, then, was the case with Christians who lived in the darker ages of the world, is it unreasonable to conclude that God will not hear the prayers of professors of religion in this enlightened age of the world, if they regard iniquity in their heart.

Again the Apostle Paul says, "Let every one that names the name of Christ depart from iniquity." 2 Tim. ii. 19. But why be so careful to depart from iniquity? He gives us the plain reason why in the last verse of this chapter, that they who are truly Christ's may win the erring from the snares of the Devil. Then let every Christian in the land put away his sins and purify his heart, and live and act according, and the erring will be reached and reclaimed, and God's great name will be glorified with all.

LITERATURE.

ON GENERAL LITERATURE.

BY REV. BISHOP D. A. PAYNE.

What is Literature? What its objects? What its relations to man? What to God? These are the questions we propose to examine—to answer.

There are several kinds of literature, each deriving its character from the end proposed, or the subject which it considers and about which it treats.

The word itself is from the Latin *Literatura*. "Learning; acquaintance with letters or books. Literature comprehends a knowledge of the ancient languages, denominated classical, history, grammar, rhetoric, logic, geography, &c., as well as of the sciences." Such is the definition of Webster.

We have said there are several kinds of literature.

a. Historical, which embraces monographs and biography, as well as the history of States and of Nations. This kind of literature is also either sacred, profane or ecclesiastic.

b. The Scientific Literature, which treats of separate and distinct sciences, purely such, as the science of geography, the science of grammar, the science of botany, the science of geology.

c. Religious Literature—This embraces a vast number of questions, all of which, and every one of which relates to the great absorbing subject—Religion. The publications of the American and English Tract Societies belong to this horde of literature; so,

also, does that great and good book, the Pilgrim's Progress, the Saint's Everlasting Rest, the Great Commission.

d. Light Literature.—This also includes a great variety, such as the common newspaper tales; the common tales and flippant articles so characteristic of the American secular monthlies and secular weeklies. That great monthly, the Eclectic Magazine, is a reprint of the best European articles, and is of a different type, being generally massive and scientific or philosophical. Light literature also embraces novels and romances, those gilded baits by which Satan leads so many young men and young women to *shame*, to *infamy*, to *misery* and to *hell*!

e. Philosophical Literature.—This is highest kind and the most useful to men of letters and deep research. This species of literature sits in judgment, examines, and decides the relative value of all others.

To shine in any one of the other departments require minds of more than ordinary capacity; but to shine in this, a man must possess a towering intellect, a thorough education, and must have made very deep researches in all the departments of Science.

To this rank of intellectual power and wealth, the world's, England, France, and Germany, have as yet given the largest contributions. In what century hence, will Africa reproduce her share? After the lapse of nearly one century, America, with all her pride and bombast, has produced

but very little, and yet she tauntingly demands of blind Africa, where is thy tribute?

My answer is this, just as soon as God will open her eyes, and plume her wings, to soar with the eagle of civilization, and bathe herself in the sunlight of Christianity, she will contribute largely of her peculiar gifts to the treasury of the world's intellectual power and the world's wealth, as durable as her *ebony* and *ivory*, as rich as her golden ores, as transparent and vigorous as the rush of her mountain torrents, and as sublime as her tropical sun, whose burning rays produce at once the most ardent temperaments and most luscious fruits beneath the circling heavens.

The object of literature is to collect, preserve and transmit to posterity the fruits of the intelligence, the knowledge and the learning of the men of all nations and all ages—to exhibit in their own native forms, things past, things present and things to come. Hence it is the great medium of instruction to mankind.

By means of literature, the educator, the philosopher, the divine, can send to distant nations, and transmit to unborn generations the thoughts, the ideas, the emotions, the convictions, the sentiments of their own minds, the minds of their own lips, the deeds of their own hands.

By means of literature they can instruct and rule mankind ages after their voice is hushed in death. By this medium they can perpetuate their existence on earth, at the same time

they are enjoying immortality in heaven.

Behold, gentlemen and ladies, behold the wondrous power of literature! There are indications on the pages of Inspiration, that the antedeluvians investigated science, and made discoveries in the arts, but why have not these investigations and these discoveries reached us? The answer is seen in the legitimate inference, that they had no literature, or if they had, Noah's family was ignorant of it. Science is always good in itself and useful in its legitimate influence. So also are the inductions of philosophy; but if there be no literature to preserve them, they must necessarily perish in the death of those who discovered the one and made the other.

It seems to me this is the truth respecting the arts and sciences, the learning and wisdom of the antedeluvians. The only clew we have to the learning and wisdom, the science and arts of the Egyptians and Babylonians, are the mystic hieroglyphics upon the monuments and pyramids of the former, and the slabic walls or statues of the latter, found in their exhumed palaces by the labors of Layard and others.

But even the learning, science and art, indicated by these symbols, would have remained forever hidden, if the key to their meaning had not been given in the Greek Literature of the Rosetta Stone.

Who would have known, in these late times, that Homer and Virgil sung their melodious lays and struck their harp sublime, or that Plato and

Socrates taught their generations the nature of men, of things, of the gods? But literature has collected, has preserved, has handed down to us the thoughts, the manners, the wisdom of these poets, of these philosophers; and thus we have the data by which we can judge of the progress of humanity in knowledge. Thus we can compare these poets, these philosophers, with Milton and Shakspeare, with Leiburtz and Kant, with Bacon and Sir William Hamilton.

Respecting Mathematics, how could we have known that the unchangeable principles of Geometry were first discovered and reduced to a beautiful system by Euclid.

But Literature has furnished us with a knowledge of this fact, and also, that the labors of ages have not been able to produce anything better, and that the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, of Herschell and Leverier, are all based upon the principles first taught by the exact and giant mind of an African!

Respecting Theology, who among us could have known the thoughts, the words, the opinions and deeds of Chrysostom and Origen, of Tertullian and St. Augustine? And that for centuries their sentiments and teachings ruled the Christian Church, and even now influence the minds of the learned and tincture the instructions of the lecture rooms, both in Europe and America!

Respecting Revelation, we should have been ignorant of the doctrine of heaven and of a hell, of the resurrec-

tion of the body, of the immortality of the soul, of eternal life and its unseen glories—of Enoch, whose lofty piety exalted his soul above sin and his body above the grave—of Elijah, whose integrity to God entitled him to ride from earth to heaven in a chariot of fire, and of Moses, whose face reflected the dazzling glory of the Deity—of David, whose sacred lyrics resounded through the valleys of Judea, whose harp seems to have been strung and tuned in heaven, the vibrations of which are now heard in the sanctuaries of the Most High?

Were it not for literature who could have known that man was made in the image of God, that the Eternal proclaimed his will to Israel amid the fire and smoke, the lightnings and thunders of Sinai, that the son of Mary is the son of God, and that he who died upon Calvary now reigns upon the Throne of the Universe?

Verily, verily, the Bible itself is a piece of literature—the only difference between it and any other, is the fact that it is sacred, because it is inspired—it is binding upon the conscience, because it is the Word of God.

Here then, we have—*now* then, we see the relations of Literature to God. It is his chief instrument of instruction to man. Other instruments are important, such as the living human voice, in the lecture-room or in the pulpit—but while the human voice faints and dies, literature never faints, never dies. It is the chief, because while other instruments perish by the changes of custom and the ravaging hand of time, this knows no change

but the change of progress from better to best. It is the chief, because no instrument of instruction are capable of such multiplicity, and this multiplicity increases with the population and civilization of the globe. At first the Scriptures were written only in Hebrew, then in Greek. Now it is printed in more than two hundred different tongues! *Then*, only the rich could purchase one; *now* the poorest can obtain a copy for a single dollar, if he can pay for it; for nothing, if he cannot. *Then*, only priests and bishops could read them—*now* the scavengers and the chimney-sweep can peruse the wonders of Revelation.

The voice of Peter, which threw all Jerusalem into excitement and fury—of Paul, that confounded the Athenians and instructed the Romans—of John, that made the Churches of Asia tremble, have long been hushed in the silent tomb; but their glowing thoughts and burning words, preserved by the immortal hand of Literature, are still instructing, enlightening, guiding and animating the Church militant. That tongue, which spake as man never spake; that hushed into silence the thundering storm and howling sea, which called the dead to life and drove scampering devils to hell, have long since ceased to instruct his murderous countrymen; but his gentle precepts, his sweet, cheering promises, his unchangable statutes, his threatnings, more awful than the intonations of the archangel's trumpet, are still heard in the echoes of sacred and religious literature, instructing the ignorant of

all lands, of all nations, strengthening the weak, encouraging the good, rebuking the wicked, forgiving sins, sanctifying the humble, the contrite, and leading from victory to victory, from earth to heaven, his own redeemed, his sacramental hosts.

Thus we see that the most brilliant thoughts of genius, the most judicious maxims of sages, the most valuable discoveries of empiric philosophy, the predictions of prophets; still more; the very teachings of the incarnate Deity might have perished, had they not been preserved and transmitted to us by the immortalizing hand of literature! Are you not astonished at the immortalizing power of literature? Behold another still more wonderful—its translating faculty, its power to change its form, so as manifest itself to men of every clime, every color, every age, and to shower its blessings upon the broad earth. Remember that the Old Testament was written in the Hebrew language, and forget not that the New Testament was written in the Greek. Now if literature possessed only the immortalizing, but not the translating power, then the life-giving truths of the Bible would have been known only to the handful of Jews and Greeks that still remain here and there upon the face of the earth. To all other people and nations, kindreds and tongues, it would have been a dead letter, a sealed volume, a mere literary curiosity, seen only by a fortunate few, who might have wandered among or read the strange histories of these strange people—the Jews and the Greeks.

But literature traverses the globe—she has already manifested herself to many nations—she moves onward to bestow her blessings upon others. O, Literature, palsied be the tongue that speaks against thee, and withered the arm that would drive thee from the sanctuary of the Lord! For thy most beautiful wreaths are hanging upon the cross—thy richest trophies laying at the Great Redeemer's feet!

AN ADDRESS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH SATCHEL.

Respected Friends:—It is with no ordinary emotions of pleasure that we, the students of this University welcome you to "Wilberforce," to witness and enjoy our exercises on this anniversary occasion.

It greatly encourages our youthful hearts to be assured by your presence here that there are so many who have our welfare and best interest at heart. For this you have our sincere gratitude and love. We will give you the best that we can, and hope that you will be in some degree repaid for the pains you have taken to visit us.

We feel that we have been blessed with the appreciating smiles of heaven to aid us in our efforts for moral and intellectual advancement; yet while this sweet assurance of divine power makes our hearts leap with joyful elasticity and hope, memory bids us pause and shed a tear of deep regret o'er the grave of one who would have mingled her merry voice with ours on this happy festive day; but alas! while we thought not, the dark death angel

hovered near, and she whom we so fondly loved has been borne away by angelic convoy to a fairer home, to mingle in the joyful songs of heaven forever.

"Heaven has one angel more, we one sister less,"
Whom none knew but to love, none named but
to bless."

Kind Trustees, you that have left your cheerful homes and loved ones, and have assembled yourselves together for the purpose of making laws and devising means which will secure the best interest of this University. We turn to you to offer the sincere gratitude of our hearts. We hope the day is not far distant when "Wilberforce," like that great and good man whose name she bears, shall become renowned—when thousands of anxious listeners shall annually resort here, impatiently waiting to drink in rich draughts of knowledge.

Dear Agents, what offering of love and gratitude shall we return to you for all that you have done for us? We are not insensible of the great sacrifices which you are making for us, suffering from winter's cold or summer's heat; liable to the many calamities attendant on traveling; exposed to the bitter taunts and galling epithets of those who hate us, and those who delight in our oppression and ignorance. Then it is, dear agents, that we remember you, and pray that guardian angels may hover near and smile upon your efforts.—Often when absent from us, may you be found defending our cause with the wicked, or encouraging the hearts of our friends, or bowed before the mer-

cy seat imploring heaven's choicest blessings upon the teachers and students of this University. But where shall we find words to express our obligations and our gratitude? Should we attempt to utter all we feel, words would be as empty sounds.

To you, my friends, who, like myself, are identified with that poor, despised, oppressed race, the sound of whose clanking chains and gory lash are daily, yea hourly wafted on the breeze to our ears, making our hearts bleed in sympathy for them, to you let me say, if we expect ever to realize the fond hope that this glorious day foreshadows, that the time will soon draw near when we as a people shall have our entire rights and liberties; then, in the language of Beecher, "We must educate." Parents, give your children a thorough and useful education; teach them pure and lasting lessons of virtue and holiness; instill within their young and impressive hearts a longing desire for learning and liberty.

We feel that we are highly favored of heaven in being permitted here to assemble. Pupils, teachers, trustees, and friends. We to perform, you to witness, and all to rejoice together in advancement we have been enabled to make, by the aid of heaven and the untiring zeal of our loving teachers, who have done so much for us. We boast not, for we feel that we have little to boast of, and yet we do feel that we have ample room to rejoice and to be thankful, first, to our Heavenly Father who has blessed our efforts; and secondly, to our kind Trus-

tees and patrons, who have procured for us these precious privileges which we are now enjoying.

'Twere needless to solicit your patient forbearance and indulgence for our imperfections—your friendly faces bespeak it in advance, and as you shall meet here each succeeding year to listen to our anniversary exercises, we shall aim to make such improvement as shall easily be perceived. And we hope in some degree to prove ourselves worthy of the great interest you have taken in our behalf, and of the golden facilities which you are so generously providing for us.

ITEMS HERE AND THERE.

BOOK NOTICE.

Another book is out, and that by a colored man—by an old friend, a useful and energetic man. Every member of the Indiana and Mission Conference are either personally or by reputation acquainted with WM. JAY GREENLY, of New Albany. Mr. Greenly for many years was Secretary of the Indiana Conference, and more than once has he attempted to move the quill, but has not, to my knowledge, been before specially moved upon to become an author. "The Three Drunkards," "Husband, Don't Stay Long," "Ira Perkins and the Pen and the Press," is the title. The whole is conducted in a style which at once pleases and fascinates. Indeed his illustrations go far to use up the ugly habit of drinking "a leetle too much," and the utility of total abstinence from all intoxi-

cating drinks. Get and read the book everybody. Only twenty-five cents, to be had of Mr. Greenly, New Albany, Ind., and from most of the preachers.

Rev. A. Green has laid upon our table "The Last Will and Testament of Rev. Charles Avery," a useful little book, and every colored man should have it. Most of our readers are aware that Mr. Avery has bequeathed to the free colored people of the United States and the Canadas the sum of \$300,000, and every free colored man has a right to say how that money shall be disposed of, and in order to say so intelligently, he should have that little book. It can be had of Rev. Mr. Green, Detroit, Mich., for 15 cents.

Bishop Payne has published recently "*Questions upon the Creeds, designed to aid Candidates for the Ministry, and others in acquiring a knowledge of the Truth.*" He has said much in a little, and said it well; and no minister should be without it, and no Candidate for orders need expect advancement unless he passes muster upon these questions. The Bishop is emphatically a working man. He works for the mind and body. The book needs no commendation from our pen, it is enough to say Bishop Payne prepared it, to be assured that it is no common place affair. It can be had from Bishop Payne directly, or from either of the editors of the Repository, at 15 cents per copy.

NEW CHURCHES.

This has been emphatically the year for new Churches. There is no greater evidence of the prosperity of any community than the erection of new buildings, nor is there any more positive evidence of the prosperity of any religious community, than the erection of good and substantial houses of worship. Philadelphia Conference has completed two new temples to worship God in. The one in the city of Philadelphia is a handsome house, all brick. Rev. Stephen Smith deserves great credit for the part he took in the matter. Three houses have been completed in the Indiana Conference, Indianapolis, Quincy and Galesburgh, Ill., and in the Missouri Conference, Quinn Chapel, of Louisville. The last named Chapel eclipses all. It is the handsomest temple that we have in the West. God bless the little band of that Church. The dedication of that Church took place Sabbath, September 5th. Rev. Willis Miles, that old pioneer in New Orleans and that region, completed the church, but to do as itinerants generally do, he enters upon the field in another region. He fights with all the vigor of a youth. Rev. John Turner is his successor.

THE CONFERENCES

Have all closed. We had the pleasure of being present at the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Missouri Conferences. We must say that these Conferences all give evidence of vitality. The Baltimore Conference numbers in Membership, 5,489, (including Probationers); the Philadelphia Conference,

5,950, (including Probationers); the Missouri Conference, 2,249, (including Probationers); total, 13,678.

These three Conferences, suppose they were all baptised with the right spirit, what could they not do in the work of publication and evangelization? A more hopeful day dawns. God speed it!

J. M. B.

Baltimore, Sept. 21, 1858.

PROGRESSION.

BY JAMES A. HARDY, of Baltimore, Md.

It is the destiny of man to move onward, as since the Creation the world of matter has been rolling through the Universe: so has the world of mind been moving towards its God. Since the day that Adam roved monarch of all he surveyed, man has never gone to rest till something new was found, and the morning sun has never housed him to life, but to do that which had not been done before. I speak of the world's progress as a whole, and yet every one has done something toward it. The little child that thought one thought and spoke one word and died; the poor savage, that never heard of God, save as the wind and the sea may have taught him; the learned fop, the idle drone, the wise philosophers, each, in a different degree, has exerted an influence upon the world of mind that eternity can never efface. Each one contributes to the general progress, whether he wills it or not. Some may not, to our weak comprehension, appear to do so, but we should remem-

ber that this world is a vast machine, which none but its Maker fully understands: we gaze upon it as an ignorant person looks upon a watch, we see regularity, but cannot tell what part each little pin and wheel bears towards thm. Some minds exert an influence for good which all can see. Thousands exert a greater influence which none but God can see. The actions of some are all vile and unclean, and appear to work nothing but evil, but abominable as they may be, they work for the general good, and around them will often spring great and blessed results—they are like the fertilizer that ripens and brings forth the most delicious fruit, and sweetening the most delicate flower. Progression, that magic word, practically carried forth into action, has whitened the great deep with countless sails of commerce; dotted the world with cities, towns, and villages; girdled the earth with canals and railroads; strewn the ground with books, volumes and letters; beautified the land with temples, colleges, and school-houses of learning; and to-day the lightning is man's swift winged messenger—transmitting thought as swift as thought can move. And the proud waves of the Atlantic are compelled to bear the cable while John Bull converses with Brother Jonathan. Such is progression, and with the blessing of God (and religion in the soul) the progressive mind of man is destined the boundary of the mouldering tomb: yea, to snatch immortality from the iron grasp of death, and roll on in living grandeur, glory, and

light, through a ceaseless, wasteless, round eternity.

VISIT DOWN EAST.

(CONTINUED.)

BY REV. ELISHA WEAVER.

Philadelphia is a beautiful city—her streets are kept cleaner than any city we have ever visited—and in this city I had the pleasure, for the first time, of seeing the spot upon which that great man, William Penn, stood, and made a treaty with the wild Indians; and to this day his name stands in remembrance with that class of people. I also had the pleasure of seeing some of his right hand planting, viz.: sycamore trees, &c.

I must say, before leaving this part of my subject, that while I love the city, with all its grand appearance, I would recommend that some, if not all, of the great host of idlers to migrate out West, and we can find employment for them if they will roll up their sleeves and wade into it with a willing mind.

But the time is passing away, and Wednesday night, the 19th of May, is here, and they have appointed me to fill the desk of Big Bethel to-night, and I must think in prayer a little, &c. I took for my text, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Lord seemed to have been in the speaker, and in the congregation it was a glorious time, and my reader, just imagine to yourself that you were there and participating.

Lord, may we all meet in heaven, grant it, &c.

Thursday morning Conference met. Business was dispatched with order and decorum. Though the brethren were sparring at each other some, &c., the day passed off very well, indeed. At night I was not able to get out, and therefore I cannot tell what kind of a time they had.

Friday morning, May 21st—This day was a little cool, and had to have a little fire made up in the stoves, but I believe the boys got warmed up, for it seems that they had a very warm time of it, and kept the Bishop busy to keep them right.

Saturday, after the business was through for the day, the appointments were read for Sunday, and whilst listening to the different appointments I heard my name read out for Big Bethel. As I had preached once and "kinder" got my name up, you know I did not want to get it down any. Well, Sunday morning came, and the Rev. James A. Shorter led off at 10½ A. M. Here, permit me to say, that he got into the heart of the people. Yes, he is an able speaker—he had carried the people up so high that we felt that it was almost impossible to convey them, onwards and upwards, to Canaan, fair and happy land.

Three o'clock came, and I went into the—but oh, the crowd—more than three thousand had gathered in, and they were still coming. Our heart almost failed us, but as we depended upon the Lord, we took for a foundation to stand upon, "Who so looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and

continueth therein; he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deeds." St. James, i. 25. What I done with it, I will leave my hearers to say.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SPEECH,

Read before the Preacher's Association in Quincy, Ill., on "What is Conscience?"

BY REV. T. STRATHER.

The word "Conscience" is derived from *Socneidea*, a Greek word, which signifies a secret testimony of one's own mind against himself, or for himself, just as the facts may be in one's own case. It is an unavoidable connection of wrong, though ever so secretly committed, and a secret of whatever is right.

Conscience may be explained to be the mind, the understanding. It is one of the great moral powers of the human soul, by the exercise of which, the soul discriminates between good and evil, between right and wrong, which will always serve human beings as a proper guide, until the soul becomes extremely initiated, after which, she may not guide them so correctly, or at all so. Nor do I believe that a small amount of crime will so disable conscience, as to disqualify her entirely for the feeling of her office. By the regular perpetuation of dark crimes she may greatly weaken her discriminating faculty, even in the course of a few years,

yet her discernment is so strong and clear that it certainly takes a great amount of palliation to render her useless, entirely, as a proper guide. Hence, if we should find one destitute of a proper conscience, or of all conscience, (and certainly we may find many such) we may safely conclude that such a one is the greatest of sinners.

Now, about the constituent principle of conscience we may differ. I hold that it is a certain amount of supernatural light which is imparted to every rational human being, by the Author of our Being, and it may be, that he has determined to partially, or entirely withdrawn, that light, when the soul shall have sinned to a certain great extent, seeing that her destruction is inevitable, after which such a one is left to believe any and every lie, and to be eternally condemned.

Then, if this be true, there can be no such thing, in fact, critically speaking, as conscience becoming literally vitiated. The word conscience is often put for soul, as we read in 1 Tim. iv. 2, "Having their conscience seared with a hot iron;" and in Titus i. 15, "But even their mind and conscience is defiled."

Here we see that the inspired penman makes the mind and conscience the same. This is clear from his using a verb of the singular number. So the searing and defiling, as cited is meant of the soul, conscience having been used, metonymically.

When the soul becomes greatly defiled, she may be compared to an

ungovernable horse that flies the track with his rider, having become so wild and ungovernable that his rider is no longer able to control him, or the soul and conscience may be compared to a lady and her alarm watch, which she used, that she might be notified of the hour to arise, which used to awaken her precisely at the time, when she would arise and go about business, but after awhile she became indifferent about arising when awakened, and still her faithful alarm watch would awaken her at the proper time, but refusing to arise for a great number of times, and falling off to sleep every time, instead of arising, the alarm failed to awaken her, and she says she used to sleep right on as though no alarm had been given. In like manner after the soul has become greatly vitiated, she utterly refuses to hear the admonitions of conscience, and sleeps right on until she reaches eternal perdition, where she is locked up to sleep throughout the long night of eternity, if sleep she can.

A MAN will confess sins in general; but those sins which he would not have his neighbor know for his right hand, which bow him down with shame like a wind-stricken bulrush, those he passes over in his prayer. Men are willing to be thought sinful in *disposition*; but in special *acts* they are disposed to praise themselves. They therefore confess their depravity and defend their conduct. They are wrong in general, but right in particular.

SCIENCE.

HYGIENE.

NO. 2.

BY DR. W. R. REVELS.

In a former article we endeavored to define the term Hygiene, and to point out a few practical rules pertaining to this important subject, in regard to the development and healthful preservation of the bony structure. In the present number I shall direct attention to the Hygiene of the Digestive Organs.

It is a well established physiological fact that the human body, from the earliest period to the cessation of its existence, is constantly undergoing decay and renovation—composition and decomposition—so that at no two periods of life can an individual be said to possess the same constituents or essential elements of his physical organism. The functions chiefly concerned in producing these changes are the following, viz.: Respiration, Circulation, Absorption, Nutrition, Calorification, Secretion, and Digestion, the last of which more particularly will form the theme of the present article. And as it is altogether impracticable to present the subject of Hygiene without attending somewhat to the anatomy of the organs involved, we shall consider it in this relation throughout our entire discussion of this important subject. The food nec-

essary and essential to the nutrition of animal life is scarcely ever found in a condition ready for absorption, it has, therefore, to undergo the process of digestion, the object of which is to separate the nutritious from the effete material, the former to be appropriated to the various wants of the system, and the latter to be cast off as no longer useful. The organs usually included in the digestive apparatus are,

1. *The Mouth*, which contains the instruments of mastication (the teeth), to which we referred in our last, and the organs of taste. The mouth being the entrance to the elementary canal, should by all means be kept clean, and in a proper condition for the reception and preparation of food for its subsequent digestion. A very good rule on this subject, particularly for those who are addicted to the annoying, filthy, indecent, and unnatural habit of using tobacco, would be to thoroughly cleanse the mouth with pure water just before and immediately after each meal, and I am well satisfied, from a good deal of observation, that the neglect of this simple and common sense rule, is the very foundation of many cases of sore mouth, sore throat, and that ever to be dreaded derangement dyspepsia, and there are some special benefits incidental to the observance of this rule, among which, I will mention, as wor-

thy of all acceptation, "the *preservation* of the teeth, and a sweet *breath*," and this latter benefit, I am quite sure, will not fail to commend itself particularly to the female portion of my readers.

2. *The Salivary Glands*, which are six in number—three on each side of the jaw. These are termed in technical language, the Paratid, Submaxillary, and Sublingual. It is well known to physiologists, and established by numerous facts, as well as by observation, that each organ in the system is excited to healthy and efficient action when influenced by its appropriate stimulus. Accordingly nutriment food, which is adapted to the demands of the organism, imparts a healthy stimulation to the salivary glands during the process of mastication. "The food which is well masticated and has blended with it a proper amount of saliva, will induce a healthy action in the stomach," unless it be properly masticated, and has a due proportion of saliva intermixed with it when it enters the stomach, it is not possible for that organ to dispose of it as it otherwise would be able to do, and as the healthy or normal functions of the general system require. Hence the great impropriety, as well as danger of too rapid eating.

If you would have healthy servants give them time to eat. If laboring men would be healthy and prepared for their toils, they should not eat as though each meal were the last. If gentlemen of leisure, and students especially would avoid indigestion, let

them by all means attend well to the proper mastication of food, and especially be careful not to waste or exhaust the saliva which healthy digestion requires, by chewing or smoking tobacco too soon after eating.

As these glands supply fluid to moisten the food, the common practice of using large quantities of liquid, either tea, coffee, or even water, is not only unnecessary, but highly injurious while taking a meal, inasmuch as it tends to induce disease, not only in the salivary organs, by leaving them in a comparative state of inactivity, but in the stomach also, by the deficiency of the salivary stimulus.

But another objection to this almost universal practice, is, as shown by Dr. Cutter and others, to give undue distinction to the stomach, and then by lessening the energy of this organ, while at the same time the gastric juice is so largely diluted as almost entirely to destroy its peculiar functions, and thus essentially interrupt the process of digestion. And if the custom which everywhere prevails of placing drinks on the table could be done away with, the evils to which we have referred would, to a great extent, cease. This habit is not natural, but acquired, for it is well known that the lower animals, who are governed entirely by the instincts of nature, pursue a different course. The horse is never known to leave his provender, nor the ox his blade of grass, "to wash it down," but many persons from habit drink and eat at the same time, as though nature had not made provision for the moistening of the food,

preparatory to digestion, and its fiscal destination.

If we would not violate the use and fixed laws of natures—laws of health; if we would regard our own physical well-being, we should eat at one time, and drink at another.

3. The *Æsophagus* and Stomach come next in the order of the digestive apparatus. The *Æsophagus* is a continuation of the Pharynx, and is that duct commonly called the gullet extending from the mouth to the stomach, in which it terminates. The stomach is one of the chief means of preparing food for the nourishment of the body. Its shape has been compared, not inappropriately, to the bag of the Scotch bag-pipe, and is capable of containing, in the adult male when very moderately distended, about three pints.

It has two openings—one connected with the upper portion of the small intestines, and is denominated *Phyloric Orifice*. The stomach is provided with a great number of small glands, from which is formed or secreted the gastric juice, a peculiar fluid which acts as a powerful solvent upon matters with which it comes in contact. This organ has three coats, but is principally composed of a strong muscle, which has a peculiar action, turning the food around, and, as it were grinding and mixing it. This process reduces it to a pulpy mass, when it is carried into the *duo-denum*, where it is mixed with the bile secreted by the liver, and is then ready to be acted upon by the absorbents, which are

placed along the digestive tube, and takes up all that is fit to enter the system for its support.

In preserving the stomach in a healthy condition, it is of the utmost importance to guard against an excess of food at any one time.

If the digestive organs are weakened or diseased by any cause whatever, so that but a small quantity of food can be digested or changed, that amount only should be taken, whatever the demands of the appetite may be, for food does not invigorate the system in proportion to the quantity taken. But rather in proportion to the efficiency of the digestive organs to change and prepare it, to be received into the system as has been previously mentioned.

Excessive quantities of food, as perhaps every one has observed, are rather calculated to oppress the stomach and produce a feeling of dullness, or general languor, than to nourish the system. Hence, when we intend to make any extraordinary effort, either mental or physical, at least for one meal, we should take less food than usual, rather than a great quantity, and this rule is worthy of being specially regarded by ministers of the gospel, as well as other public speakers and literary men.

The quantity of food best calculated to supply the wants of the system is modified by a great variety of circumstances, upon which, of course, our space will not permit us to dilate at present. We may possibly do so at another time, and in a more substantial form.

We will only now remark that these modifying circumstances are, among others, the following: Mode of preparing food, avocation, state of health, exposure, habits of life, season of the year, and climate. These all influence the condition of the system, and consequently modify the quality as well as the quantity of food which should be taken. And I will only farther remark, in this connection, that in view of the distensible character of the digestive tube, that the food should always contain a due proportion of innutritious, and nutritious material. If deficient in the former, the tendency is to produce costiveness and a general inactive and diseased condition of the digestive apparatus. Consequently, unbolted wheat bread is more healthy than hot "fine flour cakes." Ripe fruits and vegetables are preferable to rich pastry and jellies. And just here I will venture to say that nine-tenths of all the cases of constipation, indigestion, or dyspepsia throughout the land depend primarily upon a disregard of the quality and quantity of food taken.

The difficulty with us is, that we eat too much, too fast, the wrong kind of diet, and are not sufficiently careful as to the manner of procuring even the right kind of food.

Upon this subject we cannot refrain from introducing the following terse and highly practical observation of a recent author:

"The circumstance that different articles of food contain different proportions of waste or innutritious mat-

ter, may be made practically subservient in the following way: If at any particular season of the year, there exists a tendency to diarrhæa, an article that contains a small proportion of waste should be selected for food; but if there is a tendency to an inactive or constipated condition of the intestinal canal, those articles of diet should be used which contain the greatest proportion of innutritious matter, as such articles are most stimulating to the digestive organs, and consequently most relaxing."

It may be well to remark farther, in this connection, that highly stimulating food by persons of ordinary health may be used almost with impunity during the cold season of a northern climate, but in the warm season and in a southern climate, it would not fail to produce disease, consequently animal food being more stimulating than vegetable diet, can be used to advantage in the winter season, but vegetable food should be used more freely in the spring and summer.

And it is on this principle that the fats and other animal substances, which alone constitute the living of the inhabitants of the Polar regions, would utterly destroy the dwellers in the torrid zone. Hence, God has provided abundantly of the vegetable productions of the earth for the sustenance of the latter, and of animal food for the former, and in this arrangement, among other things, is clearly manifested the "tender mercy and loving kindness of God" towards

all the creatures of his hand. But upon this we cannot dwell.

4. The Intestines. These are the lowest portion of the digestive apparatus, and constitute a muscular membranous canal, extending from the pyloric orifice of the stomach to the termination of the rectum.

The human intestines are from six to eight times longer than the body, or upon an average, in the adult, about thirty feet, and hence the number of convolutions in the abdominal cavity. The intestines are usually divided into the upper and lower, or large and small. The small intestines have three divisions, viz.: the *Duodenum*, *Jejunum*, and *Illium*. The large are the *Cæcum*, *Colon*, and *Rectum*.

As has already been intimated, the food, after remaining in the stomach sufficiently long to reduce it to a homogeneous mass, passes into the intestines. During its passage along the alimentary canal, the nutritive matters contained in it are taken up by the absorbant vessels with which it comes in contact, and is by them conveyed into the blood for the purpose of supplying the system with the materials of life and activity. All this process of digestion must be carried on in a regular and proper manner or this wonderful machinery will get out of order. The powers of life will become enfeebled, the body will become diseased, "the silver chord will be loosened," the golden bowl will be broken, the wheel broken at the cistern, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and man will very often, too,

before his time, go to his long home, as the result of a determination to gratify his appetite and passions, in violation of the plain and unalterably established laws of health.

I will conclude this article by suggesting a few short and simple hygiene rules, which cannot fail to be of service to those who will observe them.

(1.) Take sufficient time to eat.—If you are compelled to eat in haste, either take very little food, or wait until you have time to take a full meal.

(2.) Never eat and drink at the same time, or if you must drink, let it be very sparingly, and let the food and drink be of a medium temperature neither too cold nor too hot.

(3.) Never take food just before, nor immediately after severe exertion either of body or mind, as the digestive organs will be in a state of comparative debility, and consequently unfit properly to digest the food. From half an hour to an hour should elapse after the cessation of severe application of mind, or employment of body, before food is taken.

(4.) By all means abstain from eating at least two or three hours before retiring to sleep, otherwise you will subject yourself to unpleasant dreams, unrefreshing sleep, and in many instances cholic pains, and a variety of other inconveniences.

(5.) If you would have vigorous and healthy digestion, keep the skin clean, the bowels open, the conscience clear, sleep in well ventilated rooms, and take free exercise in the pure open air, and you will have but little

occasion for medicine, and will be prepared for usefulness in life, and to enjoy it yourself in a substantial and rational way.

With these rules we must close the present article, though the subject admits of almost indefinite expansion. In our next we shall consider the Hygiene of the organs of respiration.

BIRDS.

BY S. G. B.

Of all the classes of animals by which we are surrounded in the ample field of Nature, there are none more remarkable in their appearance and habits than the feathered inhabitants of the air. They play around us like fairy spirits, elude approach in an element which defies our pursuit, soar out of sight in the yielding sky, and journey over our heads in marshaled ranks. Like meteors in the sunshine of summer, or seeking the solitary recesses of the forest and waters, they glide before us like beings of fancy. They diversify the still landscape with most lively motion and beautiful association; they come and go with the change of the seasons, and as their actions are directed by an uncontrollable instinct of providential nature, they may be considered as concomitant with the beauty of the surrounding scene.

With what graceful sensation do we involuntarily hail the arrival of these faithful messengers of spring and summer, after the lapse of a dreary winter, which compelled them to forsake us for more favored climes. Their songs,

now heard from the leafy groves and shadowy forest, inspire delight, a recollection of the pleasing past, in every breast. How volatile, how playfully capricious, how musical and happy are these roaring sylphs of nature, to whom the air, waters and the earth are like habitable. Their lives are spent in boundless actions; and nature, with an omniscient benevolence, has assisted and formed them for this wonderful display of perpetual life and vigor, in an element almost their own.

We will now speak briefly on the description and character of a beautiful bird, commonly called the

BLUE JAY BIRD.

BLUE JAY—(*Corvus Christatus*.)

This elegant bird, which, as far as I can learn, is peculiar to North America, is distinguished as a kind of beau among the feathered tenants of the woods, by the brilliancy of his cress; and like most other coxcombs, makes himself still more conspicuous by his loquacity, and address of his tones and gestures.

The Jay measures eleven inches in length—the head is ornamented with a crest of light blue feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure; a narrow line of black runs along the front set, rising on each side higher than the eye, yet not passing over it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BIRD.

CATESBY AND PENNANT.

Back and upper part of the neck a fine light purple, in which the blue

predominates; a color of black proceeding the hind head, passing with a graceful curve down each side of the neck to the upper part of the breast, where it forms a crescent; chin, cheeks, throat and belly, white: the three former slightly tinged with blue; greater wings coverts a rich blue; exterior sides of the primaries, light blue; those of the secondaries, a deep purple, except the three feathers next to the body, which are of a splendid light blue; all these, except the primaries, are beautifully barred crescents of black, and tipped with white; the interior sides of the wing feathers are dusky black; tail long and uniform, composed of twelve feathers of a light blue, marked at half inches with transverse curves of black, each feather being tipped with white, except the two middle ones, which deepen into a dark purple at the extremities; breast and sides under the wings, a dirty white, stained with purple; inside of the mouth, the tongue, bill, legs and claws, are black; iris of the eye hazel.

The Blue Jay is an almost universal inhabitant of the woods, frequenting the thickest settlements as well as the deepest recesses of the forest, where his squalling voice often alarms the deer, to the derangement and mortification of the hunter, (and, indeed, I have often read of hunters who would kill every Jay that they could meet with.) In the Spring, when every thicket pours forth harmony, the part performed by the Jay always catches. He appears to be among his fellow musicians what the trumpeter is in a

band. Some of his notes having no distant resemblance to the tones of that instrument. These he has the faculty of changing through a great variety of modulations, according to the particular humor he happens to be in. When disposed for ridicule, there is scarcely a bird whose peculiarities of song he cannot tune his notes to.

The Blue Jay builds a large nest, frequently in the cedar, and sometimes in the apple tree, lines it with dry fibrous roots, and lays fine eggs, of a dull olive color, spotted with brown. The male is particularly careful of not being heard near the place, making his visits as silently as possible. His favorite feed is chesnuts, acorns, and Indian corn, and sometimes pays a plundering visit to the orchard, cherry rows and potato patch, and has been known, in times of scarcity, to venture as far as the barns, and enter through openings of the weather-boarding. In these cases he is extremely active and silent, and if surprised in the feat, makes his escape with precipitation, but without noise, as if conscious of his criminality.

MONEY VERSUS WOMEN.

*Read before the "Gidding's Lyceum,"
Wilberforce University.*

Mr. Chairman: The question is, "Which will a man go farthest for, money or woman? I take the position that man will go farther for woman than he will for money, and will endeavor to prove what I assert. We must not suppose, sir, that man,

debased as he is, is beyond the love of wealth, that he worships not the "almighty dollar" more, alas, than the good and wise God who created him! We know full well how the inordinate love of wealth turns the head of many, how many privations they will endure, how much they will do for a few glittering piles of gold; we know what seas of blood they will wade through, what diabolical crimes commit, what depths they will dive down into the bosom of the sea, how high they will soar amid the clouds for the love of money; we know how much they will forget their manhood, how they will turn the sweet flowing fountain of nature into a corrupt and hellish pool of sin and woe; for this "dust dig from the bowels of the earth, which on being cast into the fire, comes out a shining thing which fools admire and call a God."

But for woman, man will do that which gold could not purchase of him. Sir, if man will go to the bottom of the sea for money, he will go farther down still for woman, for instances are innumerable where he has went down to the bottom of the "bottomless pit" for her. If he will sail amidst the clouds, in his aerial car, for gold, woman can point beyond the clouds, beyond the blue sky point into the very center of the "Holy of Holies," where her redeeming love has led man. I know that woman can lead me where money could not begin to draw me. I know that it is so, too, with most men. Men go to California and the Australias for gold, but in nine cases

out of ten they have their eyes on some woman ere they go, or are married, and only venture that they may have ease and comfort with the woman of their choice.

Man has traveled many weary miles to see "the loved ones at homes," forsaking all prospects of wealth, all bright ideas of a golden store, for "all that glitters is not gold." Money cannot buy peace of mind, a satisfied conscience, nor a happy home. A true woman can give us all of these, and more, she can, by her loving, winning ways, her days of devoted affection, her uncomplaining cheerfulness, draw us away from sorrow and gloom, and make our day dreams happy.

Woman is God's last and best created work, approaching nigher unto the Great Jehovah himself than any other breathing creature in the world; the most perfect, the purest, the happiest work of the Creator; the most gentle, kind, and affectionate; the loveliest and most loveable, and we but pay her a just tribute when we bow before the shrine of her holy love.

I would traverse the globe could I but see my sainted mother—but I can never see her again in this world—there's another, not a sister, not a mother, that I would lay my life down to serve: she knows that. Mr. President, she has been true, amidst storm and calm, through good report and foul, and I know she has done for me that which money could not purchase for me. She first led my stubborn soul to humbleness and prayer, and in

earnestness I found grace in the sight of my God. For months she hath begged me to pray, I couldn't act the hypocrite, but I began to investigate, and have come into the full blaze of light, and can now see clearly how much I was in the dark before. I would lay my life down willingly to serve that woman, and I believe that I only did my duty. Money could not purchase a willing forfeiture of life from me, nor any other man I ever saw who had a soul.

A woman that truly loves a man, or a man that truly loves a woman, stops not to enquire "How much is she worth?" Her *love* is wealth enough for him, and *vice versa*. Love and a crust is happiness, it is not perishable; sorrow sleeps beneath a golden crown, whilst cheerfulness lurks beneath the homely rustic's red flannel night cap.

Woman's love is unbounded, her sympathy is deeper than the "mighty deep," whose heart has not beat with the liveliest emotions at the heroic deeds performed during the late "Crimean War," by one dear woman, whose name is as a household word—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Those thousands of rough men of war, whose bosoms were bare to the hail of bullets, the storm of shot and shell they there encountered, who stood the shock of war throughout that long and bloody strife, would each and every one lay down his life to save hers, which was "a gem of purest ray serene," in that bloody pool.

See the never-dying love, the ardor

and devotion, the ever-burning hope of Lady Franklin, and the number of lives that have been sacrificed in the search for her lost husband, now an icy monument of the futility of trying to peer into the forbidden secrets of the far "Polar Regions," where Old Winter, shivering and cold, sets perched on his crystal throne, and hurls the pale mantle of death around all who dare approach his chilling presence.

Mr. President, I know that man will do much for money, will encounter many trials; for money, endure privations *almost* to the dissolution of nature—but for woman he will do more than this—he will lay down his life for her. I have an instance fresh in my mind now, where a young man ran a great risk for a woman who had once befriended him—he saved her life, but lost his money by doing so.

You may have money sir, you may scale the walls of time, dive into the depths of the sea, soar amidst the clouds for money, delve into the bowels of the earth, murder, rob, and commit all manner of crimes; you may drag the Leviathan from the great briny deep—"afar drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car"—flash electric thought through the wide waste of waters, or drown nature's fair face in the bloody pool of war, for money. You may do what you will, what you please, yet, for all, that is noble, generous and manly, for all that is honorable, loving and humanizing, man will go farther for woman than he will for money.

O. L. D.

ECONOMY.

ECONOMY.

(CONTINUED.)

BY REV. ELISHA WEAVER.

My dear readers, this is the third time that I have appeared before you in public print upon the subject above named, and what shall I say so as to get down into the very depth of the soul, to excite the emotions of your heart in the great scene of Economy. I propose, dear reader, to offer you some rule or rules by which you can get a start to make a respectable living. Suppose you average \$1 per day the year round, and you would save one dime a day out of your wages, but says you, "If I can't save more than that I will not save any, for that's no money." Very well, let us see, at ten cents per day, the year round, would be \$36:50—that's some money at the end of the year. Well, let us trace it up a little further, and say, suppose A. or B. continue for seven years, what will it be then? Why \$225:50—the interest of that would be \$8:61—this, added to the above, will give \$234:11. Now, my reader, I think this would be what is called true economy, and, by the way, let me say that economy is the road to wealth. This is one of those self-evident truths that meet with a ready and a universal

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assent. Some one says that it is even a truism, that it is as physically impossible for money to accumulate without saving, as for a leaking vessel to hold water. Now, my readers, my great aim in writing these essays is to meet the wants of our people, and all others in a similar condition. Now it is not a very hard matter, sometimes, to get hold of money, but a very easy matter to get shut of it. Again, in order to economize, save the money you throw away in burning cigars. "Oh," but says you, "I don't miss that, for I must smoke as soon as I eat my meals." But hark, do you know what it will cost you a year to burn cigars—let me tell you as a friend, suppose you buy your cigars at a penny apiece, you eat three meals a day, well, that will be three penny's a day, and three times 365 is \$10:95 a year, to say nothing about what you give away to your friends—this is actual money thrown away. But, readers, how many can we find in this day that will smoke a penny cigar? Why its precious few, if any. Well, some will spend five cents a day for the weed, and what will that be a year? Why five times 365 you know, is \$18:25 for a single year, without saying anything about our friends, whom we give one-third, if not one-half, as much as we use. Now, dear reader, suppose you

get sick and have no other clew but to the \$18:25, with a proviso, you had, if you laid it by for safe keeping, instead of burning—why that amount might save your life, for you can always find friends when money is about. But, my readers, let us examine the matter a little further: Suppose you smoke none but five cent cigars, which nine-tenths of nearly all that smoke do, and they, of course, must smoke three times a day; very well, what will that be a year? Why fifteen times 365, you know, is \$54:75. What, in one year, yes, in one year, But mark, I have said nothing about those who smoke and chew tobacco in connection with their smoking, which, of course, will at least be one-third of what the cigars cost, and this added, which is \$18:25, to \$54:75, gives us the round sum of \$73, to say nothing about our friends who sponge on us, nor nothing

about the amount spent for brandy and rum. Now let me ask, how can a young man ever expect to be worth anything under such circumstances, it seems to me that it is morally impossible.

And now, my friendly readers, I am led to believe that as you read over this article, if you have wasted your hard-earned labors in the way pointed out above, that it will so startle you that it will break you of such habits immediately, and resolve to save that into some Saving's Bank, or some other place where it may bring an income, to take care of you when you shall have become old, if it is the good Lord's will you should. And as I have more to say on this subject in the future, and don't wish to tax your mind too heavily at a time, I shall therefore bring my remarks to a close.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKETCHES HERE AND THERE.

BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP AUSTRIA.

Five hundred lives lost in a watery grave by the burning of that steamer! Oh, where are they? In eternity, prepared or unprepared! Friendly sinner, stop, think, and prepare before judgment overtakes thee! Austria, thou that had so many souls aboard of

thee to convey across the ocean deep? They are gone—gone from time to eternity! Friends of the lost who were on the Austria, think thy end is near!

The Baptists of this State had a Convention to legislate business for the Church. I met with them some several times, and was treated like a brother by the pastor of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Simmons, who is a Christian and

a gentleman. He is a rich man's son. Why can't all who are ministers carry out that God-like principle fearlessly, and in the fear of God, while he takes the preacher who is of a different hue, by the hand, and invite them up to his pulpit—he fears no danger—he takes him by the hand and invites him, in the midst of some 60 or 70 delegates, to take a seat, and then sit down by him. He is not ashamed to do so, because he is a man of God. May God bless him in his noble effort to do good.

The Friend's held a Yearly Meeting at Plainfield, in this State, for the first time. It is said by those who were present and seen the house, that it is the largest house in the State to worship in. One of the leading members of that body is the Rev. Friend B. C. Hobbs, whom I had a good hearty shake hands with to-day in the JOURNAL office. And he too, is a friend indeed. He saw a copy of our Repository, and seeing that it was the talent of colored *men*, he paid his dollar without a word, and gave us his address, and, by the way, he used to be my old school-master.

We are sorry to hear that one of our contributors, Prof. Campbell, have been so sick that he could not get here to lecture for us, as was expected.

The yellow fever is said to be very bad in New Orleans—60 to 70 dying a day. It is making its way up the river. Look out, everybody, for it is coming.

Bishop Payne's health is very poorly at present, but it is to be hoped that he

is mending. The Lord grant him a long life to do good among his people. Amen. E. W.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

There was a world of pent-up faith, of confidence, of awed reverence, of most solemn love, in that utterance of desolate, homeless, Hager, when she listened to the august angel of the Covenant, who met her near the fountain in the highway to Shur, and bowing her head said, "Thou God seest me." All was wilderness, all was lonely, yet there God saw her and communed with her. He, after whom she looked, looked upon her.

And so it is. That sleepless eye is all-seeing. None escape its ken.

Mourner, in thy sadness—heart-stricken and lonely—whose friends have deserted thee—God sees thee. Neglected by man, forgotten by human friendship, but ever present, ever remembered. There is nothing terrible in that eye-glance. It is the look of tender compassion.

Rest thee—rest thee, victim of hate, whose reputation is being hunted down—whose friends are afar—whose enemies are near—whose last hope is ready to die. God sees thee! In him is justice—in him is power. Innocence shall have its vindication, some time, if not now.

And thou, too, whose purest aims and most spotless motives have been misconceived and misrepresented, whose virtues have been published as vices, whose charities have been tortured into selfishness—thou hast thine

appeal. Heavenward lift thine eye and repeat, "Thou God seest me!" "Thou knowest my motives—to thee I commit my cause." And this do in the assurance that he will "bring forth thy righteousness as the noon-day."

That eye is on thee, Christian man, Christian woman!—on motive, will, and wish—on duty performed or duty neglected—on deeds of mercy performed for Christ's sake and humanity's, and on deeds which man calls good and kind, but which he sees are selfish and ostentatious. Men—church officers, pastors—may be deceived—God, never.

That long walk at eventide, to speak a word of cheer and leave a temporal blessing in the hut of poverty—that he saw, though studiously concealed. He saw it, and it shall have its reward.

Or, if you turned away from one whose social position was obscure, yet who was one of God's jewels, and written in his book—then, too, that eye saw.

That minister who sat down in his study and gleaned gems here and there, who heaped up beauties which wore human praise but hid the cross of Christ, who thus studied that he might win a name, who so artfully studied as to hide all art and seem to be still an earnest, sincere worker—did he not forget, or did he sometimes remember the word of the bondmaid?

It is a fearful thing to be a popularity-seeking, a man-pleasing preacher, and all the time under that burning eye! O God! thine eye searches a pastor's heart so rigorously—who dare, unbidden, seek to brave its scrutiny?

And yet, Christian pastor, when toil is thankless, when duty is unpleasant, when the church is cold, when sermons carefully prepared fall powerless, when no fruit appears—then, having a consciousness that God's glory is ceaselessly sought, how sweet to look up to the great Master and say, "Thou God seest me!"—to realize all that you have done is duly recorded *there!* Why, but for this, O man of God, you had long since fainted.

Man of sin, man of duplicity, darkness weaves no covering from that eye of flame. It sees through midnight thy sin. Vail thyself in darkness, such erst sabled doomed Egypt, and still conscience will ever and anon wake with the cry which sends terror thrilling through thy soul, and predestates thy destiny of woe—"Thou God seest me!" Aye, ME! Lookest into the very center of my polluted being. Seest ME! me, in my misery, in my crime, in my *beginning hell!*

O man of the world, is it worth while to attempt to hide from God, because man sees you not? Be not deceived. God is not mocked. He sees you, and he will judge you.

THE LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

The following article, from a correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript, contains some considerations for those who have not yet entered into matrimonial bonds:

One of the greatest questions that is at present forcing itself upon the considerations of the age is the great one of whom shall we marry? and as

a supplementary to that, what shall work the dissolution of the marriage bond? These great questions have, for years, with the subtle analysis that marks our times, received profound attention from the physiologist on the one hand, and the psychologist on the other. I wish in this article to give a review of the opinion of each of them.

The prevalent psychological belief on these matters has found its expression in the pages of novelists. It is that marriage should be the result of an overmastering and usually blind sentiment, technically known as romantic love. That such a sentiment as this does exist in the range of human feelings, in other words, is a splendid reality, no man conversant with the history of his kind can deny.

This sentiment is, before marriage, much more general among women than among men. Among maidens, it is the rule; among unmarried men, it is the exception. Among the hundreds of unmarried men whom I have known, and who have made high-minded and satisfactory husbands, it would be an extravagant estimate to say that twenty per cent. of them have felt the passions of love anterior to marriage, as maidens feel it, or as novels teach it. And I know that, if most men were to delay marriage till they realized the feelings of a Romeo or an Eldon, they would never attain "that only bliss that has survived the fall." Here, then, is a large class of men eminently fitted to be the heads of happy homes, who, if they would fulfill the relations for which nature

has designed them, must be led into marriage by another guide than love, as it is usually understood. That guide is easily designated as preference guided by judgment.

In the matter of romantic love we are liable to many mistakes. I have known a strong-natured man to love a timid, shrinking girl, as a father would love a child. He married for love, and married honestly. But when the hour came that he needed in his wife a companion, a consolation, he found that, as a guide to marriage, his passion had proved a mistaken one. On the other hand, a man may love a woman from gratitude, almost as he would love a guardian—marry from love in honesty, and waken to a bitter regret. And it is a fact too well established to be denied, that many a marriage, beginning in love as deep and as full as was ever depicted by a Scott or a Goethe, has resulted in wretchedness. I have seen such. For reasons like these, I should say that the only safe rule for marriage, in any case, is preference, guided by judgment, even if the sacrificer of "love's young dream" be the "cutting off of the right hand," or the "plucking out of the right eye."

In the sermon on the Mount, I find a rule with regard to marriage. I take a human being's love, his life, his magnificent domestic possibilities, to be his pearls, if anything can be thus designated. We are told not to cast these pearls before swine. If I, therefore an earnest man, in politics, religion or social regeneration, bestow a

soul, thus devoted, upon a woman whose beauty or accomplishments have fascinated me, but who is thoroughly indifferent to my relations to duty, I have a substantial guarantee of a wretched life. Do not misunderstand me. A man does not want a wife who can grasp and execute like himself. But he does want one who can appreciate and sympathize. A Whitfield does not want a wife who can refuse to ecstasy Spitalfield weavers and Cornish miners. But he does want a wife who loves Methodism, rather than Presbyterianism or Unitarianism, or who is interested in souls, rather than in literature or fashion. In minor matters, like habits, tastes and manners, of course judgment must be used; but I have sufficiently designated its form of action. I must here, however, put in a caveat against refining too far, in this action of the judgment. Perfect unison can be looked for nowhere.

If what I have said already be true, it is evident that marriage should never take place till the parties have learned what life really is, and their views of duty have become well defined. The man or the woman who marries another who is not yet in earnest about anything, runs a great risk. In the years to come there may be an eternal divergence. Another inevitable corollary is that marriage should never follow a short or superficial acquaintance. "Marry in haste to repent at leisure," be it the wit of what one it will, is undoubtedly the dearly bought wisdom of many.

In conversation with Boswell, I believe, his sound-brained old friend scouted the idea that some particular woman was indispensable to the happiness of some one particular man, and added that there were fifty women, probably, whom any man knew who would make him as happy as any other could.

Marriage has shown in this country, of late years, most wretched phases. Crowds of instances, like those of ——— and the New York Hotel, have been noised over the world. Crowds of instances that are known only in limited circles, occur daily. The spread of the free love doctrine, shows a deep-seated disease that demands so radical a remedy. In Europe, where marriages of convenience are very common, this demand might naturally have been looked for, if the usually received love theory were correct. But in this land, where a competence is attainable by every one, and a mesalliance is an impossibility, our people have married in accordance with the teachings of Felicia Hemans and Letitia Landon. And the result, I think, has shown that suggestions of the use of the judgment in forming a union were not needless. And let me not be accused of a cold, stupid idea of dealing with what should be alone a dictate of the heart. I said, "preference guided by judgment." And I believe that the man who can say to a woman, "I not only prefer you from feeling, but my judgment approves what my affections suggested," pays her a higher and more deli-

cate compliment than the one who says: "I will love in defiance of every dictate of prudence, and every consideration of duty."

DEATH IN THE BATH.

The public journals chronicle the death of a woman at the Red Sweet Springs of Virginia, on the 3d inst., while in the act of bathing. In these days of hot weather and sunstroke, people are prone to imagine the bath a safe as well as agreeable resort. But it is a luxury that must be enjoyed with caution. Due regard must be paid to the state of the system, the time of the day, and the probabilities of subsequent exposure.

The skin secretes an oil for the purpose of lubrication and protection from the vicissitudes of the weather, which washing removes, leaving the dermis exposed till it can have time to renew the secretion and pour it upon the surface. The ardent heat of the sun at such times will inflame the skin, sometimes disorganizing its texture and destroying it entirely, but more often producing a disagreeable sense of feverishness. Aware of this liability, the Orientals and South Sea Islanders always anoint themselves after bathing, and thus avert ill consequences. A bath taken at night or in the early morning probably is less liable to this inconvenience.

Long continuance in the water reduces the tone of the system, enfeebles the organs and palsies the action of the heart. Instances are on record of children that have died when no evi-

dence of disease was proved but the degenerated vitality occasioned in this way. It is certain that a person suffers material reduction of strength, is less disposed to exertion, and less capable of enduring fatigue, after taking a bath. The energy of the system is temporarily impaired. In cases of previous chronic feebleness it is apparent that care is especially required.

A bath taken soon after a meal, particularly after a hearty dinner, is in the highest degree dangerous. Then the blood is directed to the stomach, and nervous energy is there concentrated to dispose of the indigested food. The brain is unwilling to be tasked, because it is not receiving its allowance of blood, and its vigor is called elsewhere; the muscles demand a season of rest, that they may not distract the stomach from its duty, and the extremities are often cold during the digestive process, because they are deprived of a portion of their blood. The heart alone insists on the continuance of its ordinary activity.

The bath taken under whatever form, produces a shock upon the whole nervous system. The effect of this, where there is insufficient reacting power, is to impair directly and instantaneously the contractile power of the muscles, and of the heart in particular, which is itself but a muscle; and if the shock is sufficiently severe, syncope and death are sure to supervene. It is well known that a blow struck upon the stomach shortly after a full

meal often results fatally. The shock of a bath is as a blow, not upon the epigastrium system simply, but upon the whole surface, and the tendency is to paralyze the muscular system, and produce death at once. The cold bath, it will be seen, is most likely to produce this consequence.

While, therefore, people resort to the bath for relief from the oppressive heat of the weather, they should be mindful that there are proper and improper times for the indulgence, to which they will do well if they take diligent heed, if they would not be surprised by palsy or death.—*N. Y. Post.*

ORIGINAL MODE

Of Deciding the Antiquity of Race.

The Egyptians, before the reign of their King Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that, while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery: He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time to introduce goats into their apartment,

see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of the room, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said, "Becos." When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards, when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and, by his command, brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything "Becos," and hereupon he learnt that "Becos" was the Phrygian name for bread. In consideration of this circumstance, the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis, from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have stated above.—*Rawlinson's History of the Herodotus.*

THE Methodist Episcopal Church South during the past year has expended \$75,000 on missions to slaves.

AN OBLIGING YOUNG MAN.

It is many years since the following was afloat. It is too good to lie stranded, and we start it again upon the tide, not doubting that it will have a good run:

There's nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself one day, when traveling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham!" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Halloo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the road-side. Whiz went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him: "Well, if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But, here he has left his bundles," and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm: "I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes, it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days, providing he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that old woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station; I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat. "What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for!" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes."

"Captain Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me! what can I do?"

Nothing could be done, but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with a promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver headed-cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well!" again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holme's cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old fellow is lame too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young gentleman.

"Know him! I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young gentleman, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

THE STARS.

It is the opinion of astronomers, that there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own—while the astronomer who should record the aspect of mutations of such a star would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. The nearest, a *Centauri*, one of the brigetest stars in the southern hemisphere, is at twenty-two billions of miles distance—that is, its light would require three years and a quarter to reach us. The second, 61 *Cygni*, is not nearer than sixty-three billions of miles off, and its light requires upwards of ten years to reach us.

GRANDMOTHER LOIS.

How little is revealed in the Scriptures concerning grandmothers! Much is related of mothers whose names are familiar to every reader of the Bible. There was Eve, Sarah, Rebekah, Leah, Rachel, Naomi, Hannah, Abigail, Elizabeth, Mary, and many others, whose maternal influence we can trace through the faithful record that is

given of their lives. But little is said of grandmothers as such. Only one besides Lois is spoken of definitely as sustaining this important relation. Probably it is not because this class have no mission to perform; nor because no endearing tie unites them to the family; for what more charming portrait than that of a wrinkled, bowed, cap-crowned old lady, whom the little folks delight to call "grandma'm," especially if she be one of the pious women of Israel! There is interest in all her movements; even her infirm, tottering step; so like that of a little child beginning to walk, makes an appeal to the heart. Her smile is a ray of the old familiar sun—her voice the music of an old, but pleasant instrument. When she speaks of her blessed Lord and her hope of heaven, it is in no modern way; and it reminds us of the patriarchs, and "times of old." She is waiting for the Master's summons; but she does not wait like the pious ones of later generations. If it were announced to her, on some bright morning, that the angels and Christ were at the door, waiting, she would smile a beautiful farewell as she rode away to glory.

But we intended to say that a grandmother is an indispensable part of the household. The discipline of children is aided by her genial presence; for it is a happy culture for them to wait upon her feeble steps, to run to her aid when necessity demands, to bring her the needed chair, to pick up her cane or crutch, and to perform those other little acts identical to her happiness. Then, too, how felicitously

her occasional moral counsels fall upon youthful ears! So unstudied and simple—it really seems as if God spared her on purpose to talk to the grandchildren! Her example, also, falls as light upon their young hearts. They do not perceive that it is molding their lives, and bringing forth rich fruit in noble, generous acts, that otherwise might not appear. But it is so. Many a sainted grandmother has perpetuated her influence to children's children, so that she will be called blessed at the judgment. Paul reminded Timothy of his indebtedness to his grandmother Lois, and affirmed that the "unfeigned" faith that was in him dwelt long before in her. He, indeed, ascribes much to his excellent mother, Eunice, but implies that she received the pith of her pious life, through grace, from her mother, Lois. It would not be strange if the latter, mainly, saved young Timothy from the corruptions of the heathen city in which they lived. It is certain that all the good lessons which he received in youth were imparted by her and his devoted mother. We would add another to the beatitudes in the fifth chapter of Matthew; namely, Blessed be good grandmothers!—*Congreg.*

THE DYING SAILOR AND THE BIBLE.

An affecting story is related of a young sailor who died on board a whale-ship in the South Atlantic. James Du Boice—such was his name—had been carefully reared, but, impelled by a strong love of adventure, and an ardent desire to see the world, had

gone to sea. The ship had made a prosperous voyage, and was on her way home.

Of all the men in that ship, none were more elated than James. He had been on shore at the Azores, and got a few curiosities; he had been ashore at Rio and Cape Verde Islands, and clambered up the sides of one of the Falkland Islands; and he felt already his mother's kiss, and heard the cordial welcome of friends at home, and saw their look of wonder, and heard their words of astonishment while he showed his shells, and related his adventures to them. He spent the whole of the middle watch in painting with enthusiastic words the anticipated meeting, and the scenes which would occur at home. Poor fellow, it was only a waking dream with him; he never saw his mother again in this world.

The next day we went to work at "stowing down" the oil. It was a rough sea, and the ship pitched heavily, so as to make it hard and dangerous work to handle the casks of oil. The last cask was stowed and filled, and in ten minutes more the hatches would be down. Du Boice stood on the cask, in the main hatchway, and was passing a few sticks of wood down among the water-casks, when the vessel rolled deeply to the leeward, a cask of water broke from the lashings at the weather rail, and rolled into the hatchway where he stood, and in one instant both his legs, above the knees, were literally jammed to pieces—the bones were broken into shivers.

We took him into the steerage, and

did the best we could to bind up his broken limbs, and make him comfortable; but we knew, and he knew, that his days were numbered—he must die. That night, as I sat by his berth, and watched with him, he was constantly calling, "Mother! mother!" Oh, it was heart-rending to hear him in his piteous ravings calling, "Mother! mother!" and then he would weep like a child because she came not. In the morning watch he grew calm, and spoke rationally again. After giving me the address of his parents, and a message for them, he slept a little while. When he awoke, he bade me go to the fore-castle and open his chest, and under the till I should find his Bible. I brought it to him, and he opened it at the blank leaf, and looked long and eagerly at the name there. His mother had given it to him when he left home, and on the fly-leaf was written, by her hand, "Presented to James Du Boice by his mother, Sarah Du Boice."

"Now read to me," said he, handing me the book.

"Where shall I read?"

"Where it tells us how to get ready for heaven."

I felt bewildered, and knew not where to read; but, opening the book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm, and I read to him from that Psalm till I came to the tenth verse—"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

"Hold, there! That is just what I want," said he. Now, how shall I get it?"

"Pray God to give it to you for Jesus' sake," I suggested.

"Oh, yes. Jesus is the Saviour. Shipmate, it is an awful thing to die; and I've got to go. Oh, if mother was here to tell me how to get ready!" and he trembled with earnestness. After a short pause, during which he seemed to be in a deep thought, he said, "Do you know of any place where it is said that such sinners as I can be saved?" I quoted 1st Timothy i. 15—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "Oh, shipmate," said he, "that is good. Can you think of any more?" I quoted Hebrews vii. 25—"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." "That's plain. Now, if I only knew how to come to God."

"Come like a child to its father," I suggested.

"How's that?"

"As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so you are to feel God can help you now. And as the child trusts his father by fleeing to him, so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon him."

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleadings with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sunbeam over his features. "He forgives me, and I shall be saved," he said, with a voice like the sound of a flute for sweetness.

The day dawned—then the sun arose in regal splendor on the ocean. I held his hand in mine, and felt the death-thrill; then he murmured, "He's come; he's come." "Who has come?" said I. "Jesus," he whispered, and he fell asleep.

On sped the noble ship till four bells in the afternoon, and then we laid the maintop-sail to the mast, and buried him, closely sewed in his hammock, in the "deep, deep sea."

VICTORIA AND THE AMERICAN TROTTERS.

A foreign correspondent of the N. Y. Express states that the following story was told him by the official who conducted him through Windsor Castle stables:

It seems Her Majesty, as well as Prince Albert, love fast horses, and she never rides without her nags are upon the quickest trot. Well, she heard of the speed of New York horses, and somehow the story of the rapid movements of a pair of them in London, reached the ears of the Prince and Queen. They were both anxious to see their movement and try their speed, which being made known to their American owner, he forthwith challenged Prince Albert to test the metal of his animals, between London and Windsor. The royal party were to have twenty minutes start and change on the road, while the American trotters were to go through the entire distance. The affair was wholly private, but it leaked out among the grooms, and all was excitement.

Having reached the half-way house and road, with fresh horses, again for a start, they all looked anxiously for the American horses. The Queen and Prince Albert were as interested as if the crown was at issue, and remembering the yacht race where the American was victorious, by a wave of her hand to her postillions, Victoria urged them forward. But it did not avail. The American trotters were soon in sight, and it was but a few minutes before they were "neck and neck" with the royal party; to their utter amazement they soon passed them, as trotting horses are sometimes accustomed to do on the Bloomingdale road. When the Queen and Prince reached Windsor, the American horses were all nicely groomed, and necessary, if need be, for another start. This exploit led to the purchase of some trotting animals; but, having jeopardised the lives of the royal party, they wisely were abandoned. This is the postillion's story, and there is no cause to doubt the truth.

JERUSALEM.

Originally it was called Salem. (Gen. xiv. 8.) Subsequently it was called Jebusi. (Josh. xvii. 28) Hence the word Jerusalem is a compound of these two words. No city is so celebrated as this city. It was beautiful for situation—was the seat of a most magnificent temple—was the seat of the throne of David and of Solomon—was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, and then by Titus—was the place where the Son of God was sentenced to death, and was crucified; and was,

for splendor, and as the capitol of God's covenant people, and for its hallowed associations, a type of the Church on earth, and "the Jerusalem which is above."

THE cares and infelicities of life, which are spoken of as "hindrances to grace," may be hindrances, but they are the only helps it has in this world. The voice of provocation is the voice of God calling us to the practice of patience.

A man in old age is like a sword in a shop window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it is completed. Man is a sword. Daily life is the workshop, and God is the artificer, and those cares which beat him upon the anvil and file his edge, and eat in, acid-like, the inscription upon his hilt—these are the very things that fashion the man.

COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS

To Professor Parker, late Principal of Wilberforce University, passed at a Meeting of the Students of Wilberforce, and the resident parents.

Whereas, Professor J. K. Parker has been living in our midst as the Principal of Wilberforce University, for the period of one year and four months, and

Whereas, We have been ear and eye witnesses of his sayings and doings during said period, both as a private man and a public officer; and that, too, under some of the most trying circumstances, in which one holding his position could possibly have been placed; yet amidst them all we have found him faithful to his high and holy trust; and

Whereas, He is now about to leave us to attend to the interests immediately connected with his own beloved and loving family; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, he has discharged his arduous obligations, amid the almost continuous afflictions of his family, in a manner as praise-worthy to himself as it has been beneficial to us—always exhibiting in his conduct the meek, patient, and loving spirit of his Lord and Master.

Resolved, That he is entitled to the admiration, commendation, and love of the pupils of "Wilberforce," and their parents and guardians, for the integrity, impartiality and deep interest he has always manifested in our moral and spiritual, as well as our intellectual improvement.

Resolved, That our best wishes shall go with him, and our fervent prayers ascend to heaven for the prosperity of himself and family in the good things of life, but still more particularly for their increase in knowledge, holiness, and usefulness.

In behalf of the parents and students.

D. A. PAYNE,
J. A. SHORTER,
J. G. GRIFFIN.
E. SATCHELL,
M. P. EVANS.

DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS.

The *Journal* is a daily paper that we take pleasure in commending to our people in the State of Indiana, and elsewhere. Its editors are gentleman-

ly every way, and it is a pleasure to us to say so; but the paper will speak for itself—read it.

There is another paper issued in Indianapolis—the *Indiana American*, and has recently been made the largest paper that is said to be in the State. I am proud to say that I am acquainted with its editor, and was, some time before he became associated with the paper, whilst he was in the itinerant ranks. This paper speaks loud and fearlessly the rights of man, takes sides with the plain word of God. We, therefore, take no little pleasure in recommending it to our people who do not already take it. Mr. Bunner, who is associated with Rev. T. A. Goodwin's paper, is a christian and a gentleman, and has a living soul in him. May he live long.

The *Witness*, edited by Rev. Mr. Clarke, is another weekly paper that we exchange with. It stands among the first religious papers of the State. Mr. Clarke is an able writer, and is a star in the church to which he belongs. Let everybody who don't read it, send for it.

The *Beauty of Holiness*, is a monthly magazine, edited by Rev. Mr. French and his good lady, in Columbus, O. I said the Beauty of Holiness, yes, it has the right name, for its depth and breadth of knowledge is hard to excel. Brother French is one of the Trustees of Wilberforce University, and is beloved by all who know him. To make it short, my heart's desire and prayer to God is that he may fill the world with such like men.

The *Christian Record*, is a religious monthly magazine, containing thirty-two large double column pages, edited and published by J. M. Mathes, at Indianapolis, Ind. It comes to us monthly, filled with able articles of various kinds. The body of people which it represents has paternal feeling for the oppressed.

W.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

This young institution passed through its second annual examination on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of June last. We had the pleasure of being present on the occasion, and it was our first visit to this institution too, and as we have had the pleasure of witnessing a number of exhibitions, must say that the pupils acquitted themselves handsomely as respect to talent, and showed considerable progress in their various studies, which speaks much credit to their much esteemed and beloved preceptor Mr. Parker. There were some of the students of this institution who redeemed the character of mathematical powers, and some in original addresses, &c. Miss Satchell's address, which may be found in this issue, and is worthy to be read by any one who appreciate knowledge. The exhibition was performed, as a whole, a little better than any one we have ever seen, to be so young an institution as the Wilberforce—yes, Wilberforce—it's got the right name. We are sorry that Mr. Parker could not remain with them any longer, for his place seemed to be hard to fill.

We are glad to learn that Prof. Rust, another great man, has accepted the presidency of the institution. We are not acquainted with the Rev. gentleman, but we are told that he is every way a scholar and a gentleman. May great success crown his labors, and he prove a blessing to the institution.

May also the smiles of heaven beam with uncommon refulgence rest upon the Board of Trustees, that they may see to the best advantage of the institution.

W.

NOTICE.

All our preachers, on circuits and stations, are authorized agents for the Repository, and we hope they will make themselves active in the enterprise, for we want to swell the number to 5000 subscribers by the first of January, 1859. Now, brethren and all others friendly to the enterprise, shall we have that number, and can we not support the only religious periodical among the colored people in the United States, at present.

Mr. W. H. Gibson, of Louisville, Ky., is authorized to act as an agent for the Repository, and any one getting six subscribers and sending us five names, or give to any one of the regular agents, are entitled to the sixth one for a year.

W.

N. B.—All articles for the Repository, for the fourth and last number, of this year, must be sent in by the 10th of November, as we want to commence the next number with January, 1859.

W.

REPOSITORY OF Religion and Literature.

VOL. I.] INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1858. [No 4.

RELIGION.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BISHOP ALLEN AND HIS COADJUTORS.

NO. 3.

BY REV. JOHN M. BROWN.

APOLOGETIC.

The common question amongst intelligent men is, when any brilliant effect is seen, whence the cause of that effect? No question is more common and strange that any should fault us, for searching out the reason, why the "African M. E. Church" exists apart from the "Methodist Episcopal Church," in the United States. Why are they not now under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of that Church, and why did Rev. Richard Allen lead his brethren from the Church of their choice? We are faulted by some, for going through the process of exhumation,

of the facts which have or may come under our purview as reasons, why we enjoy our present organization as a religious denomination. We aim not to offend any sensitive friend, nor to startle the nerves of any who are inclined to be easily disturbed. We are not aware that the reasons assigned by the American historian for casting off the British yoke, are particularly savory to the Britons. Nor the reasons assigned, by Dr. Banks and other Methodist historians, why the Methodist Church discontinued her connection with the Church of England, are more favored by that Church than our reasons for being a separate organization; and shall we suppress important facts, because they happen to displease and cause regret in others. Few men, however good they may be,

The *Christian Record*, is a religious monthly magazine, containing thirty-two large double column pages, edited and published by J. M. Mathes, at Indianapolis, Ind. It comes to us monthly, filled with able articles of various kinds. The body of people which it represents has paternal feeling for the oppressed.

W.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

This young institution passed through its second annual examination on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of June last. We had the pleasure of being present on the occasion, and it was our first visit to this institution too, and as we have had the pleasure of witnessing a number of exhibitions, must say that the pupils acquitted themselves handsomely as respect to talent, and showed considerable progress in their various studies, which speaks much credit to their much esteemed and beloved preceptor Mr. Parker. There were some of the students of this institution who redeemed the character of mathematical powers, and some in original addresses, &c. Miss Satchell's address, which may be found in this issue, and is worthy to be read by any one who appreciate knowledge. The exhibition was performed, as a whole, a little better than any one we have ever seen, to be so young an institution as the Wilberforce—yes, Wilberforce—it's got the right name. We are sorry that Mr. Parker could not remain with them any longer, for his place seemed to be hard to fill.

We are glad to learn that Prof. Rust, another great man, has accepted the presidency of the institution. We are not acquainted with the Rev. gentleman, but we are told that he is every way a scholar and a gentleman. May great success crown his labors, and he prove a blessing to the institution.

May also the smiles of heaven beam with uncommon refulgence rest upon the Board of Trustees, that they may see to the best advantage of the institution.

W.

NOTICE.

All our preachers, on circuits and stations, are authorized agents for the Repository, and we hope they will make themselves active in the enterprise, for we want to swell the number to 5000 subscribers by the first of January, 1859. Now, brethren and all others friendly to the enterprise, shall we have that number, and can we not support the only religious periodical among the colored people in the United States, at present.

Mr. W. H. Gibson, of Louisville, Ky., is authorized to act as an agent for the Repository, and any one getting six subscribers and sending us five names, or give to any one of the regular agents, are entitled to the sixth one for a year.

W.

N. B.—All articles for the Repository, for the fourth and last number, of this year, must be sent in by the 10th of November, as we want to commence the next number with January, 1859.

W.

REPOSITORY OF Religion and Literature.

VOL. I.]

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1858.

[No 4.]

RELIGION.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BISHOP ALLEN AND HIS COADJUTORS.

NO. 3.

BY REV. JOHN M. BROWN.

APOLOGETIC.

The common question amongst intelligent men is, when any brilliant effect is seen, whence the cause of that effect? No question is more common and strange that any should fault us, for searching out the reason, why the "African M. E. Church" exists apart from the "Methodist Episcopal Church," in the United States. Why are they not now under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of that Church, and why did Rev. Richard Allen lead his brethren from the Church of their choice? We are faulted by some, for going through the process of exuma-

tion, of the facts which have or may come under our purview as reasons, why we enjoy our present organization as a religious denomination. We aim not to offend any sensitive friend, nor to startle the nerves of any who are inclined to be easily disturbed. We are not aware that the reasons assigned by the American historian for casting off the British yoke, are particularly savory to the Britons. Nor the reasons assigned, by Dr. Banks and other Methodist historians, why the Methodist Church discontinued her connection with the Church of England, are more favored by that Church than our reasons for being a separate organization; and shall we suppress important facts, because they happen to displease and cause regret in others. Few men, however good they may be,

love to have their faults almost, and in many minds entirely forgotten, brought to light again. Our complainants therefore, must extend towards us the same charity which they expect of others, when they mention by-gone faults of others. History usually mentions things, which another generation would willingly forget.—We give only such facts as are written, and such as have been published for forty years. The reason why they are, therefore, offended by these sketches, is because they will not come to the light. Bishop Allen's very position brought upon him the ire of the enemies of his enterprise. With this apology, we hope to proceed with our articles unmolested, and hope that we shall not offend any, and know that no true friend of the colored man, will refuse to aid us, as has been stated, for simply telling our story of religious intolerance from whatever source it may come.

BISHOP ALLEN NO ENEMY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

When solicited by the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is now known in Philadelphia by St. Thomas' Church, he refused peremptorially. He states upon page 16 of his life, written by himself, that, we "intended it (the Church) for the African preaching house or church, but finding that the Elder stationed in this city was so much opposed to our proceedings of erecting a place of worship, (though the principal part of the Directors of this Church belonged to the Methodist connexion,) the Elder stationed here

would neither preach for us, nor have anything to do with us. We then held an election, to know what religious denomination we should unite with.—At the election it was determined—two were in favor of the Methodist, Rev. Absolom Jones and myself; a large majority were in favor of the Church of England. The majority prevailed. Notwithstanding we had been so violently opposed and persecuted by the Elder, we were in favor of being attached to the Methodist connexion; for I was confident that there was no religious sect or denomination which would suit the capacity of the colored people as well as the Methodist; for the plain, simple gospel suits best for any people, for the unlearned can understand, and the learned are sure to understand; and the reason why the Methodist is so successful in the awakening and conversion of the colored people, is the plain doctrine which they preach, and having a good discipline."

Could an enemy talk thus, and would he have severed his relation to that church, had not necessity compelled him thus?

URGED TO DISCONTINUE—DISOWNED BY THE ELDER AS A METHODIST—THEIR SUCCESS.

Bishop Allen says: "But the Elder of the Methodist Church still pursued us. Mr. J. M—— called upon us, and told us if we did not erase our names from the subscription paper, we would be *publicly turned out* of meeting. We asked him if we had violated any rules of discipline. He

replied, "I have the charge given to me by the Conference; and unless you submit, *I will read you publicly out of meeting.*" We told him that we were willing to abide by the discipline of the Methodist Church; and if you will show us where we have violated any law of discipline of the Methodist Church, we will submit; and if there is no rule violated in the discipline, we will proceed on."

He replied, "*We will read you out.*" We told him, if he turned us out contrary to rule of discipline, we should seek further redress. He was pointed to the unkind treatment they had received at the St. George's Church.—He said that they had been "*treated worse than heathens.*" The firm resolve which he presented at this state of the question, seemed to settle the question for the time. He said, "*We are determined to seek out for ourselves, the Lord being our helper.*" "He (the Elder) told us that we were not Methodists, and left us."

When he found them invincible, he revisited them; assuring them that he was their friend. He again tried to decoy them into the plains of "Ono," stating that he "wished to see us all together."

Bishop Allen says: "We met him; he told us he wished us well, and he was a friend of ours, and used many arguments to convince us that we were wrong in building a Church. We told him we had no place of worship, and we did not mean to go to the St. George Church any more, as we were so scandalously treated in the presence of all

the congregation present; and if you deny us your name, you cannot seal up the scriptures from us and deny us a name in heaven. We believe heaven is free for all who worship in spirit and truth." And he (the Elder,) said "so you are determined to go on." We replied, "*Yes, God being our helper.*" He then said, "*We will disown you all from the Methodist connexion.*"

Of the many Christian graces, none looms up more gracefully than *fortitude, perseverance, and constancy*, in the hour of trial, and when opposition spreads itself across the pathway of the servant of God. Not inaptly will the man of God nerve himself by the familiar words of one of our excellent hymns,

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

Bishop Allen remarked: "We believed if we put our trust in the Lord, He would stand by us. This trial was such that I never had to pass through before. I was confident that the Great Head of the Church would support us. My dear Lord was with us. We went out with our subscription paper, and met with great success. We had no reason to complain of the liberality of the citizens. The first day the Rev. Absolom Jones and myself went out we collected *three hundred and sixty dollars*. This was the greatest day's collection that we met with."

The hand of God was certainly with them, and thus nerved, and thus guided,

ded, they pressed onward amid the opposing forces which aimed to entrap them on all hands.

THEY APPOINT A COMMITTEE TO PURCHASE A LOT.

"We appointed a Committee to look out a lot. The Rev. Absolom Jones, William Gray, William Wilcher, and myself. They authorized me to go and agree for it. I did accordingly."

Of Mr. Mark Wilcox they secured the lot at the corner of Lombard and Sixth streets, where Bethel Church now stands. The Committee however found a lot which suited them better on Fifth street, which they bought, and threw Mr. Wilcox's lot upon the hands of Rev. Richard Allen, and wished him to give it up. He says: "I told them they had authorized me to agree for the lot, and they were well satisfied with the agreement I had made, and I thought it was hard that they should throw it upon my hands. I told them I would sooner keep it myself than forfeit the agreement I had made. And so I did."—In this last act, he evinces the highest idea of honor and the keenest sense of right, and he has subsequently been honored for leaving to the Church his idea of right.

ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

BY T. STROTHER.

The word Theology is a compound of two Greek words, *Theos* and *Logos*, which means a word, a speech, a discourse, oration, narration, saying, or argument about God. Natural The-

ology is the primary publication of divinity.

Nature, which is from the Latin *natura*, signifies the power from which all others are derived.

Natural Theology, in fact, is a science which treats of the being, attributes, and will of God. It teaches that there does exist an Almighty, and eternal being. It demonstrates this fact, by showing and proving, that there never could be design, without a designer.

This science proves original design in every thing which now exists, or ever has existed. For instance, the earth with all its variety of conveniences and comforts, shows that it was made for man. And the way in which man takes hold of these comforts and conveniences, and enjoys them, proves that they were made for him.

The earth has every thing about it that the physical nature of man calls for; every thing that it should necessarily have, for the perpetuation of its existence three score and ten years, and it does not afford him a mere scanty subsistence, but a luxuriant abundance is spread out before him, and he is invited to feast every day of his life.

Now, the design which shows itself in all this is, that which nature has prepared for man, is not suitable for beasts, nor for any other animal belonging to the animal kingdom. And equally so we find, that whatsoever is adapted to the nature and constitution of the inferior animals, is not at all suitable for man, yet they both have

the greatest abundance around them their comfort and satisfaction. But from whence this great arrangement throughout the universe? By chance? Common sense ridicules the idea.—This science treats of the perfections, and attributes of this great designer, as well as of his being and designs. Omniscience is an attribute of his, which we will now notice;—without this attribute he could not be what all creation proves him to be, an Almighty being.

The arrangement of every thing above our heads throughout the spacious firmament, which is perfectly symmetrical and harmonious, and below our feet, which can not be moved, proved most clearly that this being is an omniscient one. The earth itself is so wisely arranged, that its convenience for man and beasts could not be bettered; this is the case throughout its whole vast extent. The arrangement of every river, lake, and sea, hill, dale, and mountain, is that of infinite wisdom; and the everlasting perpetuation of these can only be the effect of the most profound wisdom and power; of such wisdom and power as could not be the property of any other than an Almighty being; which arrangement shows the most profound design.

But let us be a little more particular;—the effect of temperature upon liquid water is distinguished by a peculiarity of a very striking kind, and exhibits a departure from the general laws of nature, and for a purpose so obviously wise and beneficent, as to

afford one of the strongest and most impressive of those endless proofs of design and omniscience, in the frame of creation; which is the most exalted pleasure of the Chemist and Naturalist, to trace and admire.

All liquids, except water, contract in volume, as they cool down to their points of congelation. But the point of the greatest density in water, is about forty degrees, its freezing point being thirty-two degrees. As its temperature deviates from this point upwards or downwards, its density diminishes, or in other words, its volume increases. This peculiar law is of more importance, indeed, in the economy of nature, than might at first be supposed. The cold air which rushes from the polar regions, progressively abstracts the heat from the great natural basin of water, till the whole mass is reduced to forty degrees; but at this point, by a wise Providence, the influence of the atmosphere no longer has this effect, for the superficial stratum, by cooling, becomes specifically lighter, and instead of sinking to the bottom, as before, and displacing the warmer water, it now remains at the surface, becomes converted into ice, and thus preserves the water under it from the influence of further cold.

Now, if water, like mercury, continued to increase in density to its freezing point, the cold air would continue to rob the mass of water of its heat, until the whole sunk to thirty-two degrees, when it would immediately congeal into a solid mass of ice

to the bottom, and thus every living animal it contained would at once perish. Were this the case, such huge masses of ice once formed in the northern and southern temperate zones, would never again become melted for want of sufficient warm weather to melt them; a sufficient proof this, of the beneficence, and design of the great Creator in forming water, with such an exception to the ordinary laws of nature.

Water in its natural state, always contains a quantity of air, which air in water, is said to contain a larger proportion of oxygen than the common air of the atmosphere. The lives of all such fishes as live entirely under water, depend on the quantity of oxygen it contains, for it is said no animal can live, and move, where oxygen does not exist. Hence we see, that design is evincible from the various phenomena of all created objects.

Who cannot see perfect design in the construction of the eye? The arrangement of the several humors, such as properly to receive the rays of light, in order to the forming of a true image upon the retina of all objects at which we look. The ability to elevate the hand to the greatest extent, or in any direction to the greatest extent, at will, so that they may do us any service of which they are capable, at a moment's warning, all prove a wonderful design.

Thought itself, both in its origin and movement, is wonderful, which seems to play upon a set of material keys; thought in its movements is

amazingly wonderful from first to last; for instance, if I look at an object, or a thousand objects at one time, that number of different thoughts are raised in my mind at the same time, which are just as different, and separate as the objects are, at which I look; nor can we prevent our thoughts from flying in the above mentioned different directions, nor from forming as many different conclusions as the objects are different at which we look, or, if I see or feel an object, or taste a substance, or smell a perfume, or hear a sound; if any of these things occur, or pass, without the reach of any one, or, all of the fine senses as above named, a train of thoughts is at once started that is new, nor am I able to prevent them from starting, nor to arrest them when they are started.

This arrangement is a merciful one, as well as wise, for by this means we are warned of dangers timely, so as to make our escape in ten thousand instances, where we would otherwise have been destroyed. Now, what I here state, is everywhere to be seen, for who is it that does not know, that without the intersection of brooks, and dales, and rivers, and lakes, and seas, that the earth would be of no more use than a human body without veins and arteries, and muscles! But we find all of these in their proper places, and in their proper use. The earth with all her concomitants for man, and man with all his powers of body and mind for the earth.

The regular propagation of the human species, and of every species of

animal throughout the universe, and the perpetuation of that regularity is all to be taken into the account; for these things are most assuredly as full of design as they are of themselves.

The ordinary course of nature, in all her operations, goes to prove the providence and being of a great superior being to all other beings.—The Geologist has discovered the record of God deeply written in the rocks; by which he affirms, that he can trace God step by step, through myriads of ages in the past. Hence we see, that Geology as a science, exerts a marked influence on Natural Theology; for it does not only add to the materials on which the Natural Theologian founds his deductions, by adding to the organisms, plants, and animals of the present creation, the extinct organisms of all heretofore created, with all their superabundant display of adaptation and design, but besides this, it affords ample materials peculiar to itself, in the history which it furnishes, both of the appearance of these organisms in time, and of the wonderful order in which they were chronologically arranged. This plainly shows that there was a time when these things did not exist, it equally as plainly shows that there was a time when they began to exist, which makes it as clear as a sunbeam, that there must necessarily have been an originator; as it would be absurd to suppose that this order of things had produced itself. Geology indeed, seems to contain the master balance of Natural

Theology. Organic existences all of them extinct, or recent vegetable, or animal, according to Geology, have had their beginnings; there was a time when they did not exist, and Geology indicates that time, at least by periods, if not by years, and can show what its relations were to the periods that went before, and that come after; and as it is a recognized truth, that as something now exist, something must have existed forever; and as it must be none the less recognized, that that something was not the race of man, nor yet any other of the many races of man's predecessors or contemporaries. The question, what then was that something, comes with a directness which it never possessed before, by what, or through whom did these races of wisely organized plants and animals begin to be. Now, what the great Creator had originated in the paleozoic and secondary periods, had been in after times originated by the little creature worker, as it is expressed, wholly unaware that his contrivance had been anticipated, and was but a repetition of a previously executed design. Now, as it regards sameness, Geology informs us that all the different fossil fish and other animals which they have found and traced back through myriads of ages, all resemble in form and otherwise, in which sameness itself shows the work to be that of design.

God is seen in the wind, in the storm, in inundations, and in all the different phenomena of nature.

A FAREWELL MISSIONARY MEETING.

Agreeably to previous notice a large congregation assembled in Bethel Church, Saratoga street, Baltimore, on Monday evening, November 1st, 1858.

Rev. John M. Brown was called to the Chair, and A. W. Wayman, of Washington, was appointed Secretary. The Chairman stated the object of the meeting to be to hear an address from Rev. Bishop Burns, Judge James, and Mr. Chester, of Liberia, who were on the eve of leaving this country.

Bishop Burns was then introduced to the congregation, by the Chairman, who rose and said: Mr. Chairman, it affords me great pleasure to meet with so many of my brethren and friends here for the first time. I have often been solicited to visit you here, but those kind solicitations always came too late for me to comply. I regret, sir, that I was unable to attend my appointment here on yesterday afternoon, for then I should of had more time to do justice to the subject than I shall have to-night.

Sir, when I was quite a youth I felt it to be my duty to preach the gospel. I was then in my apprenticeship; as soon as I was my own man, I complied with the Lord's requirements. The question was then asked, where is there a field to be found? Some suggested one place and some another; at last my attention was directed to Africa. There I resolved to go and spend my time and talent pointing the heathen to the world's Redeemer. I

accordingly left my home and took a voyage for the first time across the Atlantic; when we came in sight of that land every thing looked desolate indeed. I was told that here I was to commence my missionary labors. I was met by several brethren of the same spirit. We commenced our work in the spirit of our Master; but since then they have fallen at their post, and gone to their reward; yet the work is going on gloriously there; all that is wanting is laborers of the right kind. Will you, my brethren of this branch of the Methodist family, come up to the help of the Lord to this work? The Macedonian cry has been coming over the ocean year after year, saying, come over and help us. Will you turn a deaf ear to their cries? No; you can not, if you be the friend of the African. The M. E. Church has her missionaries in a great many places of the world, laboring to convert the heathen to Christianity. Should we not feel for our own Africa? If she is ever to be Christianized, it must be done by her own sons, for no one else can do it.

The aspect of things is quite different now to what they were many years ago, when we first went there. We have our churches there—not as large as this, of course—but in point of intelligence they are not a whit behind any congregation in this country; there is less immorality in Liberia than in America; there are some who will sell rum, but they are few. Indeed, Liberia will compare favorably with any country in point of morals.

The sailors who come to our shores are not allowed to remain on shore during the night, thereby a great deal of vice is prevented. I shall leave the political aspect of the country to be discussed by my friends, Judge James and Mr. Chester.

I thank you, sir, and the congregation, for the attention given me; and should it ever be my happy lot to visit this country again, I shall be pleased to speak at more length.

Judge James was then introduced, and said, on account of a press of business during the day, he had made no preparation to speak. He would, therefore, give way to his friend, Mr. Chester. He then left the floor.

Mr. Chester was then introduced. He spoke of Liberia as it is. His remarks were too elaborate to note. He left the floor amidst the cheers of many.

The Chairman rose and said the congregation would be addressed by one or two brethren who expected to stay here sometime. He would introduce his old friend and brother, Wayman, from Washington, D. C., who would make a few farewell remarks to the gentlemen who were about to return to Liberia.

A. W. Wayman then rose and said: Mr. Chairman, I have no great desire to be heard upon this occasion, but as you have requested me, I can not decline.

To Bishop Burns: Sir, you are about to leave the shores of America, your native home, to return to your adopted country, there to enter upon

your Episcopal office, to which you have been called by the Methodist family in Liberia. Rev. sir, perhaps it will never be my happy lot to preach the gospel in that distant land, but allow me to assure you that while you and your coadjutors are laboring to civilize the sons and daughters of long-forgotten Africa, in that distant land, we shall labor for the elevation of the down-trodden Africans on this side of the Atlantic.

Sir, you carry with you our warmest affections; and while you shall ride upon the billows of the great deep, let this thought (among many others) cheer you, that you have the prayers and well-wishes of your brethren in this country.

Sir, may your life be one of peace and prosperity, and your dying moments be moments of tranquility, and may your portion be the saint's everlasting rest.

Then turning to Judge James, he said: Hon. sir, you occupy a very responsible position in that new republic. You have to decide the laws of your country; to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. We shall not have the pleasure of being associated with you upon the bench, but, sir, you have a place in our affections.

To Mr. Chester he said: Sir, if I have been correctly informed, you are to devote your life to the editorship of a paper, to be called the *Lone Star*. Sir, it is our warmest prayers that it may prove to be a Star indeed. It was a Star that pointed the wise men to the place where Christ was born.

Sir, may your Star point hundreds and thousands to the place where Christianity and civilization may be found.

Rev. S. W. Chase, of Baltimore, was next introduced, and said:

Mr. President, I regret that I have been called upon to address this meeting—and while it is to me a source of no little regret, I feel it my duty to attempt a compliance, however feeble in its effort that compliance may be.

The remarks, sir, of Bishop Burns, have excited in my mind the most exhilarating reflections and mutual congratulations; and you, Rev. sir, have the assurance that your efforts to evangelize Africa, and to induce her unfortunate inhabitants to relinquish their various forms of superstition and idolatry, and receive with one accord the doctrine of the Cross, and acknowledge Him who bled, groaned and died on Mount Calvary, to be God Emanuel, manifested in the flesh, meets the cordial co-operation of my ministerial brethren. I risk nothing in making this assertion.

It is not necessary for me to say anything in vindication of the primitive greatness of Africa; her dilapidated buildings is an incontrovertible evidence. While Carthage and Thebes are remembered, while the monuments of Africa's grandeur tower to heaven amidst her desert sands, while her forgotten arts stand chiseled in the eternal rocks, while the renown of her Pharaohs is proclaimed in holy writ, and while the names of Hannibal, Hanno, Jugurtha, Terence, Origin,

Tertullian, Augustine, and Cyprian, are prominent in history, it is very natural that we, in common with the rest of mankind, should feel a sympathetic concern for evangelizing that land which once did flourish in commerce and art, but by losing the Christian religion fell back into barbarism.

Your remarks upon this subject, Rev. sir, brings us before the scrutinizing bar of public examination, to answer an important question, why we do not respond to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." In answering this important question, I am willing to admit that we, the descendants of Africans, being incorporated into the American family, have been benefited; we have imitated our white brethren in every particular; we are members of the same church; we imbibe the same religious sentiments; we are ordained by the same hands; we preach the same doctrine; we sing the same hymns, surround the same table, and our prayers ascend to the same throne; and, if the religion of the black man be wild enthusiasm, then those that taught him caused him to err.

But believing that we are in possession of the same religion taught by Jesus Christ and his Apostles, we are willing to obey the mandate of heaven, "Go, teach all nations." It is not for a want of sympathy that we do not swell your noble stream of missionary enterprise; but there are conflicting influences which prevent us from arriving at the same conclusion in rela-

tion to the most efficient method of evangelizing Africa. We have been misrepresented. The difference between us and our white friends upon the subject is not *de facto* but in the *modus operandi*. In the mean time it is our fervent prayer to Almighty God that your labors may be crowned with abundant success, and that you may solace life's decline with the promise of the great Exemplar that these your feeble exertions cannot recompense you, but you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just; and when you, in common with all the servants of God, are called upon to render an account of their stewardship, may you be so unspeakably happy as to present a number of your flock to God, as so many bright stars to decorate the crown of Zion's King.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY C. JONES MOORE.

MR. EDITOR—*Rev. and Dear Sir:*—Being a lover of literature, the Repository is always a welcome guest to me. I appreciate it and like to peruse it, for its productions are from the minds of persons of my race, and for that reason may it circulate through the whole country. It being a religious periodical emanating from the Church, your contributors should condescend to drop a line or two on the Sabbath School cause. But I suppose they (the ministerial corps) have seen so much in the dressing, sitting, and drawing rooms, they have had no time to look in the nursery to see how the babes come on, or what

they are doing. Consequently the literary world only hears what passes in the dressing, sitting, and drawing rooms. Yet they tell us (when they ascend the sacred rostrum) that "the Sabbath School is the nursery of the Church." If so, why does the Church not foster it? And why does her ministers keep aloof from us?—That is setting others a bad example, for them to preach a dogma and live so far from it themselves is ridiculous. The cry goes up from the Sabbath School for help, yet the Church heeds it not. Her ministers and exhorters can hear them cry, and yet pass unnoticed in the Church—enter the rostrum, and there tell the people their duties and do not do theirs. Oh! does the Almighty look on this with a pleasing smile, or a frown? I should think the latter. There are two reasons why they should labor in the cause. 1st. They say they are called to preach; if they are, the duty of teaching the young devolves on them as much as preaching to adults. Do they forget that the Saviour of men took children in his arms and blessed them? And are they better than he? He was not above it, and he was greater than they, and they are instructed to "feed the Lambs." 2d. If they can't instruct others, let them go to receive instruction, for a vast number of them need it, I assure you. If they can't instruct children, they are not capable of instructing adults. No, sir, I can't believe it.—It reminds me of a passage in the Bible, that says, "Many are called, but few are chosen." I make some

exceptions of course. There are some that labor in the cause, and the pastors cannot always attend school, for their duties will not allow them. They do well, but there is room for improvement. They should impress it on their local men, show them that it is their duty. I do candidly believe the Sabbath School is the nursery of the Church, and if so, should not the Church attend to our wants? For how are we to fill their stations unless we are instructed? We do not want to learn the mere letters, for we can learn that at seminaries, &c., but it is

religious instruction that is needed in the Sabbath Schools, and the ministers are the ones we look to for it. But as I remarked, they stand aloof, and how are they to preach a Sabbath School sermon, if they have had no experience in it? I have noticed when we are summoned to attend a sermon in Church, the majority of local ministers and exhorters are absent. They either dread us, or are above being with us. I trust it is not the latter, if it is, "tell it not in Gath."

LITERATURE.

For the Repository. PEOPLE OF AFRICA.

BY W. R. REVELS.

The Rev. T. J. Bowen, Baptist Missionary to Yourba in Africa, says that the Fellatah people told him that they came from Palu. They said that they had spread in four directions from Timbuctoo. One towards Senegal and down the west bank of the Niger, one lately into Houssa, and one into the Soosar country. They maintain that their ancestors were white people, and came from some of the Eastern countries. One of their historians affirm that they came from Persia.—He thought that they might have been the remnant of the army of Cambyes, which was supposed to have been over-

whelmed by a sand storm in the desert. They are said to have several Libraries, and a number of them quite learned. This it will be recollected, is in the heart of Africa. It is asserted that they know more of the civilized nations of the earth than the latter know of them.

They enquired of the Missionary whether or no the days of our weeks were not named just as we call them, and being answered in the affirmative, they replied that they had learned this from their books. The names of the Patriarchs are familiar with them; they speak readily of Abraham and David, and of certain females spoken of in the scriptures.

Their language has fifteen thousand words, known to the Missionary; these

were built upon about one hundred and twenty verbal roots, and four or five hundred nouns. He supposes that the black people originated in India, and intermixed in Sabora with a white race. Another branch mixed with the Malays, on the east coast, and a third took a central course to Congo.—There are said to be all shades of color even among the native Africans. Some of the Fellatahs were almost white, and their language was not an African language.

They are said to be a fine looking tribe of people; all along the Guinea coast. The English language is much used, and he had been much surprised in the interior, by black men coming up to him and saying, good morning, sir. There is said to be some of the finest types of men in Africa that is to be found upon earth.

This people, though heathen, are exceedingly hospitable, and a stranger is said to be far more safe in traveling among them, than among white people in this country. It is not fair to judge a whole race of people by a few who may be found to be indolent and vicious. As a specimen of the industry of this people, we will give a paragraph.

In Abbeokoota, there is said to be a market two miles long. They sell dresses there at sixty dollars apiece. The people are said to be very polite, they kneel where we bow; and men often kneel to women in the street.—They are said to be so well skilled in mechanical science, that they make a glass there that the French have in vain attempted to imitate. Before

Pliny was born, they made glass on the banks of the Niger.

They all believe in one God, and in the immortality of the soul, and that there are spirits who mediate between them and God. We have long entertained an opinion that there are people in Africa with whom much of the arts and science formerly possessed by the ancient Egyptians is to be found. If the fact was only developed, the above more fully confirms that belief.

AN ADDRESS.

Spoken before the Chapel Relief Society of Louisville, Ky.

BY JOHN C. N. FOWLER.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I am grateful for the flattering compliment of being called upon to address this enlightened audience. The subject I shall make a few brief remarks upon, is *Benevolence*. From the earliest recollection of man, benevolence has been in existence, and will continue until the final dissolution of the world. It can be traced back to the dark ages of antiquity. We find it in those ages adorned with the laurels of purity and virtue. It is the keystone of society, and should be predominant in the hearts of all mankind. It is an inestimable boon of inheritance granted to man from the first moment of his existence. In all ages of the world man has been distinguished by some peculiarities of character, among which is that of benevolence. In proof of my assertion, I will refer you to men of our day.—

There is Lawrence of Boston, Stephen Smith of Philadelphia, and many others I could mention, who have given their thousands for benevolent purposes, and yet their fortunes are not diminished. We do not ask you for hundreds or thousands, but we ask you for your encouragement in this glorious cause. By your contributions, your presence, and your influence, although great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions. Yet that system is essentially defective, which leaves no room for their production, for they illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. What are the joys of earth, without benevolence. Beneath its cheering influence the frowns flit away from the brow of despair. Let us appreciate it, and may it reign triumphant in our hearts.

AN ADDRESS.

BY MRS. H. E. F.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—You have seen fit to confer upon me the honor of addressing you on this occasion, and while I appreciate your kindness, I regret my inability to render you better service. For, having but recently become a member of this Society, and not having had an opportunity of becoming familiar with its organization. I am but poorly fitted for the task.

But apologies will not do the work you have assigned me, and, as none of you will perform it in my stead, I will

try and say something which may encourage, if not instruct, and have selected as the theme upon which my remarks will be predicated, the simple word, *Progression*.

There is something in the term, Mr. President, that I *admire*. All things that exists, necessarily had a beginning. Therefore, we are not to despise the day of small things. The world, if you please, was made by a progressive process.

The juvenile, in his primary lessons in the school room, does not understand all the various curves, points, and diagrams which he beholds upon the black board, but by progress in the lessons assigned him by his teacher, he becomes master of astronomy, and can converse as familiarly about the planetary system, as about the vegetable kingdom.

If we would speak, Mr. President, of the progress of the age in which we live, where should we commence? When Robert Fulton's first steamboat (the Clermont) was seen flying upon the waters of the Hudson, with all her imperfections, it was thought to be a great feat in the development of the science of the age, but through the perseverance and skill of other men it has been brought to greater perfection, and now our rivers are thronged with boats of the largest capacities, filled up with every possible convenience and elegance, and propelled by engines beautiful in their construction, and most wonderful in their power, and not only so, but the various oceans of the world are now navigated

with ease and safety. *Distance is nearly annihilated.*

And yet another great improvement has been made in the use of steam by the production of the iron horse, which rushes forth as if frantic with ambition, and when the signal is given, darts off at the rate of twenty miles per hour, whizzing through mountains, buzzing over vast prairies, nearly outstripping the wind in its flight. When this feat was performed in the great work of science, it was thought that it had reached its zenith.

But soon appeared a Franklin, chained the lightning, and bottled electricity. Morse following in his wake, invented the magnetic telegraph, and at his command lightning becomes letter bearers, and post boys, bearing intelligence to almost all parts of the civilized world in a few moments.

But one of the greatest and late achievements of man, is the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, by the Hon. Cyrus W. Field, linking the old and new world so that the President, Buchanan, can at pleasure, converse with her Majesty, the Queen.

This, Mr. President, is *Progression*, but much as man knows in any stage of his progress he may know still more, and may become still more exalted and lovely.

In conclusion, allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to appeal to you, and ask, Shall it be said of us as a people in Chicago, that while the Anglo Saxon is frantic on the great subject of *Progression*, that we are imbecile?

Shall we not cherish this precious little scion which has sprang up in our midst, (the Chapel Relief Society) which knocks kindly at our doors, proffering to impart to us wisdom and to enrich our coffers? Or shall we drive it from us? Methinks I hear the response emanating from every heart. No! *we will sustain it*, and it will, ever true to its name relieve the wants of the Chapel, and its members and friends will be seen like so many satellites revolving around its brilliant constellation.

For the Repository.

AN ADDRESS.

The following short and appropriate Address was delivered before the Chapel of Chicago Relief Society, by MRS. ELIZA WISBROOK, Vice-President of the Society, on taking her seat.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is with no ordinary emotion of pleasure that I appear before you on this occasion. And as this is the first time that I have appeared before you in this capacity, and not being accustomed to speaking in public, I hope you will receive it in a charitable light.

We have met to commence a noble, good, and great work. I regard it as such, because its object is to sustain the church of God, and as you have seen fit to promote so unable a one as myself to the highest office, save one within the gift of this noble association, on taking the seat to which you have promoted me, in briefly defining my position, allow me to say to you I will

strictly adhere to the constitution, and endeavor to protect the rights of its members. Let us go forward in this laudable enterprise.

There is much in the word chapel, and still more in the word relief.—Blend these together, and we have a vast field before us, affording the broadest capacity for doing good. A place for all, and a work for all to do, and thus we promote the cause of God, of the Church, and of the best interests of our fellow men.

In regard to success, it will behoove us to be prompt at every call, and never let our hands be idle, but work all, and all together, and never say we can't, but press forward until we get above the word fail.

The address of Miss Jakes would have been published before this, but waiting for addresses of others, which were delivered on that evening, her's has been delayed up to our present issue. As one of our objects is to give currency to the thoughts of the members of our various Literary Societies, we shall be happy at all times to receive all meritorious addresses, essays, etc., etc. We deem this a sufficient apology for the late appearance of the present address. J. M. B.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Anniversary of the Mental and Moral Improvement Society, of Bethel Church, Baltimore, Md., June, 1858.

BY MISS MARY A. JAKES.

Subject: The progress of the Mental and Moral Improvement Society.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The celebration of birth-days is a favorite custom with all nations. Children assemble around the parental

board, and look with reverence upon their gray-haired sires—and they see their children's children gathered around their knees.

Nations celebrate the birth-days of those who have guided them to the possession of liberty, and manifest their appreciation of the blessings of freedom by the affection with which they cherish the memories of those by whom it was bestowed. The American people celebrate the birth-day of Washington, because he raised his arm in defence of his country, and through his instrumentality secured liberty for it—and then, believing that he had liberated these United States, they shook their crimsoned swords and hailed him Father of his Country. And why should we not commemorate the successful effort of the Right Rev. D. A. Payne, in establishing the first Literary Society in the A. M. E. Church, of Baltimore city.

This Society was instituted May 7, 1857, and is known by the name of the Mental and Moral Improvement Society.

There were present at the formation some sixty or seventy persons, the majority of whom became members. With this encouraging beginning the Society went into immediate active operation, and were soon permanently organized into a school for the promotion of literature.

The order of exercises are reading of original essays, debates, etc., etc.

Many of the essays have been deemed highly meritorious. In consequence of the late period of the

formation of this Society it has not been able to do much towards effecting one of its important objects, which is the collection of a library of useful works, of every description, for the benefit of its members. But we hope the day is not far distant when we shall enjoy the pleasure of satisfying our literary appetites.

We also intend to assist in educating some young man for usefulness and for heaven.

We propose not only the learned, but the unlearned, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, male and female, without any other qualification than a good moral character, shall become members with us—and frequent meetings be held, and such exercises presented at each as might be found best calculated to call into exercise the intellectual attainments of its members.

The debating department is also maintained with much spirit—many of the members displaying much ability in the disputations on the various subjects brought before them; this is likewise to them a source of great improvement in elocution and public speaking.

The progress of this Society has been looked upon with pleasure by all who delight in the onward march of improvement among their fellow men.

Heavy are the shadows which hang around the brow of night just before the break of day. Dreary are the hours which precede the advent of spring, and the birth of flowers. It is in the moral world as in the physical,

that gloomy precursors are often the harbingers of glorious results; and events apparently trifling in themselves become the pivot on which mighty revolutions turn. Just now the shadows that hang over our Society are dark and portentous. It seems as if the heart of poor burdened humanity is swollen almost to bursting—an appeal which must not be answered only by good wishes and complimentary words, but by earnest action and efficient means.

The seed which produces the most luxuriant harvest requires proper cultivation to make it minister to the necessities of man. The marble which is taken from the quarry has no attractions for the eye until the chisel of the sculptor brings forth its tortuous veins and gives the beauty of proportion.

In all cases of large attainments and ripe character the process of growth is slow; thinking is hard work; all things most excellent are the fruits of slow, patient working. The trees grow slowly, grain by grain. The planets creep round their orbits, inch by inch. The rivers hasten to the ocean by a gentle progress. The clouds gather the rain drops from the invisible air, particle by particle. And are we to expect that this immortal mind, the grandest thing in creation, shall reach its perfection by a single stride, or independently of the most early, profound and protracted self-labor? Certainly not, is the echo of reason. But if we gain advantage by the plans laid out by this Society, and

devote our leisure hours to the pursuit of learning, in the course of time we will find ourselves in the possession of those acquirements and abilities which will fit us for the most honorable and useful stations in life.

He who implanted the mind and endowed it with faculties for development, hath also placed in our power the means thereof, and happy is he who makes the best use of them.

Genius of the highest order, without the fostering care of patrons and a suitable field for its display, often lies buried with the unknown possessor, and mankind are little sensible that a brilliant sun has gone down in darkness, which, under more favorable circumstances, would have fertilized and adorned society.

In a Christian sense we can adore the Deity through nature. His glorious character shines in the sun, moon, and twinkling stars; it is seen in the ocean, the mountain, the cataract, and is whispered by the gentle zephyr, which gives health and happiness to its creatures. And the image of God is clearly seen in man, who is formed after his likeness, and that in knowledge. Knowledge is obtained by the use of the ennobling powers of the mind, and the right use of our reasoning faculties will enable us to show forth our resemblance to our divine creator.

Let us, then, be united in acquiring knowledge. Parents, educate your children; impress upon them the utility of being farmers, mechanics, etc.; teach them to look upward, onward,

and beyond the obedience of degraded conditions.

If we cannot see eye to eye, can we not feel heart to heart?

In conclusion, I would remark that much credit is due to the founder of this institution, from which minds before obscure will become enlightened. Intellects which have lain dormant for a long period will be aroused to activity, and no few will be enabled to show that what man has been and is, man can and will yet be, even the colored man. We want among us intelligent men and women, freed from superstition, and more ready to reason than to be governed by the passionate impulse—whose minds shall be storehouses of knowledge—that succeeding generations shall be known, not as the depraved, unintelligent, worthless something, of these United States, but as men who can sway the sceptre of that power which is derived from knowledge alone.

And may the all-wise disposer of all events give us hearts and desires to apply our intellects assiduously to toil in the mines of learning, that we may gather largely of those gains which shall not only glitter, but be moulded into useful coins, honoring ourselves, benefiting our fellow-men, elevating our race, and glorifying God.

PITY expresses itself in words—often relieves itself by a look. Charity asserts itself in gifts. A man may be full of pity, and yet extremely empty-handed.

THE ROSE AND THE ROSE-BUD.

BY BISHOP PAYNE.

'Tis requested that I should write something in the Album of my lovely friend. But what shall I, what can I write that will be profitable to one so intelligent as Matilda?

That plant which had been cultivated by the consecrated hand of a priest, matured amid the sunlight, and borne a thousand beauteous flowers, can need no other cultivation to give it strength, nor foreign aid, to impart fertility. The very attempt would be regarded as presumptuous. Yet thou matron flower of rainbow hues and orient brightness, if I cannot instruct, perchance I may please thee, by telling of two other flowers which I once had the happiness of cultivating in my own garden. Of them I will speak in the language of the orientals, and tell in the accents of song. Shall it not please thee? Yea, verily, for virtue delights in the virtuous, and beauty in the beautiful.

One of these flowers was a rose, the other a rose-bud. The rose was most beautiful. Its corolla was full bloom, its petals of the brightest carnation, sweetly blended with the purest lily. Its stamen and petals were perfect, having graceful filaments and elegant styles, its anthers and stigma were finally organized, and richly powdered with golden pollen. Pendant upon a rose-bush, it was redolent of love.

In none of the surrounding gardens did I see so sweet a rose. It was loved by all who beheld it. All other

flowers did it obeisance. And, O! how I loved to gaze upon it!

Besides this rose there grew a rose-bud perfectly formed. Soft and bright were its hues. Its tiny bosom indicated a development which would have made it the *queen of flowers*.—Never did the eye of man look upon a lovelier! Its symmetry, its odor were divine! The dews seemed to fall upon it in sweeter and more lucid drops than on other rose-buds. The sun seemed to shed its beams upon it with the softest effulgence.

O! how I gazed upon my priceless treasure! Long, long, did I hope to feast my vision with their celestial beauties, and regale myself with their fragrance. But, alas! alas! stern winter came with his icy breath, blowing my rose from the stem, scattering its glowing petals, stamina, and pistils to the four winds; leaving me almost blind with tears, and tremulous with grief.

But my tears were soon dried up, and my grief assuaged by an angel voice, which said, "Weep not for the rose; it is not destroyed, it is only removed to a brighter clime—it is now blooming in the pure unclouded regions of heaven. Behold, your rose-bud still lives! My golden wings have been its shield against the fury of the winter storm. Nurture, cherish it; perhaps the Lord will let it live until its full blown corolla displays a beauty, and sends forth a fragrance that will compensate thee for the loss of the rose. In the virgin loveliness of the child, you may

behold the reflected glories of the mother."

The angel's voice ceased. It was the balm of Gilead—the consolation of the Gospel. Over my soul it diffused a heavenly sweetness—it shed a sunshine over all my being.

It made me pant to see the God of angels, who is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley. Here I turned to see the rose-bud. O, how I gazed upon it! How I cherished it! It was with a love bordering upon idolatry. Just then, while my soul was illumined by the light of hope, and joyous with anticipation, I heard the trumpet sounding for war. My martial spirit obeyed the summons, and I hastened to the tented field, to fight the battles of the Lord of Hosts. In the midst of the din and dust of the strife, a herald came to me and said: "Thy rose-bud is smitten by a thunder-gust. I delayed not, I fled to its rescue. I took it in my arms, and pressed its tiny bosom upon my own breast.

On its head, nine moons had poured their silvery beams—on its face the softest zephyrs had breathed their balmy breath—angel hands had bathed its eyelids in the morning and in the evening dews of heaven. But now, it was fading beneath the stroke of the thunder-gust! I kissed it! I wept! I looked to heaven and prayed for succor. Said I, spare! O, spare *my rose-bud*! I turned again to see if it was reviving. Behold, it was withered!

The rose was blasted by the icy breath of winter, the rose-bud by the

hot breath of summer. Nay, nay, it is all a dream! for life itself is but a dream, from which the righteous awake unto the glorious realities of an eternal existence. Neither the *rose* nor the *rose-bud* was mine; they had just been loaned me by the God of nature, for the purpose of beautifying my garden, as specimen flowers, illustrating creative wisdom and almighty power, that I might catch the inspiration of angels, and exclaim with an elegant Poet,

O, for the expanded mind that soars on high,
Ranging afar with meditation's eye,
That climbs the heights of yonder starry road,
Rising through Nature up to Nature's God;
O, for a soul to trace a Saviour's power,
In each sweet form that decks the blooming flower,
And as we wander such fair scenes among,
To make the Rose of Sharon all our song.

The rose and the rose-bud are both removed from my garden, because the Master hath need of them; He hath need of them to beautify his Eden of love; where freezing winter comes not, and the hot breath of summer is never felt—where one eternal spring pours its living freshness upon every plant and every smiling flower.

Tell me! ye angels, tell me! where on earth shall I ever see the like of my rose and my rose-bud? Soon may I behold them in the Eden of light and love! See them robed in the immortality of an endless life, enjoy them, in the unfading beauties of a sinless heaven!

He who can do all he wishes rarely does what he ought to do.

VIRTUE.

BY W. E. H.

Virtue is a word derived from the Latin word "*Virtus*," and in its strictest acceptation, means moral goodness. It is the highest quality that belongs to our being, and imparts strength to all the other ennobling qualities of the heart. There is not one but what borrows its lustre from this: What is knowledge without it? What are any of the christian graces without it? Man would be unbridled, unrestrained in his appetites, passions, and propensities; it is virtue keeps them in check, and gives them their proper boundaries. It is virtue that gives strength of character, and enables man to fulfil his obligations to his God, his neighbor, and himself. It fortifies against temptation, and raises man above the groveling things of earth. It gives zest to all our enjoyments, both temporal and spiritual, and gives man a proper estimate of the value of all earthly things; happiness is the offspring of virtue. "None but the virtuous can be happy," is an old and trite saying, yet as true as it is common. Virtue is the key that unlocks the door to all our real pleasures. It is the grand central point around which all the other virtues centre. It is like the sun, which is the centre of the solar system, around which all the smaller planets revolve, and from which they receive their light and heat; just so with virtue, it is the centre of our moral nature, and all these qualities mere satellites, like

the planets they borrow their brightness from the great head, they act only as they are acted upon. As do the planets reflect their light and heat, so do these reflect their beauty and attraction; as do the former give life and vitality to all nature, so do these fructify and radiate all within reach of its influence. The Apostle Peter 1: 3, says, that Christ has called us unto glory and virtue, and that all these other qualities are but subordinates to the mere sequence. The Apostle Paul also after summing up all the christian graces, (Phil. 4: 8,) says, "If there be any virtue, any praise, think of these things. How strikingly similar both passages in their meaning and import. This then is the cardinal principle; it is the fountain of all that is good and great.

May all who love progress, and desire the moral and intellectual elevation of man, seek to possess this ennobling quality, and cultivate and cherish it as of priceless value, and exemplify it in their daily life and character.

Western Theological Seminary,
Alleghany, Pa., Oct. 21, '58.

PROGRESS

AMONG OUR PEOPLE.

BY A.

Amidst so much oppression, it is really marvelous that we not only survive but progress. Proof of this may be found by spending a few hours in the school room. We soon perceive that the intellectual powers of the pupils, whether they be engaged

in a preparatory or collegiate course of studies, will one day tell very encouragingly to the community at large.

In the work shop also we can discern progress. The cabinet maker, turner, carver, and gilder, give satisfactory evidence of ingenuity and taste, in the various articles manufactured by them, and displayed in their various places of business. The home circle must not be overlooked. In many families, taste, comfort, and refinement abound. Music, drawing, and the fine arts generally are cultivated. A few years since music and drawing were confined to a very few families, but now they are

universally cultivated. Many of our young men have exchanged the excitement of a city life for the most independent of all occupations—agriculture. Their well conducted farms and the prosperous state of their crops, show that their efforts have been successful. Their toil has been lightened by the use of the best agricultural implements.

I think that from the few facts that I have stated, it is apparent that we are progressing, and that our tendencies are upward, and however our enemies may seek to crush us, yet like the "rebel flower," we shall grow stronger and more upright from the pressure. Philadelphia, July 26, '58.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

VISIT DOWN EAST.

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

CONCLUDED.

This day May 27th, 1858, we started for Baltimore, in company with Rev. Bishop Payne, Rev. A. W. Wayman, of Washington, Rev. J. M. Brown, of Baltimore, and some other brethren. We arrived in the city about five o'clock, P. M. This was my first visit here, and I don't know that ever I enjoyed myself better in life, for a stranger. Brother Brown, pastor of Big Bethel in this city, and Bishop Payne accompanied

me around among some of our people, and I must say, though its a slave State, that they seem to live at home. And some of the finest houses I have ever seen inside, are among our people. God bless, and make them useful in their day and generation.

On Sunday, the 30th, I preached for Rev. Brother Waters at Half past ten A. M. This is a neat little Church, with a gallery all around it, and will hold, I should judge, about four hundred, more or less. His congregation seems to be filled with the Holy Ghost. The Lord bless them.

At three o'clock, I listened to a very able discourse from Bishp Payne, in Big Bethel, on the duty of Trustees, and how much power they had in trust for the people who elect them. This is one among the largest and finest Churches we have in the connexion. It is built after the Gothic style, and will hold well on to 3,000 persons, with its gallery around. But to the subject of preaching.

At night, or 7½ P. M., I preached to a very large audience, and received a succession of old fashion amens, which reminded me of my boyhood in old North Carolina, when I would be at a good old Methodist campmeeting. So upon the whole, this congregation seemed to be imbued with the Holy Spirit. God bless them, and make them useful in their day and generation.

Monday morning, I left for Washington City, in company with Bishop D. A. Payne, and arrived in the City about half past ten A. M., and a little ways from the Depot, I met Rev. A. W. Wayman on his way to the Depot to meet us, but Bishop Payne had just gone to the house of Mr. Jones, or rather Bro. Jones. So Brother Wayman and I walked pretty much all day over the City. We were in the Capitol House, and I saw many of the silver-headed Senators, and members of both Houses. I also had the pleasure of going to the Patent Office or building, and there my eyes beheld the image of General Washington, his whole dress, cane, and frying pan, &c. Also a variety of patterns, and various

kinds of reptiles, and of almost, if not quite, of every creeping thing on the earth and in the air. That sight of itself is worth going to the city to see, and will well pay any one who have never seen it, to spare time and money to see it. But night was drawing nigh, and I have got to preach for Bro. Wayman, who is appointed in charge of Big Bethel.—So he and I was invited out to a luxurious supper. After we were through supper, there came up the hardest rain I think I ever saw in life, and continued so for three quarters of an hour or more. It abated, and we went to the church, and on account of the weather, there were but few out; therefore I cannot say much about Bro. Wayman's congregation. Suffice it to say, what few there were out, seemed to be truly the followers of Christ. The Church is neatly fixed up, well pewed off; it used to belong to the Presbyterians, but our people bought it. After meeting I went home with Bro. Wayman, staid or spent the night with him.

Next morning early, Bro. Wayman accompanied me down to the Depot, I there took the car back for Baltimore City, took breakfast, and left on the 10 o'clock train for Philadelphia, and arrived in Philadelphia, I think, about 3 o'clock P. M., took tea with Rev. J. P. Campbell and lady, and at night preached at the Union M. E. Church, for Rev. J. P. C., Elder in charge here. Bro. Campbell had some very interesting meetings. They appeared to possess the apostolic religion, and

it takes just such men as Brother Campbell to instruct a congregation, to get hold of it. After I was through preaching I then went round to my stopping place, which was at the house of old mother Frames, an old veteran of the cross. Since then I learn that she has departed this life.

Well, at 11 o'clock at night I left Philadelphia for Indianapolis, by the way of Pittsburgh; arrived in Pittsburgh at one o'clock P. M., stopped at Sister Brown's. The Rev. John A. Warren was the appointed Elder in charge. I preached for him at night. Here we have another quite a large and fine church. There were not a great many out, for I was told that the people will not go to meeting here at night through the week, &c.

Thursday morning, June 3d, left Pittsburgh 15 minutes before 2 o'clock P. M., for home, arrived next morning in Indianapolis at 8 o'clock A. M. I went to see my scholars, and they were all glad to see me.

A VISIT TO FRANKFORT AND LEXINGTON, KY.

BY WM. H. GIBSON, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps it may interest you, and the readers of the Repository, to learn something about our people situated in the towns above mentioned. Having been engaged, as you are aware, for about twelve years in the city of Louisville as a school teacher, and by that occupation forming many acquaintances from the interior and surrounding towns of this State, I have received many pressing invita-

tions to visit these acquaintances, but had failed to do so until about the 1st of May, when an opportunity presented itself; and with a friend, (Bro. Peter Lewis, whom I shall have cause to speak of before I close this article,) we entered the cars, and in a little time were speeding our way towards the capital of the State. On our arriving at Frankfort we were met by a number of friends who seemed desirous of taking some humble part in making us welcome in their midst. We were escorted to the house of Bro. Lewis Harris, a zealous and faithful member of the M. E. Church, and his lady; (she has since deceased, but died in the triumph of faith, for she left just such a testimony as all Christians should leave—"That she was ready to be offered up.") We were there treated with a great deal of kindness—we received the hospitality of the colored citizens generally, of which we shall ever be grateful. On Saturday evening we met with the Sabbath Schools, of which there are two in the city, one Methodist and one Baptist. They had met to prepare for a May celebration. The Superintendent, Bro. Reuben Thomas, requested me to lead the singing on that occasion; we accepted, and learned the schools several new pieces for the occasion. The music books were furnished by Bro. Lewis, who is also a superintendent in one of our schools in Louisville. He is very zealous in the cause of Sabbath Schools—would that we had a thousand like him, and I know the cause would prosper. The

evening was spent in recitations and singing, by the teachers and scholars. All passed off in a creditable manner. On Sabbath we visited the Sabbath Schools, and we found them truly in an encouraging condition. We attended services at 3 o'clock. A funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Bryant, of Lexington, and Rev. Moses Pittman, the Elder in charge. The church was crowded, and the words, as they fell from the lips of the speakers, were full of the Holy Ghost; and the congregation gave vent to their feelings in loud acclamations of praise, amens, and hallelujahs! Bro. Pittman has charge of the church; he is a faithful servant of God; when called to the ministry he was a slave; he told his master "that God had called him to the ministry, and that he wished to obey the call; but how could he perform his duty to God and serve him (his earthly master); though he said if he would give him permission he would go out and preach and serve the church, and return to him again." While thus talking to his master the briny tears stole down his master's cheeks, and he ceased to talk to him for fear of offending—but his master told him to "talk on," he "knew his responsibility." He sat down and wrote him a note to the church, stating that if the church would give him four hundred dollars for Moses he might go and carry the gospel of peace. The church acceded to his proposition—purchased Bro. Moses, and he has served them faithfully two or three years, and is now stationed in Lexington.

At 8 o'clock we visited the Baptist church, and there heard a discourse by Elder Monroe. The house was filled, and the congregation seemed to be interested in his discourse.

Monday morning we again met the schools, and joined in procession and marched to a beautiful grove, where a stage was erected, speeches delivered by the children and teachers, and the woods were made to echo with their merry notes—after which a sumptuous feast of dainties was spread, and we all partook thereof and were filled. The day passed off very agreeably; many were present from the city, white and colored. We gave them a short address on the subject of Sabbath Schools, which was received with applause.

Tuesday we visited the State Prison in company with several ladies; we were conducted through the various departments by the keeper; he spared no pains in showing us all that could be seen. We saw white men—over two hundred and fifty; colored men, seven; white women, six; no colored women. Vice and immorality hath caught these persons, and they suffer the penalties of the law; they are doomed to labor until the demands of justice are paid. I was caused to think that those poor convicts had yet a chance for escape, a chance for repentance, if properly sought through the blood of the Redeemer, while thus shut in from the pleasures of the world; but should they neglect, and have a second sentence pronounced upon them by the Judge of the world, when arraigned before his flaming bar,

their punishment will have no end! and the smoke of their torments will ascend forever. Awful thought!

We next visited the cemetery, the resting place of the sleeping dead, which is a beautiful scenery, arranged with great taste. The rough granite and rocks have been made perfect by the hands of the skilful mechanic; beautiful and appropriate inscriptions are inscribed thereon in honor of the dead; but the most singular, or odd, arrangement was that of the grave of Daniel Boone, "the pioneer of Kentucky;" it is surrounded by the stumps of old trees, formed in a circle, in the midst of so many splendid monuments and tombs of tasteful adorning; hence its oddity.

We again returned to the city, and were shown many things, too numerous to mention in this article, which were truly interesting to a stranger. Since that time we have been called to this city to teach a class in the science of music, once a week, and we find many of them apt scholars and dear lovers of the art.

We left Frankfort on Saturday for Lexington; we arrived there about supper time, and found on our arrival friends to greet us in the "Garden spot of Kentucky." We were conveyed to the house of Mr. Henry Britton, and treated with all the hospitality so proverbial of Kentuckians. After supper we visited a singing school taught by Mrs. Britton. They discoursed some good music.

Sabbath morning we visited Sabbath School at the Methodist Church, under

the pastoral care of the Rev. Henry Lytle. We found this school under very good discipline by their superintendent, Bro. Knox, who is also a devoted Christian, and knows how to provide for the little ones. At 11 o'clock we attended service at the same church, which is a very neat and substantial brick, and one of the oldest colored churches in the city. A discourse was delivered by the minister in charge; the congregation was small, and he appeared to be reproving his members for non-attendance to public worship. After the sermon a collection was lifted for the purpose of erecting a monument over Bro. —, the oldest member of the Methodist Church in that city. At 3 o'clock we visited the Baptist Church. It was crowded. A funeral sermon was being preached there also, but I could gather but little information in regard to the subject. The house is a very large frame, something like the old church of ours that was in Baltimore, with galleries all around except over the pulpit. There is another Baptist Church in this city, but I did not get to see it.

Monday we visited the friends generally, and formed many acquaintances. The city is very largely laid off, with very good buildings, but built on the ancient order; but few are seen of the late style, such as we see in the larger cities of this Union. In the most retired portion, on some squares, only two or three dwellings occupy the square, and those surrounded with trees and shrubbery, which add greatly to their beauty. We visited the

schools, of which there are two, taught by ladies; we found the scholars studying the primary branches; one of these schools is supported by a society called the School Club. The members contribute so much per month for the support of this school; and they school all children whose parents are unable to pay for them; and such as are enabled to pay contribute five dollars per session. We visited one of the meetings of this Club, at their hall. Speeches were made on the subject of education by several gentlemen, Rev. Bryant, Rev. —, and Mr. Wm. Turner; his address was a telling one on the subject, and we should have been pleased to have seen it published in the Repository. Mr. Turner is a young man, with a fair intellect, and promises usefulness. We also said a few things by way of encouragement to the great enterprise so nobly commenced in Lexington, and we pray that it is the beginning of better days. There was much life and animation given to this Society by the presence of the ladies, who are also members, and by their smiles and approbation urge their brothers on in this good work.

We attended a temperance meeting at the Branch M. E. Church, and a good speech from a Baptist Minister, Rev. Dupee, was delivered; it was a telling speech—a fair exposure of whisky. He used King Alcohol very severely, and the professors of religion who indulge in drinking liquor. I wished that all the drinking Christians could have been present and compelled

to hear their doom; several, I believe, joined the pledge.

In conclusion, I have told you, in as brief a manner as I could, of my visit, and much is yet omitted. But you are aware that no African M. E. Church is there, but there are many that would like to belong to such an organization. I had but one copy of the Repository, but I did not forget to present its claims. I talked of it and read it in families; they were pleased with it. I left it, and told them to hand it around. I solicited friend Turner and Tandy to speak of it, and do all that they could; and the result has been good. The second number, I sent some fifteen copies up, and the Presiding Elder, Dr. Brickner, read and thought well of it, and spoke of it in the church to the congregation, and all the local ministers have subscribed. I did the same in Frankfort, and several have subscribed there, and one in Danville, Ky. I hope yet to get a few more.

KNOWLEDGE.—Young man, improve your idle moments! Don't sit doing nothing, and wishing you had something to do. Take a book and read, that your mind may be improved. You do society a great wrong to grow up in ignorance, a reproach to yourself, and a discredit to your country. Come, take a book this instant; the effort may be irksome at first, but you will find pleasure, and profit, and honor in it, in the long run. Then begin like a man, now, and not wait for a more convenient time.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MRS. MARY VIRGINIA FORTEN.

BY D. A. P.

Will God betray a mother's trust? My answer is, *no! never!* Did my feeble health permit, I should attempt an elaborate article on this very interesting question; perhaps at some future day I will. Suffice it now to say, that could the annals of the great and good be scrutinized, it might be seen that there never was a man or woman who led "*a noble and unselfish life*," but what his or her adaptation to this very kind of life, was the fruit, the result, the answer to a mother's pious prayer, a mother's faith, a mother's *trust* in God—a prayer oft repeated on her bended knees—a *trust* uttered with her dying breath.

The following picture drawn from life is a fine illustration of our cherished doctrine. It was drawn by the chief editor eighteen years ago, as he stood by the bed of a dying mother. That mother was Mrs. Mary Virginia Forten.

Mrs. Mary Virginia Forten, consort of Mr. Robert B. Forten, finished her earthly course, July 10th, 1840, in the 24th year of her age. In addition to a lovely person, and sweet disposition, she possessed an intelligent mind and a clear judgment, was instructive and interesting in conversation, and blended in herself all the endearing virtues of a friend, a wife, and a mother.

About six months previous to her decease, the premonitory symptoms of consumption informed herself and relatives, that death was drawing nigh. Her religious impressions were then renewed, and concern for salvation deepened with the increase of the disease. As daily reading and meditation upon the word of God, cast increasing light upon the sins and pollutions of her heart, so her convictions became more pungent, and her distress of mind more intense, until the night of the 10th of May, when, being justified by faith, she found peace with God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; from that period, to the end of her life, her faith daily strengthened, and her communion with God became more intimate and precious.

That she had not fastened her affections upon the adorable Saviour in the morning of her life, and served him in the vigor of health, was a subject of deep and frequent regret. She greatly delighted to read and hear the holy truths of the Bible.

Her views of the nature and requirements of religion were exceedingly clear; and though she felt conscious that her conversation was daily in heaven, yet, to use the language of her gifted pastor, "She had modest views of herself." She enjoyed much happiness in the conversation of Christians, so that the

sentiment of the heart was the language of David: "I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of them that keep thy precepts."

We can never forget the sweet conversations we had with her about the blessedness of redeemed spirits in heaven—the resurrection morning, and the unutterable glory of Christ in the final consummation of the saints. She desired, with her latest breath, to testify of the redeeming love of Jesus. That her desires were granted, will be seen in the following:

The night before her death, she said to several members of the family, it would be a glorious sight to behold our entire family in heaven, and exhorted them to endeavor to get there; adding there is nothing more easy.

About 2 o'clock the next morning, she perceived that death was at hand, and being filled with joy, these precious strains flowed from her lips, "Glory! glory!" A few moments after, a friend took her hand; to him she said, "You are moral and good, but you need religion; you need the grace of God; O, seek it."

She also exhorted his wife to love God, and keep his commandments.

Soon after a christian friend approached her; grasping his hand, she said, "Brother rejoice with me, rejoice with me." Said he, "Is all well?" "Yes, all is well?" "Do you love Jesus?" "How can I help loving him when he is taking me to his arms.—Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; don't weep for me—rejoice." Said the

same friend to those who surrounded the bed, "Behold the power of the Christian in the hour of death?"—"Tis not the Christian," she replied, "'tis Christ—I have done nothing."

Then with a sweet glow in her countenance, which cannot be described, she triumphantly exclaimed, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? The Saviour, and the angels are with him; come Lord Jesus, come quickly, hide me under the shadow of thy precious Saviour. He will guide me through the valley of the shadow of death!"

At this moment two of her husband's sisters entered the room weeping.—Said the dying saint, "Weep not for me—be Christians," (naming one of them) "Be a Christian, keep the company of Christians." Turning her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "I'll soon be across the Jordan of death, bright fields! precious Saviour! precious Saviour! He will be with me in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not forsake me."

To a friend she said, "I will meet you in heaven."

To some who were weeping, she said, "Don't weep for me—rejoice, I am going safe!"

To her little sister, she said, "Be a good girl, love the Lord;" and to those whose duty it was, she said, "Teach her good things, teach her to pray night and morning."

Then came her father-in-law, to whom she remarked, "I hope, my dear father, to meet you in heaven. I wish all the family to be there—every mem-

ber. Don't weep—I am comfortable. my Saviour bears me through." They brought her infant to the bed,—she said, "*I have kissed my babe, put her away, the Lord will have mercy upon her. He has promised to be a friend to the orphan and the fatherless children.*"

And again, with a sweet smile, she triumphantly exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Her husband wept, to whom she said, "My dear husband, surely you are not weeping for me! How can you weep to see your dying wife so happy; rejoice, rejoice!"

In the afternoon, a pious friend, who stood fanning her, remarked that it was sweet to be in His arms. "Yes she replied," he is a precious Saviour;" her friend said, "You will soon be with him." She answered, "I thought to have been with him long before this." "Well," said the friend, "His time is best," to which she replied, "His will is mine."

To one who stood near her bed at night, she said, "God bless you."—About two hours after, she said to his wife, "My dear Elizabeth, farewell! Meet me in heaven. I am going—the Saviour is come!" Then gently waving her hands to her weeping husband, relatives, and friends, the ransomed spirit fled to heaven!

Eighteen years have passed away, since I saw and heard this dying mother commit her infant daughter to the care of the Eternal. Has God betrayed the confidence which was then put in him?*

The tender hearted Cowper has not written any thing more beautiful and touching than these lines of the gifted Miss Charlotte Forten.

Though not more than twenty, she has already distinguished herself as a successful teacher in one of the best schools of enlightened Massachusetts. 'Tis deeply to be regretted, that her delicate constitution has been so much impaired by the severe climate of the granite State—a climate which one of her finest Poets has compared to "*black pepper mixed with icicles.*"

Should Miss Forten's life be spared, and her health restored, I have no doubt but that she will yet distinguish herself as a Poetess. We trust that every one of our issues shall be enriched by some beautiful thoughts from the gifted pen of "LOTTIE!" And as the pious trust of her mother in God, has already been realized in her brief history, may the high aspirations of her lofty soul be fully accomplished in "*a noble and unselfish life.*"

O! that every child among us had such an angel mother, and every mother such a noble daughter!

* That infant is now a sweet young woman of about 20 years. Hear her in the Poetic effusions of her noble soul.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY LOTTIE.

'Twas on a glorious summer eve,
A lovely eve in June—
Serenely from her home above,
Looked down the gentle moon.
And lovingly she smiled on me,
And softly soothed the pain,
The aching, heavy pain that lay
Upon my heart and brain.

And gently, mid the murmuring leaves—
Scarce by its light wings stirred,
Like spirit voices soft and clear,
The night wind's song I heard.
In strains of music mild and sweet,
It sang to me of peace;
It bade my weary, troubled soul,
Her sad complainings cease.

For bitter thoughts had filled my breast,
And sad, and sick at heart,
I longed to lay me down and rest,
From all the world apart.
"Outcast, oppressed on earth," I cried,
"Oh, Father, take me home!
Oh, take me to that peaceful land,
Beyond the moonlit dome."

"On such a night as this," methought
"Angelic forms are near,—
In beauty, unrevealed to us,
They're hovering in the air.
Oh, mother, loved and lost!" I cried,
"Methinks thou'rt near me now,
Methinks I feel thy cooling touch,
Upon my burning brow."

Oh, guide and soothe thy sorrowing child;
And if 'tis not His will,
That thou should'st take me home with thee,
Protect and bless me still.
For dark and drear has been my life,
Without thy tender smile,
Without a mother's loving care,
Each sorrow to beguile."

I ceased,—then o'er my senses stole,
A soothing dreamy spell,
And gently to my ear were borne,
The tones I loved so well.
A sudden flood of rosy light—
Filled all the dusky wood,
And clad in shining robes of white
My angel mother stood.

She gently drew me to her side,
She pressed her lips to mine,
And softly said "grieve not, my child,
A mother's love is thine.
I know the cruel wrongs that crush
Thy young and ardent heart;
But falter not,—keep bravely on,
And nobly bear thy part.

For thee a brighter day's in store,—
And every earnest soul
That presses on, with purpose high,
Will win the wished-for goal.—
And thou, beloved, faint not beneath
The weary weight of care;—
Daily, before our Father's throne,
I breathe for thee a prayer.

I pray that pure and holy thoughts
May guard and bless thy way,
A noble and unselfish life
For thee, my child, I pray."
She paused—and fondly bent on me
One lingering look of love;
Then softly said—and passed away—
"Farewell, we'll meet above."

I woke,—and still the silver moon
In quiet beauty shone,—
And still I heard amid the leaves
The night wind's murmuring tone.
But from my heart the weary pain
Forever more had flown—
I knew a mother's prayer for me
Was breathed before the Throne.

LET the friend of his country and people look into the streets, and weep over the demoralization of young manhood. The great purposes of life, are utterly ignored by the mass of our youth. The vile and pernicious teachings of the grog-shops are writing their impress upon language, principles and manners. Full and strong, to the very surface of our social and business currents of life, are beating up the elements of moral pollution. If there is one who doubts, let him move about, stop at the dram-shop or street-corner, and listen for a day. Does he find any promise of that future high-minded and honorable citizenship which should now be rooting in the heart—molding manners and giving strength and stability to good principles?

SCIENCE.

ECONOMY.

BY E. WEAVER.

CONCLUDED.

Dear readers, this article will close with the last number of volume I. for the year. As we have complied with our obligation to furnish you with four copies for one dollar, and permit me to say, that I hope all who have read the Repository, and especially those articles on Economy, have profited much from the same, even if it does no more than to cause you to think the matter over, and have made it a subject of thought, it will have that much tendency to bring you into the art of economizing.

Kind reader, I purpose in winding up these essays, to present you with some of the objectionable features to Economy.

Let me not be misunderstood; for I do desire to instamp upon your mind those things which keep us poor, and make us the hewers of timber and drawers of water. 1st. Unnecessary dressing, but plain and neat, and never to place our affections upon dressing, but upon God, and He will support you. 2d. The ball room. O! how many persons are hindered through life, yea, and become poverty stricken, by frequenting such places. Because whenever there is a ball on hands some three or five or more dollars must be thrown away, to

prepare the attendance to look graceful at the ball room. This, my readers, is not economy—far from it; and nine out of every ten, may not always have the means at the time the ball comes off. Well, you must get credit for what you want this time, and in a few days or weeks, another ball is on hands, and Sally has received a ticket, and by the way, this is a select ball, and Mary wants a different dress to wear, so as to look as fine as Sally. And John and Dick must be fixed up in style too. But hark! the first outfit for a previous ball is not paid for yet. Well, it may be that the father and mother may have a house and lot, but not paid for in full. The creditor says get any thing you want, your credit is good, and by and by, B. demands the money for the outfits for those balls that have been standing for a year or more. Well, B. has not got the money. How much is it? One hundred and fifty dollars, and likely more. How much? The same is repeated. Why, says B., I don't owe you that much! But says A., you do, sir! And I have the day and date for every thing you got. And goes on to show B., but B. don't understand it, and denies it. Well, what next? Why, a lawsuit. They go to law, and A. throws B., and the court decides that he, B., must pay the one hundred and fifty dollars or more, and the cost, besides the lawyer's fee.

He's not got the money in cash; well, the next step. An execution is issued against his house and lot; in a few days the Sheriff sells the house and lot, or farm, as the occasion may be, for about one half of its value, to pay A., and the expenses of the lawsuit. Now, B. is broken up, root and branch, all from bad economy, and he has no friends now, because he's got nothing. So you see, my friendly readers, that bad economy results in the loss of friends. Now, my readers, if B. had acted upon the scale of economy, this disgrace, as we shall term it, never would have fell upon him. And in conclusion, let me urge upon you, never to pursue such a course, for that is not economy. No, but economy consists in being economical. That is to say, to take care of your hard earnings, and dispose of it in the best way to please God.

May every rational being learn the art, the science of economy, and the world will be wiser and better.

For the Repository.

HYGIENE.—No. 3.

BY W. R. REVELS.

The hygiene of the organs of respiration will form the theme of the present article. The principal organs concerned in this important function of animal life are the following, viz: the trachea, bronchia, lungs, and diaphragm. In addition to these, physiologists mention several other great muscles of respiration, to which, however, I can barely refer at present; these are the *saervatus posticus inferi-*

or, *saervatus posticus superior*, the *levatores*, *castorum*, the inter castle muscles, the *infra castles*, and the *triangular sterni*, and in an excited condition of respiration there are a variety of other muscles which are called into requisition in the exercise of this function.

The *trachae*, commonly called the wind pipe, is a tube extending from the larynx to the superior portion of the thorax, where it bifurcates and forms the two great bronchial tubes, one going off to each lung, and forming, at the point of connection, what is usually called the root of the lungs.

But we remark that the great and most important agents in the respiratory function are the lungs, which, when placed together in their natural position, resemble in shape the hoof of the ox, with its posterior part projecting forward; but in the living subject they are at such a distance from each other, and of such a figure, that they allow the heart and mediastinum to intervene or come between them; and they cover every part of the heart, except a small portion at the apex. The lower extremity or base of each lung rests upon the pleural lining of the diaphragm, and entirely occupies the angle between the diaphragm and the ribs; the superior end projects upwards and backwards along the first rib, and above the clavicle, so as to be separate from the *scalintus anticus* muscle only by the pleura. Each lung is divided by deep fissures, into portions called lobes—the right into three, the left

into two, the heart on the left side taking up the space which is occupied by the lower lobe on the opposite side of the right lung; each of these lobes are again subdivided into smaller portions, called lobules, which are marked out on the surface of the lungs by various angular lines. The lungs are of a soft, spongy texture, and in animals that have breathed are always found to contain considerable portions of air; they consist of cells, which communicate with the branches of the trachea that ramify through them in every direction. The elasticity of the air cells of the lungs, and of the ramifications of the bronchia which lead to them, is apparent in their rapid contraction after distortion, and by the force with which they expel the air, which is used to inflate them when removed from the thorax; the parenchyma, or proper tissue of the lungs, is made up chiefly of air cells and blood vessels, so arranged and held together as to adapt them exactly to the great function in the animal economy, in the performance of which they are the chief organs. But upon this minute anatomy, of course, I cannot dwell. There are matters of a more practical character which demand our attention.

Nothing, perhaps, is better established, than the fact that no being, or part of any living being, can continue its functions unless supplied with blood which has become aerated, or oxygenated, by passing through the lungs, in which the venous blood of pulmonary vessels, coming in contact

with the atmospheric air in the air cells of the lungs, is converted into arterial, upon the purity of which the proper development and healthy condition of the human organism depends. If the lungs perform their functions but imperfectly, they necessarily become diseased, the blood becomes vitiated, and consequently the whole system suffers. The primary cause of many diseases unquestionably is to be found in the imperfect state of the blood in the lungs—and in this as in certain other functional derangements, well timed and proper out-door exercise is the most available remedy. But more of this in another place. If the lungs performed no other office in the general economy than to oxygenize, or decarbonize, or renovate the blood, this alone would be of sufficient importance to warrant the most careful attention to the healthy action of these vital organs. The nervous energy and muscular power of each individual, is in direct or exact proportion to the amount of air used by the lungs. There is, perhaps, no other living being whose power is proportionately so great as that of the eagle, and the only reason is, that this creature consumes more air than any other animal of its size in the vast dominion of animal nature; and this consumption of atmospheric air is the great means of affording that surpassing strength and power of endurance by which this bird of the sun is so strikingly and universally characterized.

The cause of the maladies to which

the lungs are subject are so various, and require such an extensive investigation, as, of course, to preclude the possibility of our entering upon even a partial consideration of them in this brief series. We will only now remark that the terrible disease commonly known as consumption, is generally the effect of the unhealthy deposition of matter in the substance of the lungs—at first hard, but which afterwards becomes softened, ulcerates and destroys the pulmonary apparatus to a greater or less extent, and finally causes death by depriving the body of the renovating influence which the air exercises over the blood, and the poor consumptive dies of utter debility. This is a most deeply interesting subject, demanding a very careful investigation, which we may perhaps bestow upon it at some future time.

We shall now proceed more particularly to the hygiene of the respiratory apparatus.

Respiration, or breathing, is that process, as we have now seen, by which air is taken into and expelled from the lungs—the object of which, as we are taught by physiologists, is three fold:

(1.) To supply the system with oxygen, which is the great support of respiration, and is essential to the generation of animal heat; hence, in the absence of a due proportion of oxygen in the air we breathe, the normal temperature of the body cannot long be maintained, and breathing will not only become laborious, but will ultimately entirely cease. As, for

example, in a close room, in which charcoal is burned in an open vessel.

(2.) To convert the chyle into blood, and this is done by the oxygen of the inspired air.

(3.) To relieve the organs of the body of the principal elements (carbon and hydrogen) that compose the old and effete particles of matter. Persons therefore who permit an accumulation, or too long retention, of these materials, by disregarding the state of the atmosphere of their residence, and especially their sleeping apartments, must necessarily become diseased. In order to the enjoyment of perfect health, it is of the utmost consequence that the impure venous blood be properly changed; and as we have before stated, as this is effected in the lungs by its contact with the air, it follows that this element, when taken into the system, should be pure, or contain twenty-one per cent. of oxygen to about seventy-nine per cent. of nitrogen, which are the exact proportions of these elements in the atmosphere.

The importance of this subject, and especially the deleterious effects of impure air upon the functions of the human organism, may be shown by reference to the well known and familiar fact, that a candle or taper, for instance, will not burn where carbonic acid exists in any considerable quantity, or where there is a great deficiency of oxygen. And from this well known fact originated the very judicious practice of sinking a lighted candle into a well or pit before de-

scending into it—a precaution which should never be omitted or forgotten by persons who use the water of deep wells, which frequently require cleaning out. If, when letting down a taper into these wells, the flame is extinguished, you may rest assured that respiration cannot there be maintained—and life would, as has often been the case, be sacrificed, should a person venture in until the carbonic acid is destroyed, or the noxious air is removed.

It may be well to remark that some persons, in order that they be healthy, require a larger quantity of air than others. A man of large size, who has a large quantity of blood, demands more than a small man with a less amount of the circulating fluid.

Individuals whose habits are active require more than persons of a sedentary life, because the waste of the system is greater in the former than the latter. On the same principle the gormandizer needs more of this element than persons of temperate habits. As a general and safe rule on this subject, so far as residences and churches are concerned, we have somewhat to say, but will forbear until our next.

(To be continued.)

PRINCIPLES.

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

There are faults which mislead men in their knowledge, and these I purpose to examine to the bottom, and see the root it springs from. It is not unusual to see men rest their opinions

upon foundations that have no more certainty nor solidity than the proposition built on them. For instance, the founders or leaders of my party are good men, and therefore, their tenets are true; it is the opinion of a sect that is erroneous, therefore it is false; mark, it hath been long received in the world, therefore it is true; or it is new, and therefore false.—These, and many of the like, which are by no means, my readers, the measurers of truth and falsehood. Men make this standard such a course; they thus fall into the habit of determining of truth and falsehood by such wrong measures; it is no wonder they should embrace error for certain, and be very positive in things they have no ground for.

I presume, that there is not any one who pretends to reason, but when any of these false maxims are brought to the test, must acknowledge them to be infallible.

Would one not be ready to think that men are willing to impose upon themselves, and mislead their own understanding, and see that their wrong cannot be relied on. I think that there are a great many that argue in earnest, and do it not to impose on themselves or others. And thus we see they are persuaded in their own conceit, that they are right.

But men would be intolerable to themselves, and contemptible to others, if they should embrace opinions without any ground, and claim what they can give no manner of reason for; and my readers, just at this point, we hold that true or false, solid or

sandy, the mind must have some solid foundation to rest upon, and no sooner entertains any proposition, but hastens to some hypothesis to bottom it on, and until then it is unquiet and unsettled.

Now, in some matters of concernment, and especially those of religion, men are not permitted to be always wavering and uncertain, they must embrace and profess some tenet or other; and would we think, be ashamed; nay, a contradiction too heavy for any one's mind to lie under, for him to pretend seriously to be persuaded of the truth of any religion, and yet not to be able to give any reason of one's belief, or to say any thing of his preference of this or that, to any other opinion.

If this be so, it might be asked, why then do they not rather make use of sure and unquestionable principles, rather than rest on such a sandy foundation, and will, as is visible, serve to support error as well as truth. We answer, the reason why they do not make use of better and surer principles, is because they cannot.

Now, few men are from their youth, accustomed to strict reasoning, and to trace the dependence of truth to its remote principles, and to observe its connection.

CONCERNING INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

BY T. STROTHER.

I am not opposed to instrumental music, when used outside of worshiping assemblies. I see quite a lengthy

piece in the third number of the Repository, on this subject, by Mr. Turner. He writes a pretty piece, but I am obliged to differ somewhat with him. "He says it was an ancient custom to praise God upon the instrument." True, so it was an ancient custom for one man to have as many as ten wives. Does that prove it right, for one man to have that number now, at one and the same time? Mr. Turner himself would say it did not; why talk about ancient customs, then? We all know, that there were many things allowed anciently, even in the Church, that are not allowed now. But, if Mr. Turner means to say, that the primitive christians used instrumental music in divine worship, I am prepared to prove to the contrary, for Church history informs us positively that they did not. Great stress is laid upon David's conduct in this matter also, but let me show my opponents, that David's authority for many things, which he did under the Jewish dispensation, is no authority for us to do the same things under the Christian dispensation. For instance we read Psalms 35: 8, that he prayed for the utter destruction of his enemies, and he had a plurality of wives. Shall we follow his example in these things? It being true, that there are churches throughout this country which approve of the use of instrumental music, does not by any means prove the thing to be right, for, how many hurtful practices have many churches gone into? If we would have church

example upon this subject, let us go to the primitive church; we have already shown, that they would not use it at all. We learn from Church history, that instrumental music was not used in the church until 1290, when it was introduced by Marianus Sanutus. Could it have been used to such great advantage, why did not the primitive christians discover it, and introduce it into the church? They would have been the proper people to have introduced it, and I have no doubt but that they would have done so, if it be essential, as our opponents would have us to believe it is.

Mr. Turner says, that "God in his wisdom endowed us with this science, for the purpose of proclaiming his own glory." If this be correct, is it not strange that the Lord did not instruct his Apostles, when sending them out to preach, to take a piece or two of instrumental music with them, in order that they might the better proclaim God's glory. It is very strange that a thing so essentially necessary for the promotion of God's glory, would have been neglected by the Lord himself. And it is equally as astonishing to me, to think that God's people would lie out of the use of a thing as much as 1300 years, before ever they would think once of the utility of it. Mr. Turner also says: "A good musician can no more do without an instrument, than a Bishop or an Elder can do without a knowledge of the Bible, or Church discipline." Does he mean that a musician can not get to heaven without a musical instru-

ment to use on his way? Or does he mean to say that a knowledge of instrumental music is as indispensable as a knowledge of the Bible and Church discipline is? This, in fact, is about what he does say, which seems to me, like equalizing non-essentials with essentials. Now, if a knowledge of the bible and discipline, is of no more importance than a knowledge of instrumental music is, then I confess that I am in darkness, that is dense. Mr. Turner goes on to say, that "such a dear lover of art are we, that we rejoice that the custom has not been crushed out, by those who have not heart and taste enough to appreciate it." Now, it does seem to me, that as far as heart and taste are concerned, (to use his own words) that the reverse of what he says is true. So let us see now what we can make of this. I will here quote from the Encyclopedia of Religion.

Speaking of vocal music, (not instrumental) "it says this species which is the most natural, may be considered to have existed before any other, it was continued by the Jews, and it is the only kind that is permitted in the Greek and Scottish churches, or with few exceptions, in dissenting congregations in England." "The christian rule," continues the Encyclopedia, "requires the use of vocal music, both for personal and social edification." It then cites the 13th verse of the 5th chapter of Ephesians, in proof of what it here asserts. "Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and hymns, and spiritual

songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." The Encyclopedia also cites the 16th verse of the 3d chapter of Colls. "Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and hymns, spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Not upon musical instruments, but in your hearts. Hence we perceive that it is not good to be assisted in that which the soul itself should perform; in such a case the soul becomes timid and inactive. Too much artificial assistance in religious operations is apt to spoil all. But as it regards refinement and taste, where are any nations on the earth which are more refined, and which are of better taste, than those above cited. The Greeks have long since past into a proverb on the account of their refinement and taste, a nation that speaks and writes the richest language in the world, being that of the pure Greek language. Scotland and England, are also highly renowned for their refinement and taste, and we, of course, who oppose the use of instrumental music in divine worship, are classed with these, for the reason that we object to this thing upon the same grounds that they do. I am fearful, that some who make a very free use of the terms refinement and taste, have not considered the meaning of these terms. The word refinement comes from a Latin verb, *Purgo*, which signifies to cleanse, to purify, to free from all incumbrances.—Then to be refined, is to be pure, or to be free from all impurities and in-

cumbrances, and this is the thing for which we, who oppose the use of instrumental music in divine worship, are striving. Then it certainly is true, that we come nearer being the refined, than the opposite party, from the fact that we are trying to become pure ourselves, and are trying also to purify the church.

Taste is also a Latin word, or rather from a Latin root, *Gusto*, which signifies that which is of the highest rank or order, all of which we are most assuredly aiming at, and hence it may be said of us, that we are of taste as well as that of being refined. These sticklers for refinement and taste, would go farther, I believe, for refinement and taste, (in their real sense of these terms) than for pure, and vital religion.

One of these said not long ago, whose words I have in print, that the holy, and pure worship in heaven is accompanied by instrumental music. I have one request to make of that friend, that is, to inform me of the kind of materials of which these instruments in heaven are made; whether of wood or steel, or some other kind of material.

This friend refers to Rev. 14: 2, for proof. "And I heard the voice of harpers," &c. I think men who undertake to expound the scriptures, ought to read them a great deal, and pray much before they undertake to explain such places as these, for they are certainly highly figurative. Dr. Benson explains this place quite different from our friend above referred to.

He says, that the voice which the Revelator heard, was as the voice of harpers, not that it was the voice of harpers. The Revelator uses harpers in this place as a figure, in order to convey somewhat of a tangible idea of the exquisiteness of the music heard in the sounds of which he speaks.

I have noticed that instrumental music where it is used in churches, has invariably to be laid aside in revival seasons, in order to keep up the revival spirit any given length of time. And why this? The reason is obvious, because there is nothing in creation used in worshipping assemblies that is capable of reaching the finer

sensibilities of the human soul, and affecting it religiously, to the same extent that the human voice will. "It is said, that the vocal music of the Imperial Choirsters, in St. Petersburg, incomparably surpasses in sweetness and effect the sounds produced by the combined power of the most exquisite musical instrument." I would insist then on the cultivation of the human voice, that we may have sweet vocal music in our places of worship, yet I have nothing against instrumental music. I have quite a ear for it when used in its proper place.

POETRY.

For the Repository.
TO MY TEACHER, JAMES K. PARKER.

BY LIZZIE.

The time has come to bid good bye
My teacher, ever dear,
I cannot still my throbbing heart,
Nor hide the falling tear.

The feelings which my bosom rend,
I never can express,
To me an angel hast thou been,
Cheering me in distress.

Oft when lonely, sad and weary,
I've sat for hours and thought,
That in this cold and cheerless world,
I dwelt alone for naught.

But dearest teacher, you have come,
In this sad hour of need,
You've led me to Calvary's Cross,
And bade me seek the promised meed.

When by study and books oppressed,
By words so sweetly soft,
Have you not soothed my cares away,
And bade them stand aloft?

Such has been my sad lot in life,
To part with those I love,
Dear teacher, I'll forget you not,
No matter where I rove.

One little boon of thee I crave,
Wilt thou remember me?
For thee my prayers shall ascend,
May angels watch o'er thee.

And when we've run life's shortest span,
When all our toils are o'er,
I'll hope and pray we meet above,
Where parting is no more.

For the Repository.
TOO GOOD TO BE FORGOTTEN.

BY CHICAGO.

Miss Hetty Wesley, sister to the Rev. John Wesley, was quite unfortunate in her marriage, and consequently made her days unhappy.—Lying on her sick-bed, with her first-born child, only three days old, dying in her arms, with a heart weighed down in grief, she expressed the emotions of her heart. She composed the following affecting stanzas, which may serve as a specimen of her poetic genius:

Tender, softest infant mild,
Perfect, purest, brightest child,
Transient luster, beauteous clay,
Sunlight wonder of a day—
Ere thy last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart—
Ere the long-enduring swoon
Weighs thy precious eyelids down,
Oh, regard a mother's moan—
Anguish deeper than thy own.
Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight—
Ere your orbs extinguished be,
Bend their trembling beams on me;
Drooping sweetness, verdant flower,
Blooming, withering in an hour—
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest mortal pains,
Here a suppliant, let me be
Partner in thy destiny—
That when ere the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud,
When deadly damps, impending now,
Shall hover round thy beauteous brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Yon taper in the distance,
How far it throws its beams!
But no! it is the Evening Star,
Which thro' the forest gleams!

Far toward the Land of Morning,
Far in the mellow West,
The jeweled vault of heaven seems
Upon the earth to rest.

Thus o'er the Realm of Childhood
Bends down the yearning dome,
Sweet voices blend with tones of earth,
And forms angelic come.

No more we hear their music,
Nor see their forms; but, oh!
Through yonder gates of gold and pearl,
How many angels go!

Behold! the Star of Evening
Has vanished in the West;
So sinks the man whose life is done
Serenely to his rest.

The heavens bend to meet him—
Earth dims upon his sight,
Till from the Western shore of Time
He launches into light.

He bends to pass the portal in
The narrow darksome way,
Into that world whose faintest beams
Make glorious our day.

But we, the heirs of Manhood,
Athirst for fame and gold—
Around our hearts the earth has thrown
Its dark and cheerless mould.

Or, if our vision wanders
Up where the angels are,
Some tiny ray awhile may gleam
How bright—but, oh! how far!

[Evening Post.]

Daniel Webster penned the following: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with the just fear of God and our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIME ENOUGH.

BY REV. E. WEAVER.

For the want of more matter from contributors, I am compelled to write more for the Repository; and as I have to write it in the "school room," between time, it will not be as perfect as we would like to have it.

Now to the subject. How often do we hear this word used, "time enough." And very common it is, too, in our English books. Yes, in most all kinds of business, whether spiritual or political, in "Church or State," we hear it used—"time enough." Now we purpose to take up the various "time enough," one by one.

1st. How often is it that so many people, when they lie down to sleep, and the hour comes to get up, they will lie still and say to themselves that it is "time enough"—and thus "time enough" is indulged until broad day-light is visible, and then they jump up harem scarem; time has come and gone some time before he or she arose, but it was "time enough." We might say that time enough and indulgence are two linked brothers—and amount to about the same.

2d. Very frequently when persons are going a journey, and have to go on public conveyance, think it time enough to fix to meet the public conveyance, which starts at a certain hour; and at a late hour commence, from the delay of time enough, buz-

zling, thoughtless, without the presence of mind. The hour is at hand; it is some distance to where the public conveyance is; things are thrown on the person in any manner, and starts for the public conveyance—probably some of the most essential things left behind, from time enough. When arriving to the place of public conveyance, oh! its gone! its gone! The friends looking for the arrival of the conveyance, with anxious hearts, but to their astonishment their friend or friends did not appear, and all their preparations were in vain. But upon the part of the disappointer, it was time enough till it was too late.

3d. In relation to church, it is often the case with persons who attend church, know what hour services commence, too, says its time enough—time enough, and thus they sit and lol about, on time enough, and then commence to prepare for church, and at the very time they commence to dress the pastor or services has taken up in church; and now they hurry to throw on their garments, and start to church, and when they get there, behold, church is half out; they enter the door and go up the aisle very heavily, and attract the attention of the whole audience—take their seats away up in the amen corner; but mark, this is not the first time they have done this, but it is an old time enough habit, that they have imbibed probably from his or her youth. Time enough has

THE LORD'S DAY.

BY MISS AGNES APLETON.

led so many people wrong, and when a bad habit is once formed, it is rooted so deep that it is hard to get it out of one, and their time enough way is right, and no one can teach their time enough way anything.

4th. There is another time enough habit that is still worse than all, and that is those who are without a hope in Christ, it is always time enough; talk to them about the welfare of their souls; oh, it is time enough; see them again, and it is time enough. What a dangerous habit for any one, as a rational being, to fall into. Again time enough is procrastinated until at last sickness overtakes them; fever and pain are so great that they cannot pray; they see the great danger of time enough, and think if the good Lord will spare him or her to get up again they will stop time enough, and seek the Lord; the good Lord permits them to get up, but to their shame, they fell upon the same old time enough, and thus they went on until time enough had been the means of losing his or her soul.

Now friendly reader, you that have been indulging in time enough, take a friend's advice, and never rest any more upon such a sandy foundation, and had I time to think more, I don't know what better way I could spend time, while on this subject, than to warn you of the dangerous habit of time enough.

Written in the school room in great haste for the printer.

The most graceful principle of dress is neatness—most vulgar, preciseness.

Last Sabbath morning was a very pleasant morning indeed. I thought I would walk down to the church; while on my way, seeing so many in every direction, each one making his or her way to their church, it occurred to my mind thus: Have these people the love of God in their hearts, or is pride, and fashion, that they go for? But pressing my way along, I soon arrived at the door of the church of which I am a member, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the venerable Bishop Quinn, who was preaching. Yes, there the venerable patriarch stood, who was the pioneer of the connection west. He has labored hard and faithful to spread the gospel among our poor, scattered and afflicted people. After the Bishop was through—having delivered an able discourse—the Rev. Daniel Winslow closed with singing, prayer, &c. At three o'clock the Rev. Daniel Winslow preached a short sacramental discourse, after which the sacrament of the Lord was administered; and we heard at night the Reverend Elisha Weaver, our beloved pastor, from these words: "Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not." I thought to myself that I never heard such a discourse—and how could any one who had any feeling in them help but feel wrought upon. May the Lord bless and save the people.

Indianapolis, 1858.

Truth and right shall conquer all.

LOVE YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY SAMUEL WHITE.

Be kind in your behavior to each other, and show your love by actions as well as words. Do all in your power to make them happy; let brothers, especially, behave with gentleness to their sisters; they are by nature more weak and defenceless, and therefore brothers should treat them with peculiar tenderness. If your brothers or sisters displease you, do not speak angrily to them, but be patient, and forgive them, as you hope our blessed Saviour will forgive you. If they do any thing wrong to you, do not any thing to them, but pray for them; let them see that you love them still, and they will be ashamed of themselves; or, if they are not, our Saviour will be pleased with you; for when he was reviled, (that is, Christ,) he reviled not again. It is a sad thing when brothers and sisters quarrel and strike each other, but a pleasant thing when brethren dwell together in unity and love. I hope that none of my school-mates ever quarrel—but I hope they love one another.

Remember this Composition.

TOBACCO AND TIN FOIL.

"Within a few years past, fine cut tobacco, put up in wrappers of tin-foil, has come into general use. It is now asserted, and with severe experience to support it, that the tin-foil has dangerous poisonous qualities. Two cases that have just arisen are calculated to give a great celebrity to

this belief. Police Justice Bragg, of Detroit, and a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, have been attacked by severe strokes of paralysis, induced, as the physicians declare, by the poisonous influence of the tin-foil used by tobacco venders. If this judgment be sound, we may expect to see at once a general abolition of the use of the article."

The above appears in many of our exchanges, and the originators and copiers do not seem to know the fact, that there is infinitely more poison in one package of tobacco, than in the tin-foil that surrounds a hundred. If anybody doubts this, let them hold a sheet of white paper over the smoke that curls up from burning tobacco, and after a pipeful or a cigar has been devoured, scrape the condensed smoke from the paper and put a very small amount on the tongue of a cat, and they will see her die by "strokes of paralysis" in fifteen minutes.

Nothing is a more common cause of paralysis than the poison of tobacco, while the numerous forms of heart disease are often rendered incurable by the constant use of it.—We have seen cases of delirium tremens from smoking tobacco, as really and as dangerous as from drinking alcoholic liquors. *Nicotine* is the active principle in tobacco, and the most deadly poison in the world except prussic acid. By the side of this, the poison of tin-foil sinks into insignificance. "Police Justice Bragg" and a "prominent citizen of Cincinnati," may have brought on paralysis, as thousands do, by tobacco,

but there is no probability that the tin-foil added anything to the virulence of that poison.

PRECOCITY AN EVIL.

Precocity is generally an indication of disease; and it has been very safely predicted of infant prodigies that they rarely grow up clever, because in fact, they rarely grow up at all.—They "o'erinform their tenement of clay;"—the fire of intellect burns faster than the body can supply it with aliment, and so they spiritualize and evaporize. Mind and body are yoked together to pursue their mysterious journey with equal steps, nor can one outstrip the other without breaking the harness and endangering the whole machine. We would rather that a child's right shoulder should grow higher than his left, than that his mind should get the start of his body; for the former would only effect his symmetry, the latter is frequently a fatal symptom. Were all authors as ingenious as Dr. Johnson in disclaiming the juvenile miracles of wit attributed to them, the number of our really precocious writers, who have attained subsequent celebrity, would probably be extremely limited. As to solitary instances of preternatural talent in children, limited to one direction, they do not come within the scope of our argument. Such was that incomprehensible faculty in arithmetic in the celebrated Calculating Boy, who in an instant could solve problems which would be an hour's puzzle to our ablest calculators "with all appliances and means to

boot," and yet this urchin could not even explain the process by which he performed the miracle. One would imagine that by some peculiar organization of his brain, a ray of omniscience had shot athwart it, giving us a single glimpse of its divine origin, as when the clouds are opened by lightning, we appear to get a momentary peep into the glories of the innermost heaven. With such an example of inexplicable intuition we do not despair of future striplings, who, in the intervals of peg-top and cricket, will kindly spare a moment for quadrating the circle, discovering the longitude, explaining the cause of polar attraction, and solving other *Ædipodean* riddles which have puzzled the world since its creation, while the young sages shall be all unconscious of the might within them. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings may such revelations be ordained. As, however, the loss of one of our senses generally quickens and strengthens the rest, so the preternatural growth and vigor of any particular mental faculty commonly cripples or weakens the other. A hump-backed man is spindled-shanked, and the Calculating Boy, in all directions but one, was weak minded and simple. In everything "order is heaven's first law;" proportion and equilibrium are the only elements of beauty and strength.

CAUSES OF JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

Mr. Nichols, the superintendent of the Reform School, in his annual report

just published, has given his views as to the causes of crime in our city, and he places that of intemperance among the chief ones. Will not all of the better class of our citizens unite their efforts to prevent these devastating effects upon the youth and children of this city? He says:

"Let me turn your attention to another most fruitful cause of evil, a cause which is yearly growing more destructive in its effects. I refer to the large number of families who are annually ruined by the intoxicating cup. For a family of children to be cursed with a drunken father, is enough to blight all their fair prospects for the future—enough to dampen every youthful aspiration to rise in the world. What wretchedness could fall on the family circle more to be dreaded than to have a father, after spending the day and larger portion of the night at drinking saloons, come home to curse and destroy those to whom he has pledged his honor to bless and save. Yet, terrible as the calamity is to be cursed with a drunken father, children have been known courageously to rise superior to a difficulty so insurmountable. Children have been saved from ruin, whose father had made himself a curse to the world by intoxicating drink, through the influence of an industrious and pious mother. Children, even though they struggled with the waves of adversity, contending at fearful odds, have been known manfully to breast up against wind and tide so long as words of kindness and sobriety fell from a mother's lips.—

But what direful calamity from Pandemonium's box could equal the wretchedness and ruin which falls upon that family where both father and mother drink of the accursed beverage? Better for such children if they had been orphans from infancy. Better they had died in infancy, so that they had never looked on their wretchedness. What a legacy of shame, reproach and scorn, a drunken parent transmits to his children!—How many bright and sunny prospects have gone down behind the dark clouds of despair because of the drunkard's home! Were it not for this vice, most of the families would be able to surround themselves with the comforts and conveniences of life. Were it not for this fell destroyer, habits of industry, thrift and cleanliness would be established; health and happiness would enter those dwellings where now idleness, prodigality, disease and misery abound.—Had it not been for this vice, these parents might have lived to enjoy the society of their children. The drunkenness of the parents has driven many of these children forth from their own homes to be a scourge to mankind."

NEWS.

BY E. W.

We received from Mr. Benjamin Coates, of Philadelphia, a very neat and well written pamphlet, on the subject of raising "Cotton in Western Africa." Much has been said in relation to this newly discovered portion of Africa, notwithstanding she

has been much neglected. God, no doubt, intends that she shall come up. The British we believe, claims the right of the new discovery.

Bishop Payne was robbed of sixty odd dollars in Chicago. He being in feeble health, left his money in the hack, but the hackman would not own to have ever seen it, though it had been but a few moments before he missed it. I would suggest to the Districts to make it good, by way of contributions.

We have a very interesting article from Brother William H. Gibson, of Louisville, Ky., who is the author of all the pieces in the first, second, and third numbers of the Repository, instead of William A. Turner, on Instrumental Music, which was a typographical error. I hope that every body will read this article from Brother Gibson, on visiting Lexington and Frankfort, Ky.

We also received a circular, that is called the "Free people's Union benevolent school club of color."—The branches taught are as follows: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, and History. Hurrah for old Kentucky! So far, she is a head of the free North; because it provides for the poor who is not able to educate or pay for their schooling. The initiation fee is 25 cents and 10 cents thereafter per month, and all members can send their children for \$2 per session, and those who are not members, \$5 per session, unless it is those who are not able to pay any thing.

We also have from our beloved John M. Brown, of Baltimore, some rich information of the doings of the people in his city, and especially in his charge. Brother Brown is one of our go-aheadativeness and foreseeing brothers. May God bless him in his noble efforts to do good.

Brother Willis R. Revels, of Chicago, is engaged in a great work there. He too, is paving out the way and getting subscribers for the Repository, and if all our agents were as active as Brothers Brown, Revels, and Gibson, of Louisville, Ky., we would soon have subscribers enough to issue the Repository monthly,—and by getting one thousand subscribers we can do it. Now let every brother put his shoulder to the wheel, and we will soon roll up the hill.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

BY E. W.

This number of the Repository is according to our agreement, which is four numbers for one dollar, and a great many of our subscribers said that we would not be able to continue until the fourth number should be issued. Well, we have fulfilled our agreement, and you have read them I presume, and I hope that you are all well pleased, and are ready for the second volume, which we design to have out by the first of January, 1859.

Dear friends, there are several reasons why all should take or continue their subscriptions for the Repository.

1. Because it is the only organ of a religious and literary character in the

United States among the colored people.

2. It purports to be of an original character of colored men and women, whom with all the disadvantages under which we have had to labor, think we have a liberal share of taste and literary minds.

3. It improves the minds of our people, as well as it encourages those of the white people, who are subscribers and well wishers to the colored people, and who know that education among any society of people, make them fit for society, better neighbors in any community, wherever God permits their lot to be.

Now, dear patrons, I hope all who read this appeal, will not fail to send us up their subscription for another year, that I may have the pleasure of enrolling your names upon the record book, and permit me to say that you will never spend a dollar in a better way, than for the religious Repository of the African M. E. Church. It will not only encourage our talent, but God, who is the giver of all things, will reward you, dear reader, for so doing. Therefore, in conclusion, we say to all, send up—up—your dollar, and you shall gain two fold more.

NOTICE.

All communications for the Repository must be sent to Rev. ELISHA WEAVER, so there need not be but one postage on them.

Industry and perseverance will insure success.

OBITUARIES.

Drowned, off the steamer Fall City, on her upward trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, July 27th, 1858, Bro. Dangerfield Brent, of New Albany, Ind., in the 41st year of his age. He leaves behind a wife and two children to mourn their loss. He was a steward in the A. M. E. Church for many years, as well as trustee, and was beloved by all. Their loss is his infinite gain.

W. I. G.

New Albany, Nov. 1858.

Died, of consumption, at her residence in Upper Alton, Illinois, sister Martha A. Wilkenson. She bore testimony to the love of God to the very last. She was the daughter-in-law of Rev. Emanuel Wilkenson. She has paid the debt that all have to pay.

J. M. W.

NOTICE.

CHANCE FOR A GOOD EDUCATION, IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Those of our people desiring to send their children to a good school, throughout this State and anywhere else, can send to the Rev. E. Weaver, pastor of the A. M. E. Church, of Indianapolis, Ind. Boarding can be had on fair terms. The following branches are taught: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, &c.

P. S.—There is also a good Assistant Teacher in this school.

Address, REV. E. WEAVER.

REPOSITORY OF Religion and Literature.

VOL. II.] INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1859. [No 1.

RELIGION.

GOD.

BY BISHOP PAYNE.

O thou great and glorious being! What art thou? who can comprehend thee? and who of earth can see thee? A voice from eternity answers, saying, God is love. But what is love? Is it that earthly passion which nestles in human hearts, that to-day is, and to-morrow is not? That sickly sentiment which fills the bosoms of novel writers and novel readers? Or that sweet mysterious feeling which makes a woman leave her mother and her father, and cleave unto her husband? Surely not. This would be reducing thee to a thing, a mere sentiment. 'Tis substituting the fire fly for the

blazing sun—a drop of water for the boundless ocean. A man may feel the wind but he cannot tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth. So also the christian feels thee. O, divine love! The christian feels thee in his rejoicing heart, and yet he can not tell what is this love, only by echoing the voice from eternity—God is love! And who can comprehend thee? Can mortal man? When this earth can swallow up the universe, then shall finite man be able to comprehend the infinite God. Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? He is higher than heaven—what canst thou do? Deeper than hell—what canst thou know?

United States among the colored people.

2. It purports to be of an original character of colored men and women, whom with all the disadvantages under which we have had to labor, think we have a liberal share of taste and literary minds.

3. It improves the minds of our people, as well as it encourages those of the white people, who are subscribers and well wishers to the colored people, and who know that education among any society of people, make them fit for society, better neighbors in any community, wherever God permits their lot to be.

Now, dear patrons, I hope all who read this appeal, will not fail to send us up their subscription for another year, that I may have the pleasure of enrolling your names upon the record book, and permit me to say that you will never spend a dollar in a better way, than for the religious Repository of the African M. E. Church. It will not only encourage our talent, but God, who is the giver of all things, will reward you, dear reader, for so doing. Therefore, in conclusion, we say to all, send up—up—your dollar, and you shall gain two fold more.

NOTICE.

All communications for the Repository must be sent to Rev. ELISHA WEAVER, so there need not be but one postage on them.

Industry and perseverance will insure success.

OBITUARIES.

Drowned, off the steamer Fall City, on her upward trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, July 27th, 1858. Bro. Dangerfield Brent, of New Albany, Ind., in the 41st year of his age. He leaves behind a wife and two children to mourn their loss. He was a steward in the A. M. E. Church for many years, as well as trustee, and was beloved by all. Their loss is his infinite gain.

W. I. G.

New Albany, Nov. 1858.

Died, of consumption, at her residence in Upper Alton, Illinois, sister Martha A. Wilkenson. She bore testimony to the love of God to the very last. She was the daughter-in-law of Rev. Emanuel Wilkenson. She has paid the debt that all have to pay.

J. M. W.

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